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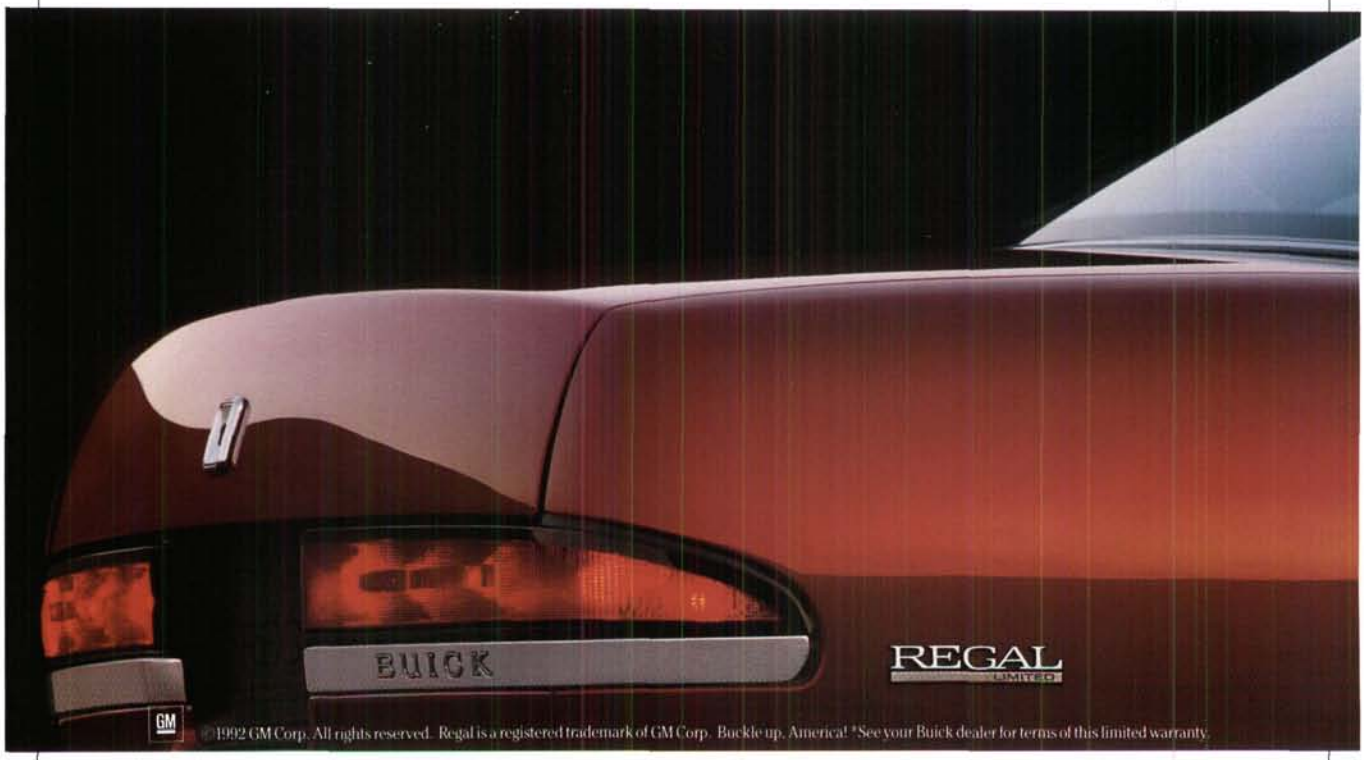

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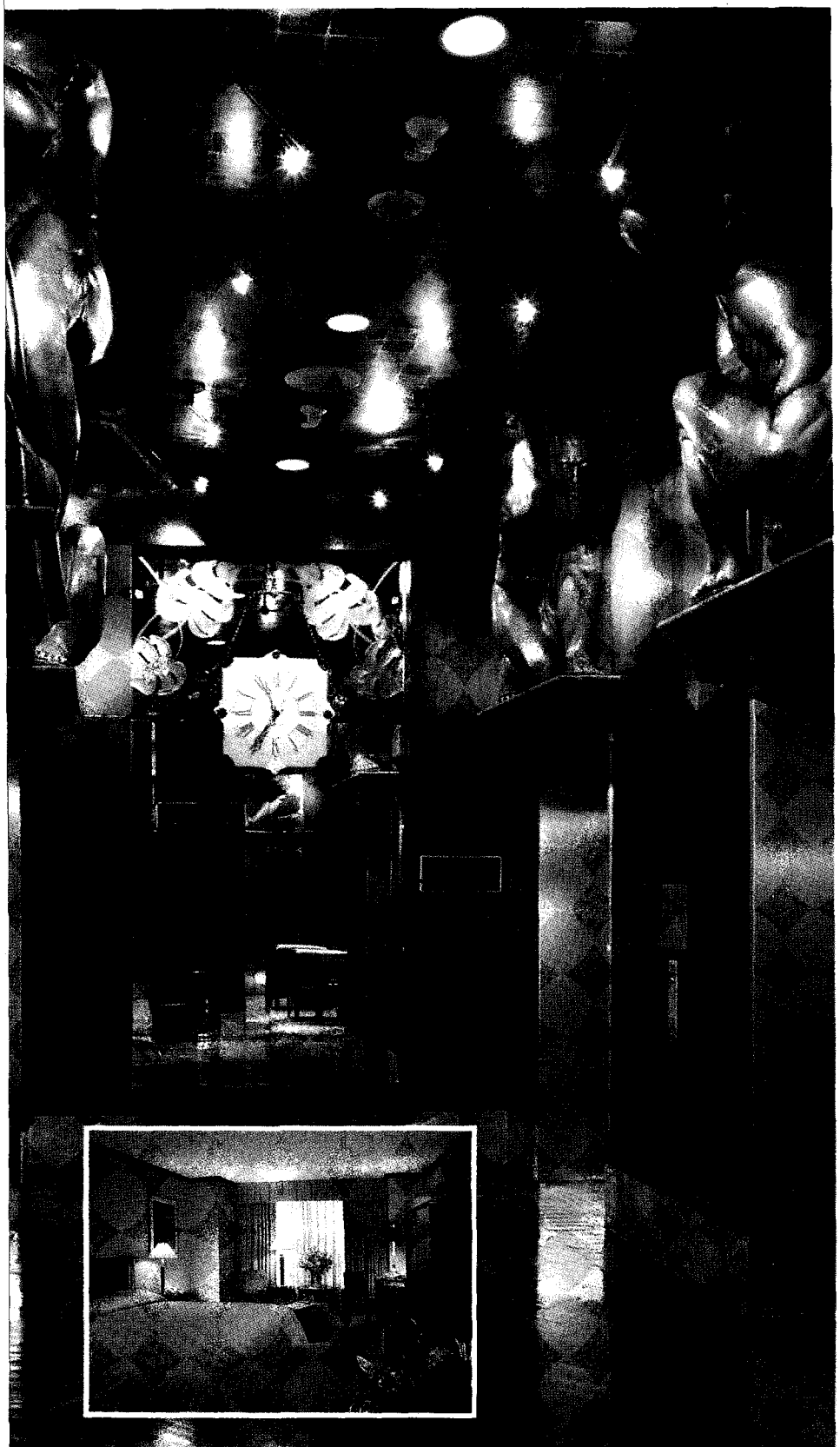

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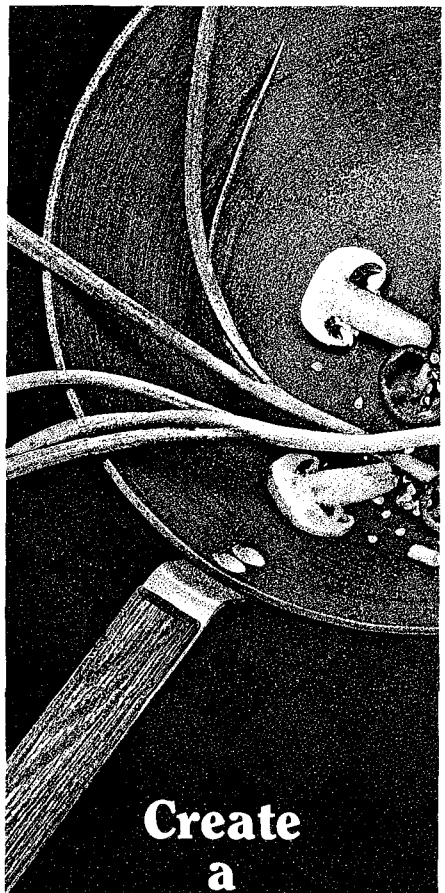

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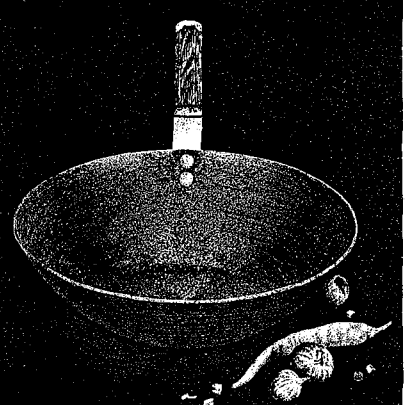

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THE NEW YORKER
20 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
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THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 20 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Steven T. Florio, president and chief executive officer; Lynn Guthrie Heiler, vice-president and publisher; Ruth A. Diem, vice-president and human resources director; Matthew D. Roberts, vice-president and marketing director; Pamela H. Older, vice-president and director of manufacturing; Martha Kaplan, vice-president; Peter Armour, vice-president and circulation director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 1460, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 1-11 Hay Hill, London W1X7LF, England; Penn Brown & Associates, Inc., 175 Derby St., No. 36, Hingham, Mass. 02043; Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmont Road, N.E., Atlanta, Ga. 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, Fla. 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, Fla. 33629; 3 Church St., Suite 503, Toronto, Canada M5E 1M2; Carol Orr & Co., 3500 Maple Ave., Suite 1060, Dallas, Tx. 75219; Catherine Billups & Co., Via Pinamonte Da Vimercate, No. 6, 20121 Milan, Italy. Vol. LXVIII, No. 21, July 13, 1992. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Canadian goods and services tax registration number R123242885.
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Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $65.27 (includes G.S.T.). Other foreign, one year, $66.00, payable in advance.
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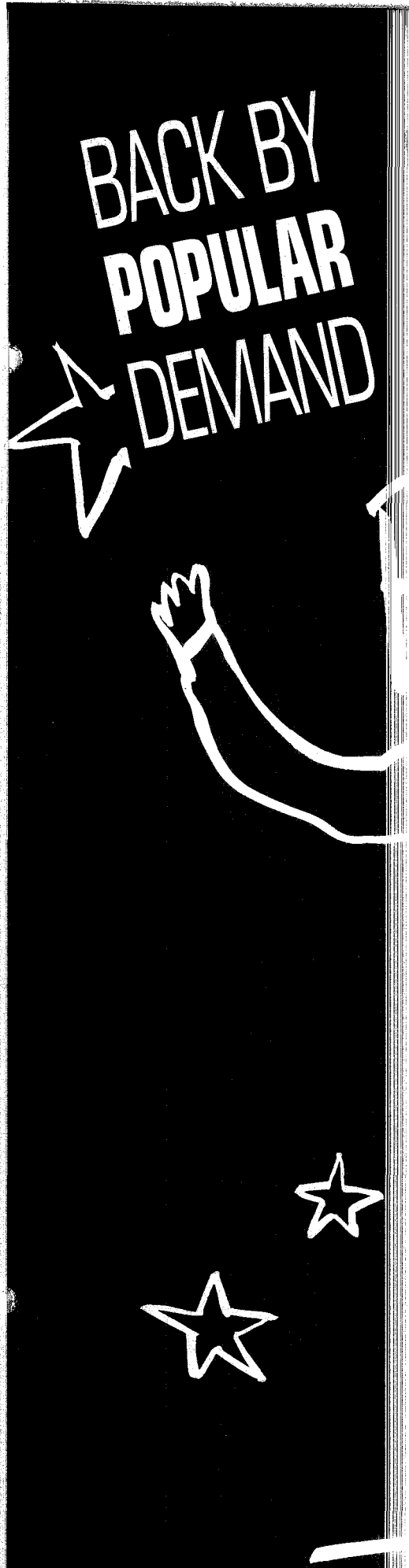

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

OVER the past several years, American audiences have had steady exposure to the finest of Brazilian musicians, from Antonio Carlos Jobim and Gilberto Gil to Margareth Menezes and Marisa Monte. The same, unfortunately, cannot be said about Brazilian actors. Yes, we know about Sonia Braga, but few Brazilians with ears as well as eyes would place her in the top category. Instead, they might mention Marília Pera, whom Americans are likely to recognize from a handful of film appearances ("Pixote," "Mixed Blood") but whose greatest performances have taken place on the stage. We count ourself lucky to have witnessed one of these, in Rio, on an occasion when the actress, who was playing a passionate radio-era musical personality, tried to stop a performance because of her dissatisfaction with the quality of her own singing voice, and sparked a near-riot in the process.

Fernanda Montenegro, another of Brazil's treasured actresses, inspires a similarly fierce devotion. People love her earthy interpretations of classical roles and her airy turns on television soap operas. They also love her for her willingness to speak out against oppression. Though her politics have never been extreme, she suffered greatly during the years of Brazil's military dictatorship. Ironically, a subsequent government—democratically elected—asked her to become Minister of Culture. She declined. She apparently has no desire to become another Melina Mercouri; it is acting that drives her. Miss Montenegro and her daughter, Fernanda Torres, will appear for the first time in the United States on July 14-15, at Alice Tully Hall, as part of a Serious Fun! English-language presentation of "The Flash and Crash Days." The piece, which was conceived and directed by Gerald Thomas, and has been seen by more than a hundred thousand people in Brazil since its première in Rio, last November, is about a mother-daughter relationship. "The piece evolved naturally because of the extraordinary human material I had in my hands," the director says.

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OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

As You Like It—The first of two plays in the New York Shakespeare Festival free summer series in the Park. The cast includes Larry Bryggman, Richard Libertini, Elizabeth McGovern, Kathryn Meisle, Donald Moffat, George Morfogen, Brad Sullivan, and Jake Weber. Previews through July 8. Opens July 9 at 8, and runs through July 26. (Delacorte, Central Park near W. 81st St. For information about tickets, which are required, call 861-7277.)

Day Dreams: The Music and Magic of Doris Day—Patty Carver stars in a musical by Jim Murphy (book) and David Levy and Darren Cohen (score and lyrics). Songs associated with Miss Day ("Que Será, Será," among others) are also included. Previews begin July 8. (INTAR, 420 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

OPENED RECENTLY

The Best of Forbidden Broadway—This tenth-anniversary edition of Gerard Alessandrini's long-running, ever-fluctuating musical revue is, as one might expect, a treat. There is some new material, but our favorite sequences are still the spoof of "M. Butterfly" and the "Speed-the-Plow" number, "Madonna's Brain," in which David Mamet and Ron Silver try to teach Madonna to act and she ends up tearing off most of her clothes. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/4/92.) (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

Patty Carver, Steve Fickinger, Michelle Blakely, Billy Miller, and Catherine DuPuis in "Day Dreams"

Catskills on Broadway—A festival of ethnicity and all but unbroken laughter. Freddie Roman and Mal Z. Lawrence are the Jewish comedians; Dick Capri handles the Italians. The jokes explode around us, and there isn't a dud in the lot. Louise DuArt, who does impressions, joins the cast as of July 7. (12/23/91) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

Conversations with My Father—If you're looking for a totally satisfying theatrical experience, try the new Herb Gardner, a bittersweet memory play about a Lower East Side barkeep, his two sons, and the patrons of his tavern. As staged by Daniel Sullivan, with an ace cast led by the wonderful Judd Hirsch, the play does what "Jake's Women" and "Dancing at Lughnasa" would probably do if their authors were, respectively, more sophisticated and less sentimental. Grab this one. (4/13/92) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Crazy for You—Loosely based on "Girl Crazy," which opened in 1930, this glorious show is actually a celebration of the music of George Gershwin and the lyrics of his brother Ira—nineteen songs in all—and also of the witty, imaginative choreography of Susan Stroman. Ken Ludwig wrote the lively book. Harry Groener and Jodi Benson are the lead actor/dancers. The scenery is by Robin Wagner; the costumes are by William Ivey Long; and the masterly direction is by Mike Ockrent. Bless 'em all. (3/2/92) (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Death and the Maiden—Mike Nichols' Americanized version of Ariel Dorfman's play (in which Juliet Stevenson took London by storm last year) is a sad disappointment. The play, which is set in "a country that is probably Chile" and concerns a woman's attempt to punish the man she holds responsible for torturing her in captivity fifteen years before, is anything but subtle, and Glenn Close, Richard Dreyfuss, and Gene Hackman are all grossly miscast. (3/30/92) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 307-4100.)

Falsettos—This back-to-back revival of "March of the Falsettos" and "Falsettoland," two of William Finn's three one-act musicals about a childish, self-absorbed man who leaves his wife and son for his not very nice male lover, is strictly for those who care. We've never understood the appeal of William Finn's "Marvin" trilogy. It has a chronology as complicated as the Oedipus cycle and a dramatic sensibility akin to that of the Oresteia. To us, though, it has always seemed like banality set to music: shallow, unlikable people expressing themselves in shallow, unlikable songs. (5/11/92) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Fires in the Mirror: Crown Heights, Brooklyn and Other Identities—Anna Deavere Smith is a wily mimic and verbal caricaturist, with a sharp, discerning ear and a tongue to match. The program, which she wrote as well as performs, takes as its point of departure the aftermath of the accident last summer, in Crown Heights, Brooklyn, in which a car carrying members of a Hasidic sect went out of control and killed a black child, Gavin Cato. Miss Smith impersonates more than twenty-five people who were either directly or indirectly concerned. Her net is far-flung, and, not surprisingly, she is often strongest when funniest. All the material in the show was based on actual interviews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Five Guys Named Moe—The guys are black dancers and singers of ability and spirit, who perform the songs (either lyrics or music or both) of the late Louis Jordan, among them "Don't Let the Sun Catch You Crying," "Ain't Nobody Here but Us Chickens," and "Is You Is or Is You Ain't My Baby?" This London import makes a merry evening. (4/20/92) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

Flaubert's Latest—A comedy by Peter Parnell that veers between funny and foolish. It's about a novelist in Connecticut who, having resolved to finish Flaubert's unfinished "Bouvard and Pécuchet," receives a surprise visit from the master himself, in the buoyant person of John Bedford Lloyd. Spirits are high—and the company good—across the board. With Jean DeBaer, Mark Nelson, and Mary Louise Wilson, among others. David Saint directed, and James Noone designed the luscious setting, a garden in full summer bloom. (7/6/92) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes July 19.)

Guys and Dolls—A lively production of Frank Loesser's perfect musical, under the direction of Jerry Zaks. Nathan Lane and Faith Prince are the leading guy and doll, and Tony Walton designed the stunning scenery. (4/27/92) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Jake's Women—Alan Alda is at his genial best in the new Neil Simon. The play, about an aging writer trying to come to terms with the women in his life, past and present, is pretty much what you'd expect: some funny lines and a lot of phony dialogue. It's predictable, banal, and contrived, but at least it showcases a fine cast of actresses that includes Kate Burton and Joyce Van Patten. (4/6/92) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100.)

Jelly's Last Jam—The music of Jelly Roll Morton, self-proclaimed inventor of jazz, and, at the same time, an unsparing delineation of Morton himself. The show, an original if ever there was one, was written and directed by George C. Wolfe. In the starring role, Gregory Hines combines his astonishing talents as tap dancer and actor; Savion Glover, who plays the character as a young man, is worthy of him, which is saying a lot. Also present are Keith David, Tonya Pinkins, Wayne Mathis, and Mary Bond Davis. Luther Henderson has adapted Morton's music and offered some music of his own; the lyrics were written by Susan Birkenhead; and Hope Clark was the choreographer. (5/11/92) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200.)

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THE THEATRE–Cont'd

Man of La Mancha—The granddaddy of all junk musicals. This road-show revival is in every respect adequate to the occasion. Joan Diener and Laurence Guittard lead the cast. Tony Martinez, who plays Sancho, recently celebrated his two-thousandth performance in the role—and it shows. (5/11/92) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

Marvin's Room—A play about dying, suffering, and sacrifice in one family, written in a style so frisky as to set the teeth permanently on edge. There is a fine performance by Mark Rosenthal as a smoldering adolescent. Also with Alice Drummond, Laura Esterman, and Tim Monsion. Scott McPherson is the dramatist. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

The Most Happy Fella—This is one musical we think the world could be without and feel no sorrow. The story of a girl forced to content herself with some old duffer because some other old duffer wanted to teach everyone a lesson about making do with what life has to offer, it's pseudo opera superimposed on pseudo Americana. As for Gerald Gutierrez's Goodspeed Opera production, it's your basic slightly-better-than-average dinner-theatre revival. What's the rumpus? (2/24/92) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

The Night Larry Kramer Kissed Me—A play written and performed by David Drake. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 564-8038.)

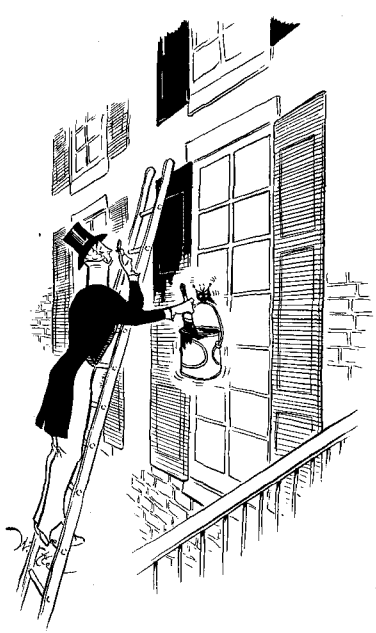
The Price—Eli Wallach's performance as an old Jewish furniture dealer is as much fun as anything in town. The rest of Arthur Miller's play—which is about two estranged brothers who must share their late father's estate—is no fun at all. The acting by all hands is good, though. Hector Elizondo and Joe Spano are the brothers and Debra Mooney is Elizondo's wife. John Tillinger directed. (6/22/92) (Roundabout Theatre, at Criterion Center, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400. Closes July 19.)

Red Diaper Baby—Josh Kornbluth's one-man show, recently seen at Second Stage. (Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226.)

Ruthless!—This camp musical about a monster child star is harmless and amusing enough—assuming you can stomach the little girl. She gave us the pip. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076.)

Salomé and **Chinese Coffee**—Al Pacino stars in two shows that are running in repertory. The first is a production of the Oscar Wilde work, and the second is a contemporary play by Ira Lewis. ("Salomé" was reviewed in our issue of 7/6/92.) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. "Salomé" closes July 29 and "Chinese Coffee" Aug. 1.)

Sight Unseen—Donald Margulies' engrossing new play, which is about an Eric Fischl-type painter who decides to look up an old girlfriend he once treated badly, takes the contemporary art scene to task. Technically, it also plays around with time a good deal, though never sloppily or gratuitously. You end up being affected by a curious kind of resonance—it's earned, not something you've brought with you into the theatre. (2/3/92) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)



A Streetcar Named Desire—Gregory Mosher's revival, with Jessica Lange in the role of Blanche DuBois, plays like a parody. It features a cuddly, avuncular Stanley (Alec Baldwin), a Stella (Amy Madigan) straight out of a Carol Burnett skit, and a lot of embarrassing staging. Miss Lange's acting is all "for the camera." One feels that she is trying to rescue the role of Blanche from decades' worth of assumptions about it but hasn't had much help or guidance from her director. (4/27/92) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

The Substance of Fire—Jon Robin Baitz's play about an intransigent publisher at odds with his grown children, having moved from Playwrights Horizons, seems stronger than ever in this more formal theatre. The remarkable Ron Rifkin continues in the leading role, and he is ably supported by the members of the company—Patrick Breen, John Benjamin Hickey, Cordelia Richards, and Maria Tucci. (3/9/92) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Closes July 26.)

Tubes—A performance work by Blue Man Group about art and other matters. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370.)

Two Trains Running—August Wilson's latest, set in a Pittsburgh luncheonette in 1969, is one of those plays in which all the performances seem to be groping hotly after award nominations and everything is freighted with Meaning. (4/27/92) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

LONG RUNS

Beau Jest: A comedy by James Sherman. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)... **Cats:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.)... **Dancing at Lughnasa:** How you respond to Brian Friel's wistful autobiographical play depends a good deal on your personality and preoccupations. Either you will find it lovely and lyrical or it will strike you as the memory play from Hell. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)... **The Fantasticks:** The longest-running long run recently celebrated its thirty-second birthday. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.)... **Forever Plaid:** Stuart Ross's loving tongue-in-cheek salute to the "guy groups" of the fifties is a real treat. Bring your mom. Hell, bring the whole family. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.)... **Lost in Yonkers:** This family melodrama by Neil Simon, set in Yonkers during the Second World War, is about what happens when a cowering, pathetic man has to leave his two adolescent sons with his intimidating mother for the better part of a year. (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.)... **Les Misérables:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)... **Miss Saigon:** Oh, the horror! The horror! (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.)... **Nunsense:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.)... **Perfect Crime:** A murder mystery by Warren Manzi. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 695-3401.)... **The Phantom of the Opera:** This much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)... **The Secret Garden:** This lovely musical adaptation of the classic children's story by Frances Hodgson Burnett isn't just a kiddie show. Subtle, charming, intelligent, and wholly literary in its approach to adaptation, it manages both to be faithful to the spirit of the book and to comment on the particular moment in time that produced it. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)... **The Will Rogers Follies:** The sets by Tony Walton, the direction and choreography by Tommy Tune, the costumes by Willa Kim, and the row upon row of Ziegfeld girls make a feast for the eyes, but the funny bone and heart are neglected. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 730-8200.)

DANCE

Bonnie Sue Stein is a New Yorker who writes about and produces dance, and sometimes follows it to the ends of the earth. A couple of weeks ago, she found herself in Tallinn, Estonia, in a nineteenth-century jewel of an opera house, watching the première of "Emapolv," a seventy-minute-long American-Estonian dance cantata for which she served as producer. A phone call to her, at midnight Estonian time, found her with friends, tired but happy. How did things go? we asked.

"Great, really great," Ms. Stein said. She took a breath and went on, "The piece has fifteen singers, all members of the Estonian Philharmonic Chamber Choir, and one dancer, Marika Blossfeldt. Marika lives in New York now, but she's Estonian-born. Anyway, there are six scenes, and the sets and costumes get complicated, but I'll tell you about the beginning. There's a painter, an American named Constance Kilgore, and Marika is lying on a towel, wearing nothing but a G-string, while the painter is painting her body. Marika has her eyes closed; she's becoming a snake. Meanwhile, the singers have been in the audience, making what I call organic sounds. After ten minutes, they come up onstage. For the first three or four days of rehearsal, the singers didn't get this part. There is no conductor for them in the piece, and they weren't sure about their cues. It's a different way of working for them, definitely. We had a long talk. I told them it should be honest, and that no one should *tell* them when or when not to sing. Every day, they've got better."

Did the sight of a topless female performer provoke controversy in Tallinn? "Yes," Ms. Stein said. "It's been kind of a tough start. But she's received tons of flowers. Marika's exhausted, but she's thrilled that we're teaching the singers to be responsible for themselves." We said that it sounded as if she and her colleagues were fomenting revolution. She replied, "Well, not everybody's ready for it, but that's O.K. People never are."

"Emapolv" will be performed, with its original cast, at the Pace University Downtown Theatre, on July 9-12, as part of ESTO '92, the Sixth World Estonian Festival. Call 346-1715 for information about tickets.

IN TOWN

Carlota Santana—With her troupe, in flamenco and other Spanish dance works. Doug Varone and his group round out the program. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. July 10 at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

OUT OF TOWN

New York City Ballet—Opening performances of the Saratoga season, which will run through July 25. July 7 at 8:15: "Divertimento No. 15," "A Musical Offering," and "Glass Pieces."... ¶ July 8 at 8:15: "Donizetti Variations," "Two's Company," "I Have My Own Room," and "Symphony in Three Movements."... ¶ July 9 at 2: "Divertimento No. 15," "Ancient Airs & Dances," and "Symphony in Three Movements."... ¶ July 9 at 8:15: "Donizetti Variations," "Ancient Airs & Dances," and "Glass Pieces."... ¶ July 10

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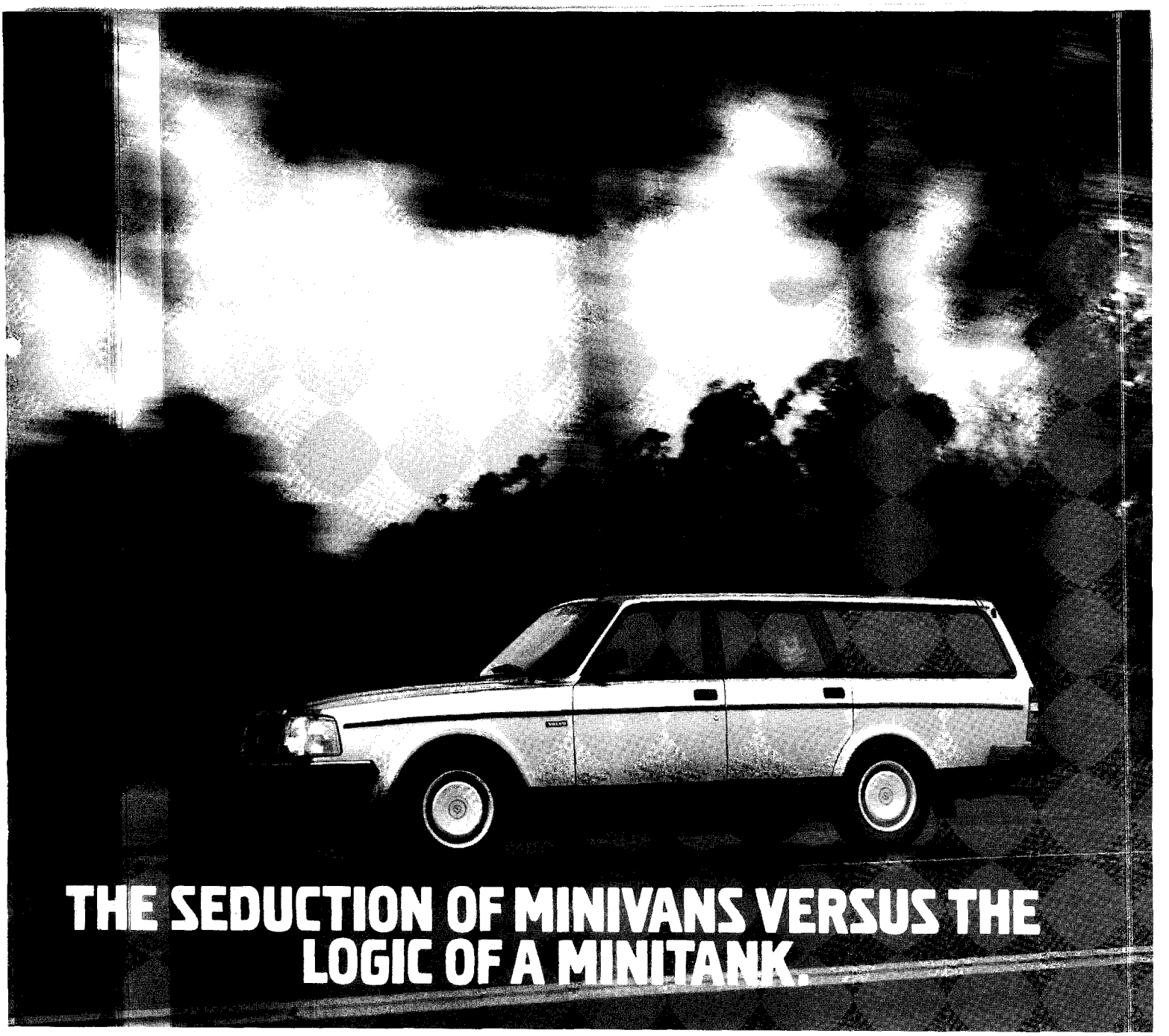

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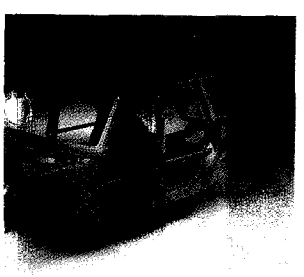

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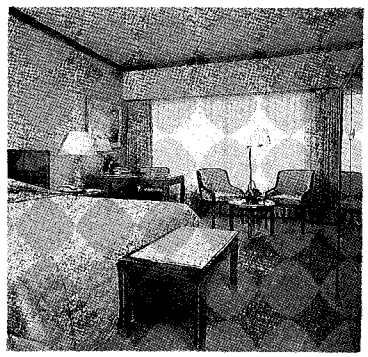

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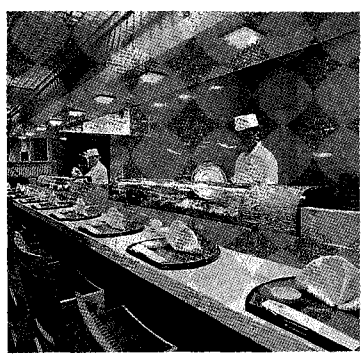

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DANCE–Cont'd

at 8:15: "Square Dance," "Sonatas and Interludes," "Two's Company," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3."... ¶ July 11 at 2: "Square Dance," "A Musical Offering," and "Symphony in Three Movements."... ¶ July 11 at 8:15: "Divertimento No. 15," "Sonatas and Interludes," "I Have My Own Room," and "Glass Pieces."... ¶ July 14 at 8:15: "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "In G Major," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3."... ¶ July 15 at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "A Musical Offering," and "The Four Seasons." (Saratoga Performing Arts Center, Saratoga Springs. 1-518 587-3330.)

JACOB'S PILLOW—The Mark Morris Dance Group, July 7-9 at 8, July 10 at 8:30, and July 11 at 2 and 8:30. In "A Lake," "Three Preludes," "Polka," an unnamed work (première), "Beautiful Day," "Bedtime," and "Gloria."... ¶ A group of flamenco dancers and musicians, plus Rhythm in Shoes, July 14-15 at 8. Through July 18. (Becket, Mass. 1-413 243-0745.)

NIGHT LIFE

OCCASIONALLY, we use this space to count the ways we love this or that musician, and this week we turn our attention to Juliana Hatfield. Not long ago, Hatfield was leading the Blake Babies, a young band from Boston, which played alternative rock with a human face. (The group's last outing was an irresistible pop-inflected record called "Sunburn.") Hatfield has since gone on sabbatical—just because she felt like it, as far as we can tell—and recorded a solo album. We love that her new record is called "Hey Babe," and that there's a song on it called "Ugly," in which she sings, "I'm ugly with a capital 'U.'" We love that Hatfield is twenty-four. That she plays bass. That her publicity photo is on the unglamorous side, capturing her as she reaches into the refrigerator for a beer. We love that when she was asked if she was happy with her new album, she said she was "not real upset about it."

"Hey Babe" is a rare record. Though it doesn't aim to please anyone, it should manage to please everyone—alternative-guitar-rock fans, who insist that music should be scrappy and visceral, as well as pop fans, who always need a hook to hang onto. Hatfield has an impossibly girlish voice, and she knows it. Sometimes she subverts her tiny soprano with prickly lyrics and tough, rhythmic instrumentation, and sometimes she pushes it to its logical pure-pop extreme with lush and sunny harmonies. We love the fact that *Sassy* reviewed Hatfield's record and said that she sang poignantly about "those days when a girl is just not feeling her best." We love that after making a record full of intense odes to heartache Hatfield told a reporter, "I've never really had a boyfriend. It's all in my head." We love the fact that she's currently touring with the Lemonheads, another Boston band, whose new album is titled "It's a Shame About Ray." More than anything else, though, we love that Hatfield is coming to New York—and soon. Juliana Hatfield and the Lemonheads will be at CBGB on July 9-10.

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out some of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Singer **KT SULLIVAN**, who won this year's "Outstanding Female Vocalist" award from the Manhattan Association of Cabarets, makes her début here with a run that begins on July 7, in the Oak Room. Shows at nine-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A sleek, green-walled room with brass railings and mounted O'Keeffian animal skulls. Look closer and you'll find that the skulls are wearing earrings. After the show, be sure to check out the adjoining restaurant/tapas bar, which looks like the indoor food market of your dreams, and features a mural filled with people resembling Bob, Carol, Ted, and Alice. **JIM MORRIS**, who is here for three weeks beginning on July 7, will be holding mock White House press conferences and doing impressions of the relevant players. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-fifteen. **BLOSSOM DEARIE** sings and plays on Fridays and Saturdays at six-thirty and Sundays at three. Closed Mondays.

BIRDLAND, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—Many musicians who visit this jazz house are honored—if that's the word—by having their portraits done, "in concert," by the house artist. These impressionistic renderings round out a glossy décor that includes flying-saucer light fixtures, burgundy velvet drapes, and some neon wading birds. The **GEORGE COLEMAN** octet is here July 10-11; the Jon Weiss quartet comes in on July 12; the Bud Burrage quartet appears on July 13; and the Greg Murphy quartet performs on July 14. Music from nine. Dining.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—This blue-on-blue club is the place to find big-league jazz artists; it's an institution and it knows it: how many other clubs sell their own belt buckles? The **MONGO SANTAMARIA** octet is here July 7-12, in a double bill with Swiss Movement (an ensemble that includes Les McCann and Eddie Harris). The **FRANCO AMBROSETTI** quartet is here on July 13, and Rolling Stones drummer **CHARLIE WATTS** leads a jazz quintet, of all things, as of July 14. Music from nine. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A dark, wood-panelled bar with candles, white tablecloths, and a grand piano around which bassists, drummers, and the like have been known to congregate. A trio consisting of **MICHAEL WEISS**, **AL HAREWOOD**, and **JOHN WEBBER** is here through July 11. Pianist **JOHN HICKS**, who'll be leading a trio here on July 12, has been remarkably productive in the last year or so. Aside from releasing his first solo album, Hicks can be heard on recent albums by Gary Bartz, David Murray, Roy Hargrove, and Peter Leitch. **BUSTER WILLIAMS**, **STEPHEN SCOTT**, and **YORON ISRAEL** begin work on July 13. Music from ten. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The city's most famed rock club—a dark, narrow cave with neon-beer-sign stalactites and ancestral graffiti—is part sacred burial ground and part historic landmark, but it hasn't succumbed to nostalgia: new and used bands of every stripe continue to pass through nightly. **JULIANA HATFIELD** and the **LEMONHEADS** share what promises to be a great double bill July 9-10. Music from eight on Sundays and Mondays, from eight-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from nine-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays.

CONDON'S, 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—In the shadow of the Zeckendorf Towers sits this stucco-walled grotto, whose intimate scale makes it a fine spot for jazz. The **FRAPPÉ BAND**, featuring **KIRK JOSEPH**, is here July 7-12, and **PHOEBE LÉGÈRE** begins a week-long stint on July 14. One has never known how seriously to take Légère, and she seems to like it that way. On the one hand, she's a trained pianist, cellist, and accordionist; she has a four-octave vocal range; and she has written an opera. On the other hand, she appeared as a blind blonde in "The Toxic Avenger II," she is double-jointed and can play piano with one leg hitched up behind her head, and her opera is about a three-hundred-and-fifty-

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Juliana Hatfield at CBGB

pound cleaning woman who becomes President. Go figure, but go. Shows Tuesdays through Sundays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one.

Duplex, 61 Christopher St., at Seventh Ave. (255-5438)—A two-floor entertainment center. The bright, clean, wedge-shaped downstairs bar has French windows giving on to the bustle of Seventh Avenue, but the clamor indoors is far greater. Everyone is a star here—the pianist, the bartender, and the waitresses sing/shout pop standards with risqué lyrics and fire off wisecracks across the room; patrons are encouraged to take the mike, too. Upstairs there's a quieter bar and a cabaret, where you'll find a variety of performers nightly.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St. (924-0275)—An Irish bar, way out on the Western edge of town, where the great potholed boulevards turn to cobblestones, and the world across the Hudson flashes its come-hither signs. Morning Star performs on July 10. Sets at nine and ten-thirty on Friday and at eight on Saturdays.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through the iffy-looking side door, down the famous fun-house tunnel that's lined with mirrors and corrugated tin, and down a short flight of stairs, you'll find this softly lit, low-ceilinged, roughly Manhattan-shaped jazz preserve. Pianist **Kenny Barron,** whose compositions have been recorded by Dizzy Gillespie and James Moody, among others, leads a quintet here through July 14. The Mingus Dynasty starts up on July 15. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **Les Paul,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy bar-and-grill in the piano-bass district. The musicians set up in the dining room, a clubby-looking space with leather banquettes and well-preserved collectibles: Sunday *Herald Tribune* covers, First World War posters, Hirschfeld cartoons. Up front, at the bar, you can keep your eye on the musicians, the conversationalists, and sidewalk life. Stride pianist **Judy Carmichael** and saxophonist **Mike Hashim,** who are regulars here, perform July 8-11, and **Russ Kasoff** starts up on July 15. Music from about nine-thirty.

Lone Star Roadhouse, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—An improbably located honky-tonk with a Wright Brothers-era airplane suspended from the ceiling, a dance floor where you can kick up some dust, and a balcony for quiet types. **Leo Nocentelli** is here on July 9, and British singer **Billy Bragg** comes in on July 14. Over the past eight years, Bragg has made a handful of indispensable albums, the most recent of which is "Don't Try This at Home." Anyone who still thinks of Bragg as a sort of socialist novelty act—an ideologue with a hard Cockney accent and a scrappy guitar—is likely to be suprised by what he's been doing lately. "Don't Try This at Home" includes the blithe pop single "Sexuality," which Bragg wrote with former Smith Johnny Marr, and the wheeling, country-tinged "You Woke Up My Neighborhood," which he penned with Peter Buck, of R.E.M. Bragg has a goofy, self-effacing manner but he loves to talk politics onstage, and one is likely to hear some well-chosen words about the Bush White House. Music after nine. Dining.

Manny's Car Wash, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—A bright spot on the little-heralded Upper East Side club scene. Don't go expecting to be sprayed with soapy water and massaged by large brushes: the fluorescent sign outside is the only car-wash reference. Inside, the place looks like an adman's idea of a blues bar. **Junior Wells** is here on July 9; Johnny & the Headhunters come in July 10-11; the **Popa Chubby Blues Band** appears on July 12. Sets from nine-fifteen, except Sundays, when they begin at eight-forty-five.

Marquee, 547 W. 21st St. (929-3257)—A rock club, just off the West Side Highway, that is one of the city's main venues for college-radio fare. **Metal Church** is here on July 7 at nine.

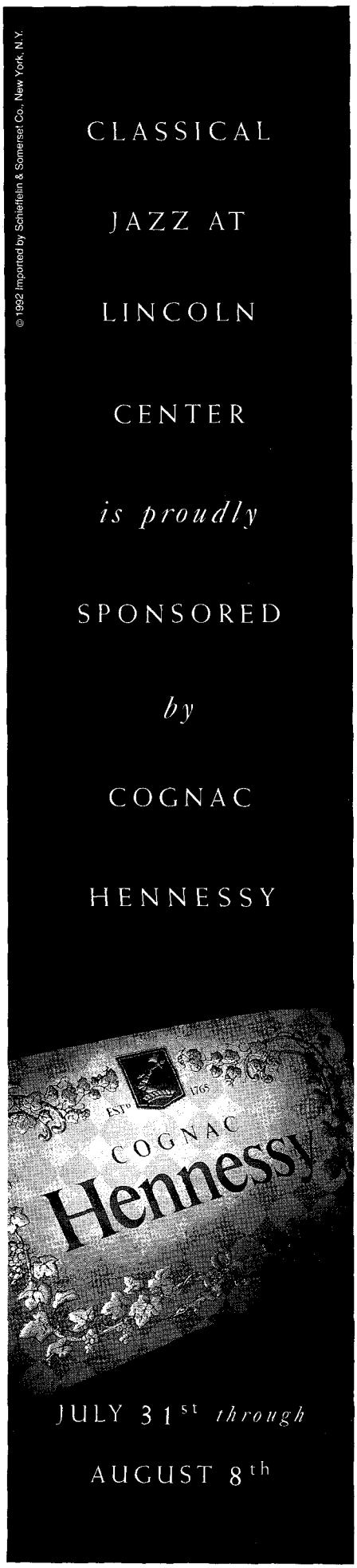
Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—There's more to Michael's Pub than Woody Allen, whose Monday-night Dixieland binges have given the place a little star cachet. This month, New Orleans sounds can be heard here on other nights, too, thanks to a seven-piece ensemble that includes pianist Terry Waldo, trumpeter Bill Dillard, and clarinetist Orange Kellin. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen.

Ritz, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—This space was once a theatre, as the cherubim friezes and Louis the Something ceiling attest. Then it was Studio 54, and, if you try real hard, you can still hear the grunts, moans, and snorts of seventies disco ghosts. **The Beautiful South,** which performs on July 8, is led by former Housemartins Paul Heaton and Dave Hemingway. The group plays a disarmingly pleasant sort of pop, over which they layer some fairly caustic, head-turning lyrics. Their latest record, "0898," is an entirely winning effort. **Charlatans U.K.** come in on July 10, and spoof-meister **Weird Al Yankovic** performs on July 11. Yankovic made his name back in the eighties with parodies of Madonna and Michael Jackson hits, and this time around he's pushing a record called "Smells Like Nirvana." Nirvana isn't the easiest target in the world—their album continues to astonish even as we all get sick to death of reading about it—and Yankovic's parody is a pretty lame stab at Kurt Cobain's garbled lyrics. Yankovic fares even worse elsewhere on his new album, such as when he sends up songs we've forgotten already, like "Rico Suave," by the sugarcoated rapper Gerardo. Show times vary.

Song of Singapore Theatre, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St.—This is the new home of the Swing Dance Society, a group of Lindy Hop enthusiasts who've been putting on Sunday-night dance parties for several years now (the Cat Club was their former home base). Swing music at a mock forties Singapore night club—the musical "Song of Singapore" was put on here—may sound like an odd juxtaposition, but who cares? Strike up the band, which, on July 12, will be Loren Schoenberg's big band. Sets begin at eight. For information on the Society, call 696-9737.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—If you arrive late for a show at this celebrated shrine of jazz, you run the risk of being seated in the glass-enclosed terrace, which means you'll need a periscope to see the show. Otherwise, Sweet Basil is just the right environment for patrons—chiefly because it has a silence-or-else policy during shows. The **Peter Leitch** quintet is here through July 12, and **Gil Goldstein** and **Zebra Coast** begin a week-long gig on July 14. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **Miles Evans** is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This windowless, slice-of-pie-shaped basement has an illustrious history that embraces everyone from Judy Holliday to Lenny Bruce, from Pete Seeger and Leadbelly to Miles Davis and Sonny Rollins. The **Charles Mc Pherson** quartet is here through July 12, and pianist **Ahmad Jamal** comes in for a week on July 14. Mondays are reserved for the **Vanguard Jazz Orchestra.** Music after nine-thirty.



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EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

BARBARA HERSHEY's bloated lips came first. Then came Madonna's bleached hair, Brigitte Nielsen's cleavage, and Bette Midler's whole wardrobe for the first ten years of her career. And as startling as Deee-Lite's Lady Kier Kirby's ultra-red beehive, kabonga shoes, Vistavision lips, and peekaboo stretch clothing are, you can't accuse her of starting this trend. Besides, you're allowed anything if you're in show biz.

But there's a bewildering look that's spreading these days—onto the dance floor, around restaurant banquettes, and into the streets. Call it faux trannie, or corrective gender bending, or what you will, but more and more women are heading out into the dark of night done up like drag queens. Just when you thought you'd had it up to here with cross-dressing, women make it their own. Last week, at the Roxy, when Deee-Lite pulled the ultimate diva act—previewing their new album by having dub lovelies lip-synch the new numbers onstage while they themselves squealed and applauded on the sidelines (and group member Dmitry spun expertly at the turntables)—it took a couple of bifocal polishings to tell the real from the realistic. And since Susanne Bartsch—who can still pack a space more ecumenically than anyone's Rainbow Coalition (and who probably does the look better than anybody with no Y chromosomes has any right to)—was the one promoting this evening, offstage looked like onstage.

At the Roxy, a continuous parade of women floated by with breasts pushed up high. Their orifices were either overdressed or overexposed. Beading was more abundant than it is two days before show time at the Bob Mackie workroom. Most of the women had probably been mortified when their mothers wore these same hairdos. One gauntleted young lady, clad in a pearl-studded baseball uniform and wearing her hair twisted into a vertical red challah, daintily stepped into the arms of a male non-suitor. "You are too much," he pronounced. "You should look like this all the time." "Bet you never thought I could get away with this," she said, smiling tentatively as two big drags in pearl football uniforms and matching helmets stilettoed by. "Never," said the first linebacker.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

SERIOUS FUN!—Lincoln Center's annual survey of nontraditional performing arts and artists. July 7-9: "Dr. Faustus Lights the Lights," a play by Gertrude Stein, as interpreted by Robert Wilson. . . . ¶ July 11: Jamale Graves and Dancers, the Rhythm Technicians, and the Rock Steady Crew in an evening of hip-hop music and dance. . . . ¶ July 14-15: "The Flash and Crash Days," a play by Gerald Thomas about mother-daughter relations. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. Evenings at 8. The festival continues through July 30.)

"LESBIANS WHO KILL"—A reprise of Deb Margolin's play, recently seen at La Mama. (One Dream, 232 West Broadway. 274-1450. July 8-11 and July 15 at 8. Through July 25.)

DIXON PLACE—July 7-10 at 8: Richard Elovich in "Someone Else from Queens Is Queer." (258 Bowery, near Houston St. 219-3088.)

ART

IN London, whose Hayward Gallery is the current host for the big Magritte exhibition due at the Met right after Labor Day, we recently saw a peculiar comic strip, in the *Independent*. The cartoon, by David Shenton, was titled "Walk Away René," and it consisted of four captioned images—a horse labelled "suitcase," a tuba labelled "hat," and two others. We think we got the joke: you know, the "this is not a pipe" reference, with a "here's your hat, what's your hurry" sentiment attached. The English clearly have very limited patience with Magritte.

When Magritte fever hits the Apple, it will very likely inspire quite a bit more cud-chewing, bone-picking, and axe-wielding than it has in London. While Magritte chestnuts—whimsical, bowler-hatted men, logic-defying interiors, and so on—are plentiful here, the show also reveals a less familiar aspect of the discreetly charming Belgian gent. In addition to a group of paintings from the nineteen-forties, virtually unknown in the United States, realized in the manner of Renoir at his most treacly, and a 1948 series of pictures that seem to anticipate Sigmar Polke's most virulent cartoons, viewers will discover some of the most haunting sexual imagery, and the most violently carnal vignettes, in modern art. "Le Viol" ("The Rape"), from 1934, which depicts a graphically rendered female torso in place of a face, is probably the crudest, funniest, and best known of these. But there are many others that are sure to generate heated arguments. *Ceci n'est pas* just a proto-Conceptualist.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

MUSEUM MILE FESTIVAL—The fourteenth annual open house takes place on July 14, from six to nine in the evening, when Fifth Avenue between 82nd and 104th Streets is accessible to pedestrians and street performers only, and nine of the museums along the way are free of charge.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Al-Andalus: The Art of Islamic Spain" includes more than a hundred works of art, from a wooden ceiling to a mosaic dado to an ivory coffin. Through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ Andrea Mantegna's nobly handsome self-portraits give one the unmistakable impression of an imperial malcontent: his every stony feature and furrow evoke one fool or another whom he was obliged to suffer. Though Mantegna (c. 1430-1506) flourished just before the painters of what came to be called the High Renaissance, he didn't really pave the way for them. His paintings depict figures that are statuesque and iconic rather than fluid and active. He is the great master of grisaille, which originally meant the monochromatic depiction of stone. In this sense, he is "archaic." Yet he may also seem strikingly advanced, even "modern," to a contemporary viewer. The contours of his angelic prototypes, for instance, seem to point more to the nineteenth century and an artist like Burne-Jones than to his immediate successors. This show includes paintings and prints by Mantegna, as well as various related works by other artists of Mantegna's period and by some slightly later. (Several of his masterpieces are site-specific, so to speak, and remain in Padua, Mantua, and elsewhere.) The portrait drawings are breathtaking and revelatory. An especially gripping one of Cardinal Francesco Gonzaga—wildly theatrical, with graphic gusto, and almost photographically cropped—recalls Mantegna's own chiselled good looks and is perhaps a

"The Eight & American Art": work by Ernest Lawson, Everett Shinn, John Sloan, Maurice Prendergast, George Luks, William Glackens, Arthur B. Davies, and Robert Henri, at the Brooklyn Museum

GIMME SCULPTURE

The new sculptural installation—forms made of steel, hardware cloth, adobe, rope, rubber hose, and other materials—in the Thomas Paine Park, across from the U.S. Courthouse, transforms the tiny park into a kind of fairyland, a mystical place where strange shapes are tethered to trees. According to the sculptor, Nancy Cohen, the six pieces—two shell-like objects, a sort of shroud, something that looks like a giant Christmas-tree ornament, two pods filled with found objects like an old typewriter and hubcaps, and a grim metal box stuffed with computer paraphernalia—are intended, by their similarity to natural forms of shelter, as a statement about society's inability to provide adequate housing for the homeless. The pieces are also, she said, meant to draw passersby into the center of the park, which is ordinarily frequented only by homeless people and pigeons.

The objects, which were installed in the park under the aegis of the Parks Department's Temporary Public Art Program, have attracted a lot of attention, Cohen said. Many people even came up to her as she was putting on the finishing touches and offered their interpretations. One person was puzzled by the various ways in which the works are attached to the trees.

"Are these kind of like decorations?" the person asked.

"Yes," Cohen replied.

"Oh, good," the person said. "I was afraid they were holding up the trees."

The installation will remain in place through November.

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veiled self-portrait: a fiery vision of ambition straining to be realized. Through July 12. . . . ¶ A show featuring nine centuries' worth of Korean ceramics—celadon ware and other glazed objects—drawn from the Ataka collection. Through July 12. . . . ¶ The recent donation of the Perls collection—a hundred and sixty-three objects from the kingdom of Benin—has substantially redefined the museum's African holdings. This exhibition of the collection is a welcome relief from the rigid theatre of many of the museum's blockbusters: it enables viewers to make their own discoveries. Through Sept. 13. . . . ¶ "Modern Design: 1890-1990" shows off the museum's holdings in twentieth-century furniture, architectural and design drawings, glass, ceramics, and other objects. . . . NOTE: The museum's roof garden, planted with eight sculptures by Rodin, is open when the weather permits. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"In the Realm of Architecture." This retrospective of the work of Louis Kahn (1901-74) includes about three hundred drawings, sketches, models, and photographs. Through Aug. 18. . . . ¶ "Antoni Tàpies in Print" presents more than a hundred lithographs, intaglio prints, and illustrated books, from the forties to the present, by the Catalan artist. Through Aug. 9. . . . ¶ Twenty-four paintings, drawings, and prints by Philip Guston. Through July 26. . . . ¶ Eighty magazine-and-newspaper photocollages by Stephen Kroninger, displayed alongside the versions that appeared in *Time*, the *Village Voice*, *Rolling Stone*, and elsewhere. Through Aug. 9. . . . ¶ Erika Rothenberg's "House of Cards" installation features nearly a hundred fake greeting cards dealing with social, political, and racial issues. Starts July 11. . . . ¶ Cults of personality, while working wonders for the business of many modern designers, have at times spoiled the idealism in which modern design is rooted. The Finnish designer Kaj Franck, who shunned stardom, happily never had any trouble finding buyers for his remarkably lean and timeless utilitarian pieces. In this small, pleasant exhibition, Franck's gloriously spare designs are left to speak for themselves. Particularly impressive is his Kilta tableware, which was in production from 1953 to 1975 and still looks contemporary. Its finely tuned colors, in such contrasting shades as deep aqua green and chartreuse, seem like refined versions of our own Fiestaware. Even when he worked at the higher end of the market, Franck kept his purity intact. His Soap Bubble vases, from the nineteen-fifties, are so perfectly lifelike that they look ready to float blissfully away. . . . ¶ Photographs by Gertrude Käsebier (1852-1934), including genre scenes, allegorical compositions, and portraits of New Yorkers, Native Americans, and fellow-photographers. Through July 14. . . . ¶ "More than One Photography" features sixty post-1980 works that incorporate photography in one way or another, drawn from each of the museum's six curatorial departments. Through July 19. . . . ¶ Twenty-three videotapes, mostly from the seventies, by Joan Jonas, Nam June Paik, and William Wegman. Through July 16. . . . NOTE: The museum's sculpture garden, at 14 W. 54th St., is open, free, on Fridays and Saturdays from 6 to 10, with musicians from the Juilliard School performing at 7:30. This summer's program is dedicated to the music of John Cage. (The museum is open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Rotunda, Rotunda, let down your hair. "The Guggenheim Museum and the Art of this Century" is the overarching title for the reopening festivities. "Masterpieces from the Guggenheim Collection" is on view along with Dan Flavin's fluorescent-light installation, "Untitled (to Tracy, to celebrate the love of a lifetime)." Through Aug. 27. (Open daily, except Thursdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge on Tuesdays from 5 to 8.)

Guggenheim Museum SoHo, 575 Broadway—"From Brancusi to Bourgeois" includes, as well, Kandinsky, Andre, Ryman, and Beuys. Through Aug. 27. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings until 10.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Richard Prince was one of the most incisive artists of the late seventies. He took on such volatile issues as originality (he rephotographed magazine advertisements for luxury goods) and sex and celebrity (he appropriated a composite, soft-core photograph of a prepubescent Brooke Shields). But because these dastardly aesthetic acts were perpetrated with grainy, modestly scaled photographs, he was treated as a poor stepchild of the dominant painting scene, of primary interest to theoreticians. So it is commendable that the Whitney, which has offered surveys of more widely collected painters like Schnabel, Salle, Fischl, and Winters, has mounted this show. Unfortunately, though, it downplays the early work, which is less materially seductive but more intellectually challenging, in favor of the larger and more dramatic later work. An essentially minor but sensational untitled group of pictures with the subtitle "Entertainers"—blurry head shots of performers, at least one of whom is a porn star—is given too much space, while Prince's rephotographed Marlboro Men, which have far more interesting and subtle ramifications, are given too little. Yet despite these imbalances, the show is roomy enough to contain a surprisingly diverse range of works. As far as his paintings go, certain groups, such as the Rothkoesque joke paintings, remain impressive; the reverential recent paintings, while formally impeccable, have less bite. Prince is at a crossroads, and needs to decide if he will now become an insider or remain on the fringe. Through July 12. . . . ¶ An exhibition of landscapes, seascapes, portraits, and boxing scenes by painter and lithographer George Bellows (1882-1925). Through Aug. 30. . . . ¶ The second part of a show of recent additions to the museum's collection; more than seventy paintings and sculptures are included. Starts July 10. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Painters of a New Century: The Eight & American Art," an exhibition devoted to the work of the turn-of-the-century painters known as the Eight: Arthur B. Davies, William Glackens, Robert Henri, Ernest Lawson, George Luks, Maurice Prendergast, Everett Shinn, and John Sloan. . . . ¶ "Tacit Transit," a new installation, by Korean-born artist Jin Soo Kim, that consists of wire-mesh modules and found objects. Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ A display of first-edition etchings from Giovanni Battista Piranesi's "Carceri d'Invenzioni" group. Through July 26. . . . ¶ "Biomorphicism and Organic Abstraction in Twentieth-Century Decorative Arts." (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

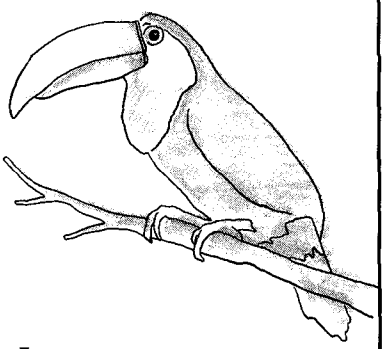
Bronx Museum of the Arts, 1040 Grand Concourse—Eight paintings from the "North American Trophy Room" series, by Honduran artist Francisco Alvarado-Juárez. Through Aug. 2. . . . ¶ The museum's twelfth "Artist in the Marketplace" exhibition includes thirty-six emerging painters, sculptors, photographers, and installation artists. Through Aug. 2. . . . ¶ "Contemporary Painting and Calligraphy from Japan." Through Aug. 2. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—"An Album of Interiors" consists of more than sixty nineteenth-century watercolors, from two private family collections—one American and one European. Through Aug. 23. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays 1 to 6.)

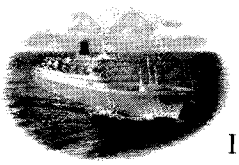
Jewish Museum, at the New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"Bridges and Boundaries: African-Americans and American Jews." This exhibition—comprising three hundred and fifty art works, photographs, and documents—explores the complex relationship of coöperation and tension between the two groups. Through July 19. (Open Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Sundays, 11 to 5; Thursdays, 11 to 8; Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Sketching at Home and Abroad" presents more than a hundred British landscape drawings and watercolors—from the literal to the lyrical—by Turner, Constable, Wilson, Gainsborough, and others. Through Aug. 2. . . . ¶ Puss in Boots, the Master Cat, is the subject of an exhibition that spans three hundred years' worth of illustrations, beginning with Charles Perrault's original manuscript of Mother Goose stories. Through Aug. 9. . . . ¶ "Leaping the Fence," a show that examines, through illustrated treatises, the development of the English landscape garden. Through Aug. 2.

SAGAFJORD'S AMAZON



A THOUSAND MILES OF RAINFOREST ON A SILVER PLATTER.



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ART–Cont'd

(Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5, Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, Columbus Ave. at 65th St.—"The Art of Embellishment" features nearly fifty painted and stencilled objects—including doors, pieces of furniture, tinware, and textiles—from eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American homes. Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ The American hand-carved walking stick (more varieties than you can shake one at) is the subject of "Step Lively: The Art of the Folk Cane." Through Sept. 13. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11:30 to 7:30.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A hundred and twenty-four prints, drawings, and watercolors by the German artist Lovis Corinth (1858-1925). Through Sept. 13. . . . ¶ "Masterpieces of American Impressionism from the Pfeil Collection" features eighty-seven paintings, by such artists as Mary Cassatt, Childe Hassam, Lila Cabot Perry, and John Twachtman. Starts July 9. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5; Friday evenings until 8, with no admission charge after 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Hail, Delirium!," a show of illustrated books and prints by Dorothea Tanning. Through July 18. (Third Floor Gallery.). . . ¶ One of the more comprehensive shows in the current crop of Walt Whitman centenary celebrations is "In Life or Death Forever": a hundred and fifty manuscripts, books, photographs, and letters culled from both the Berg and Oscar Lion collections. Through Sept. 12. (Berg Exhibition Room.). . . ¶ The forays of Percy Bysshe Shelley into the political arena are chronicled in the letters, manuscripts, and bank checks on view in "Shelley: Unacknowledged Legislator." Through Aug. 8. (Edna Barnes Salomon Room.). . . ¶ "On the Edge" is a show of more than two hundred black-and-white and color photographs from the covers and pages of *Vogue*. Through Aug. 1. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall.). . . ¶ A rotating permanent display of eight drawings by Charles Addams is on view in the north wing of the Third Floor Gallery. (Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

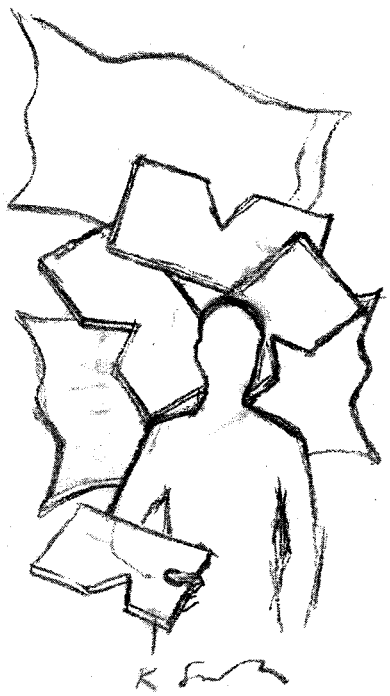
Isamu Noguchi Garden Museum, 32-37 Vernon Blvd., at 33rd Rd., Long Island City—Noguchi (1904-88) designed this oasis for more than two hundred and fifty of his own sculptures. The entire range of his work is on view, from the early surrealistic biomorphic sculptures through several types of stone carvings, and including documentation of his prodigious public-art projects. The centerpiece of the museum is a peaceful, ivy-walled garden dotted with sculptures. (Open Wednesdays and Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

Queens Museum of Art, Flushing Meadow Park—"Colombia: Contemporary Images," an exhibition of paintings and sculptures by thirty-five native Colombians. Through Sept. 13. . . . ¶ Drawings and distorted silhouettes by Brazilian installation artist Regina Silveira. Through Sept. 13. (A concurrent show of Silveira's work is at LedisFlam, 584 Broadway, through Aug. 7. Closed Mondays.) (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

James Rosenquist—Rosenquist is not always thought of as one of our great painters, but this show of his early Pop paintings, from 1961 to 1964, could well inspire second thoughts about the matter. Whereas Warhol and Rauschenberg were attracted to the artificial, two-dimensional qualities of the mass media, Rosenquist seemed to take the media at face value. In these pictures, he appears to have succumbed to the media's seductions—the white glint of smiling teeth, the curve of a Ford fender. This show features a number of his more complex canvases, as well as the smoky, glamorous "The Light That Won't Fail, I." Even in his simpler pictures, such as "Untitled (Blue Sky)," the surrealism can be haunting, compounded as it is of late-modernist alienation and a tinge of bomb-shelter anxiety. Through July 11. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)



Self-portrait by Richard Smith

Short List—burt silverman, Society of Illustrators, 128 E. 63rd St. (open Tuesday evenings until 8, through July 31); **richard smith,** Feigen, 49 E. 68th St. (through July 20).

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Ron Janowich/Frederic Thursz—Janowich has lately been playing with the shape of his canvases, and this experimentation seems to be paying off. The most interesting work is shaped like a horseshoe, a form that neatly fills one's field of vision./Thursz has covered several panels in thick, glossy paint; according to a nearby statement, the works were inspired by the death, at Dachau, of an uncle he'd met only once. A group of larger panels, displayed in a smaller gallery, are gripping. They're arranged in pairs of similar colors—two mustards, two purples—and they make for a poignant study in the dynamics of attraction. Through July 31. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

Short List—william garbe, McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (through July 31); **william king,** Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St. (through July 31).

GALLERIES—SoHo

Charles Garabedian—An impressive show featuring two paintings, based on the Iliad, that portray maimed soldiers in fields of an oddly uplifting yellow-green. In their scope, both suggest Picasso's "Guernica." The more striking of the two looks like some kind of geophysical catastrophe, with land and water merging into a single mass. Although the paintings depict such grotesque things as bloody limbs and the occasional stake through a heart or a neck, the figures all have the solidity of classical statuary. Also on display are numerous smaller studies, which are quite compelling on their own. Through July 10. (Louver, 130 Prince St.)

Irina Nakhova—An exhibition that consists of large paintings of eyes, and small, wall-mounted sculptures of torsos with an occasional foot or shoe appropriately situated on the floor. The torsos, which have been embedded, variously, with putti, straws, and a pot of eggs, are the more ingratiating works, while the eyes, which are grisaille with colored accents, are richer, less illustrational, more mysterious. Through July 31. (Kind, 136 Greene St. Closed Mondays.)

"Technorama"—Technology is usually perceived as a threat to the individualism that art supposedly protects. In the late seventies, in an effort to come to terms with this threat, many artists attempted to master technology through reassembling its raw materials. This show combines work by some of these artists with work by like-minded younger artists. It is a pleasant enough compilation, although it could use a more substantial anchor. Julia Scher is represented by one of her predictable parodies of machine-age authority and surveillance. Dike Blair's contribution, a photomontage of obscure details snapped at Disney's EPCOT Center, is a buoyant image of free-floating unreality. The best works in the show are the oldest: two illustrations from the fifties by Alexander Leydenfrost, who worked for *Life*. They conform to the scientific boosterism of the period, a kind of surrealism intended to make such technological bogeys as nuclear reactors seem simple and friendly. Through July 10. (Toll, 146 Greene St. Closed Mondays.)

"Mssr. B's Curio Shop"—This good-natured but chaotic show provides access to dozens of artists who rarely appear on the gallery circuit. Little of the work, however, is very good. The show seems to have been simply allowed to happen; the few interesting pieces are nearly impossible to find. A number of Alfonso Ossorio's obsessively inclusive assemblages are scattered about, and they seem like epitomes of the show as a whole. Among the standouts are Maureen Connor's sculptures of lingerie; Suzanne Anker's sculptures of figures in gymnastic positions; and Paul Thek's "Technological Reliquary," from the mid-sixties, a humorous and poignant portrayal of technology entombing the individual. Through July 11. (Thread Waxing Space, 476 Broadway.)

Group Shows—At **a/d,** 560 Broadway: A room appointed by three artists. Roy Lichtenstein's wallpaper with a living-room image is as lustreless as his recent paintings. But Gerhard Richter's colorfully gridded wall-to-wall carpeting, which is recognizably related to the artist's past work, would do any rec room proud. On the carpet sit four of Donald Judd's gorgeous plywood chairs, which are stained in crisp aniline colors and have the design simplicity of Shaker furniture. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays.). . . **kunsthall,** 129 Greene St.: Each of the three painters here has bitten off more than he can chew. Wainer Vaccari has at least chosen a subject rife with metaphor—cockfighting. But his painting, which depicts two huge and bloody cock-a-doodlers locked in a sort of Greco-Roman clinch, is so incompetently rendered that it collapses under the weight of the Old Masterish style it tries to sustain. Fred Escher also jumbles his references, albeit a little more sensitively. He has taken a panoramic early-Italian battle scene and updated it—using a technique reminiscent of Immendorf—into a depiction of a prison camp under a lowering sky. But nothing distinguishes it from run-of-the-mill Neo-Expressionism. Donald Newman, enfant terrible of the New Wave late seventies, whose worthy first show, sensationally titled "Nigger Drawings," touched off a discussion of racism in the arts that is still raging more than a decade later, eventually abandoned art-making to pursue a career in computers. He returns here with some shaped wood constructions covered with paint-splattered sheets and pillowcases, and they're all pretty terrible. Through July 11. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.). . . **luhring augustine,** 130 Prince St.: A strangely thoughtful group show, which begins with some handsome works on paper, from 1979, by the Austrian Arnulf Rainer. Each consists of two related masses of smudges, one airy and drawn by an ape, the other dense and painted by the artist. Near them is a towering sculpture by Paul McCarthy (one of the standouts of L.A. MOCA's "Helter Skelter" exhibition) that is its own kind of double whammy. It consists of two huge skunks standing on tree stumps with their erect penises in their paws. It is a bawdily funny sculpture that poaches on Koons territory while belittling the sort of craft that underlies Koons' work. Stormy charcoal drawings by Joyce Pensato serve as a bridge between Rainer and McCarthy. They depict Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck, wearing maniacal smiles, and are quite compelling—infused, as they are, with a thoughtful feminist anger. Also on view is a work by McCarthy consisting of a small battered trunk filled with soiled dolls. It is dated 1977-82, several years before Mike Kelley's first doll piece, and seems intended to establish McCarthy's historical priority. Through July 31. . . . **steingladstone,** 99 Wooster St.: Nancy Rubins' sculpture "Drawings and Hot Water Heaters" is composed of just that: junked water heaters and several graphite drawings on big sheets of paper. Like similar earlier works ("Four Thousand Pounds of Smashed and Filleted Airplanes"), it falls somewhere between improvised installation and constructed sculp-

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ture—between, say, Allan Kaprow and John Chamberlain. What's impressive about these works, apart from their physical energy and mechanical ingenuity, is their highly evolved definition—they have real, articulated shapes, and an appeal beyond the charm of rusting parts. Rubins shares the gallery with Matthew Barney—here represented by a videotape and a wall relief, in his Cronenbergian "Dead Ringers" mode—and with a young painter named Sam Reveles, who has contributed two pretty, highly refined monochromatic abstractions. Through July 31.

SHORT LIST—CARL ANDRE, Pretto, 103 Sullivan St. (opens at noon, closed Mondays, through July 31); **DOUGLAS DAVIS,** Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (through July 17); **DAN FLAVIN,** Rubin-Spangle, 395 West Broadway (closed Mondays, through July 31); **VIOLA FREY,** Hoffman, 429 West Broadway (through July 31); **GUERCINO,** The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. (closed Mondays, open Saturdays, and Wednesdays until 8; through Aug. 1); **KWONG LUM,** Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St. (through July 31); **LISA MACKIE** and **JOANNE MC FARLAND,** Kelly, 591 Broadway (through July 31); **DAVID RABINOWITCH,** Flynn, 113 Crosby St. (through Oct. 31); **REGINA SILVEIRA,** LedisFlam, 584 Broadway (closed Mondays, through Aug. 7).

PHOTOGRAPHY

LOIS GREENFIELD, whose dance photographs have been published in the *Village Voice* for some twenty years, has a soon-to-be-published volume, "Breaking Bounds" (Chronicle; fall), which gives us a chance to assess the work she's done over the past decade. (A show devoted to her work from this same period will open on September 11, at the uptown branch of the International Center of Photography.) Included in the book is an interview with Greenfield by William A. Ewing, who also wrote the introduction; both texts address Greenfield's attempts to find a solution to the problem inherent in photographing dance—how, using still images, to record a form that is essentially about movement.

Greenfield is one of the few dance photographers who have achieved pictures with their own identity. Her crystal-clear images are very different from the evocative blurs that Alexey Brodovitch used to imply movement; they're more sculptural and acrobatic than the famous shots that Barbara Morgan took of Martha Graham; and they have much more flight and action in them than Annie Leibovitz's recent shots of Mark Morris and Mikhail Baryshnikov.

"Breaking Bounds" is certainly what the dancers here could be said to be doing—they seem as if they're performing in midair instead of in the studio. Most of Greenfield's performers are modern, not classical, dancers. Or, as she likes to say, they're "experimental" dancers—people who have an affinity with her method of creating movement, instead of merely recording it. In fact, the book can be seen as an album of some of the best-known modern dancers of the past decade. There's a shot of the late Arnie Zane performing with Bill T. Jones/Arnie Zane & Company—a glorious memento of their collaboration, now sadly over. The photograph captures the freedom and grace that were so important to Zane's dancing and that remain important to the company's continuing vitality.

GROUP SHOW—A summer landscape show that is anything but breezy as far as conceptual rigor is concerned. The images, by Clegg & Guttmann, Peter Fischli and David Weiss, Jeff Wall, Ange Leccia, and Geoffrey James, may look like scenes casually caught, but the amount of thought behind them is obviously great. In Leccia's "Arrangements," for instance, we see a triptych of French landscapes in which nine flames shoot up from barrels that the photographer filled with diesel fuel and sugar, and then ignited. French Impressionism, pollution, Ansel Adams' pictures of geysers—the associations evoked here are endless. Through July 31. (Stux, 163 Mercer St.)

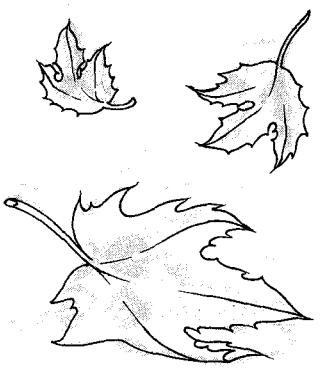
SHORT LIST—BILL BRANDT and **AART KLEIN,** Lowinsky, 575 Broadway (closed Mondays, through July 24); **LINDA BUTLER,** Witkin, 415 West Broadway (closed Mondays, through Aug. 21); **BEVAN DAVIES,** Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway (through July 31); **ALEXANDER GARDNER,** International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesdays until 8; through Sept. 6); **ARTHUR MONES,** McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (through July 31); **MARTIN PARR,** Borden, 560 Broadway (closed Mondays, through July 31).

MUSIC

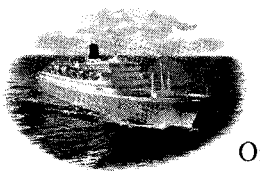
ACCORDING to J. B. Steane, in "The Grand Tradition," one of our favorite books of music criticism, "No event arouses so much excitement in the opera house and so little in the musical world outside as the entrance upon the scene of a really outstanding coloratura soprano." Mr. Steane is a musician sufficiently enlightened to care more about other things, but we like his willingness to acknowledge the special appeal of the very high soprano voice. It's not to all tastes, and some musicians have a way of condescending to those whose tastes favor it. But such musicians who do had better be big enough to condescend to the likes of Mozart. While in Italy, he wrote home with enthusiasm about one Lucrezia Agujari, whose roulades up to the C above high C he carefully copied out at twenty-two bars' length. And when, in later life, he encountered good sopranos whose range ran unusually high, he composed for them with gusto. The most important of these was Aloysia Weber, with whom he fell in love. (Later, he married her younger sister; the two women were cousins of the Weber who composed "Der Freischütz.")

Sumi Jo has already entered upon the scene, in live opera and on records, but the coloratura-curious who have not yet heard her will want to check out the Mostly Mozart program of July 10-11, in which she tackles four of the arias composed for Aloysia. They make up a catalogue of high-soprano difficulties. In "Vorrei spiegarvi," for instance, the singer must take a high E and re-attack it; "Sperai vicino il lido" has a long-sustained high F; "Ah, se in ciel" has strings of repeated high Cs; and so forth. And the soprano has to make music while coping with all of this, which Ms. Jo can very probably do. Shura Cherkassky, who's on the same program, can himself make music bewitchingly, when the mood takes him; he'll be playing Beethoven's Fourth Piano Concerto and—a special treat—the pre-concert recital at 7 P.M., with transcriptions from Lully and Bach.

SAGAFJORD'S NEW ENGLAND AND CANADA



CRIMSON & GOLD ON A SEA OF BLUE.



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IN TOWN—OPERA

KIROV OPERA—Opening performances of the company's two-week-long visit, with all performances conducted by Valery Gergiev and presented in Russian. Prokofiev's **THE FIERY ANGEL**, a story of demonic possession unloosed within a sadomasochistic ménage à trois. (July 6 at 7.)... ¶ Tchaikovsky's **THE QUEEN OF SPADES**, a cautionary tale for gamblers, in which three cards lead to three fatalities, in three acts. (July 7-8 at 8, and July 11 at 2 and 8.)... ¶ Mussorgsky's **BORIS GODUNOV**, wherein pretenders squabble over the czardom, and a simpleton gets the last word. (July 9-10 and July 13-15, all at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Through July 18.)

NEW YORK GRAND OPERA—Vincent La Selva conducts staged performances. July 8 at 7:30: "The Marriage of Figaro," in English.... ¶ July 15 at 7:30: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. No tickets necessary.)

HELL'S KITCHEN OPERA—Presenting "Emma," composed by Murray Boren to a libretto drawn from Mormon history by Eric Samuelson. (Church of St. Paul the Apostle, 415 W. 59th St. July 10-12 at 8. For information about tickets, call 752-2887. Through July 19.)

AMATO OPERA COMPANY—Presenting George Maldonado's zarzuela company. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. July 11 at 7:30 and July 12 at 2:30.)

"99% ARTFREE!"—Several members of New York City Opera's chorus offer operatic parodies in a cabaret, including such topical speculations as Pavarotti's bid for the Presidency (to the strains of "Rigoletto") and Madonna's début at the Met (with apologies to the composer of "Carmen"). (Don't Tell Mama, 343 W. 46th St. 757-0788. July 13-14 at 10.)

IN TOWN—CONCERTS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Kurt Masur conducts an all-Tchaikovsky mini-festival. July 8-9 at 8: The "Capriccio Italien," Symphony No. 4, and Violin Concerto (featuring Midori).... **NOTE:** In pre-concert recitals, beginning both nights at 6:45 and open to ticketholders, members of the orchestra will play Tchaikovsky's D-Major String Quartet (Op. 11).... ¶ July 15 at 7: The Overture-Fantasy "Romeo and Juliet," Symphony No. 2 (the "Little Russian"), and Serenade for Strings (Op. 48).... ¶ July 16 at 8: The Piano Concerto No. 1 (featuring Shura Cherkassky) and Symphony No. 6 (the "Pathétique").... **NOTE:** In a pre-concert recital, beginning at 6:45 and open to ticketholders, members of the orchestra will play Tchaikovsky's String Quartet No. 2. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800.)

MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL—Opening concerts of this year's season, which will run through Aug. 22, and which marks the culmination of the Mozart Bicentennial at Lincoln Center. July 7 at 8:30 and July 8 at 8: Gerard Schwarz conducts the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra in an all-Mozart program comprising the Symphonies No. 31 (the "Paris") and No. 34, the Violin Concerto No. 5 (with Anne-Sophie Mutter), and three concert arias (featuring soprano Barbara Hendricks).... ¶ July 9 at 8: The Cleveland String Quartet, with the assistance of cellist Janos Starker and pianist Anton Nel, performs chamber music by Mozart (his G-Minor Piano Quartet), Beethoven (his Quartet in B-Flat, Op. 18, No. 6), and Schubert (his C-Major Quintet).... **NOTE:** In a pre-concert recital, beginning at 7 and open to ticketholders, Mr. Nel will play Mozart's Variations on an Original Theme (K. 54) and Beethoven's "Appassionata" Sonata.... ¶ July 10-11 at 8: Gerard Schwarz conducts Mozart's Symphonies No. 24 and No. 41 (the "Jupiter"), soprano Sumi Jo sings four Mozart concert arias, and Shura Cherkassky is the soloist in Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 4.... **NOTE:** In a pre-concert recital, beginning at 7 and open to ticketholders, Mr. Cherkassky will play a "Suite de Pièces" by the French Baroque composer Jean-Henri D'Anglebert (arranged from works by Lully) as well as the Bach/Busoni Chaconne in D Minor.... ¶ July 13 at 8: The Tokyo String Quartet plays Mozart's "Hunt" Quartet (K. 458) and Beethoven's Second "Razumovsky" Quartet (Op. 59, No. 2); the Shanghai String Quartet joins them to perform Mendelssohn's Octet.... **NOTE:** In a pre-concert recital, beginning at 7 and open to ticketholders, the Shanghai String Quartet will play Mendelssohn's A-Minor Quartet (Op. 13).... ¶ July 14-15 at 8: Gerard Schwarz conducts Mozart's "Posthorn" Serenade and Violin Concerto No. 3 (with Itzhak Perlman), as well as Haydn's Symphony No. 59.... **NOTE:** In pre-concert recitals, beginning both nights at 7 and open to ticketholders, the duo-piano team of David Bradshaw and Cosmo Buono will render nineteenth-century transcriptions from Rossini operas. (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030.)

CARILLON—Recitals on the Riverside Church carillon. July 7 at 6:30: Frank Deleu, the city carillonneur of Kortrijk and Menen, Belgium.... ¶ July 12 at 3: Gert Oldenbeuving, who is president of the Netherlands Carillon Society. (Riverside Dr. at 120th St. No tickets necessary.)

BARGEMUSIC—Violinist Stephanie Chase and pianist Marc-André Hamelin perform Beethoven's Violin Sonata in E-Flat (Op. 12, No. 3); cellist Timothy Eddy and Mr. Hamelin play Schubert's "Arpeggione" Sonata; and all join for Brahms' C-Major Trio (Op. 87). (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. July 9-10 at 7:30 and July 12 at 4.)

LES PETITS CHANTEURS DE LYON—Jean-François Duchamp directs the French boys' choir in a wide-ranging program of music from the Renaissance to the present. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 50th St. July 9 at 8. Admission by contribution.)

SUMMERGARDEN AT MOMA—John Cage, the nearly octogenarian musical innovator, will read from "Empty Words" (his literary utterances of the mid-seventies), with the background sounds of the city providing the musical score. July 10 at 7:30: "Empty Words," Part IV, first half.... ¶ July 11 at 7:30: "Empty Words," Part IV, second half. (Sculpture Garden, Museum of Modern Art, 14 W. 54th St. No tickets necessary.)

GOLDMAN MEMORIAL BAND—Gene Young conducts operatic transcriptions and American light classics. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. July 10 at 8.... ¶ Seaside Park, Brooklyn. July 11 at 8.... ¶ New York Botanical Garden, the Bronx. July 12 at 5. No tickets necessary for any of these performances.)

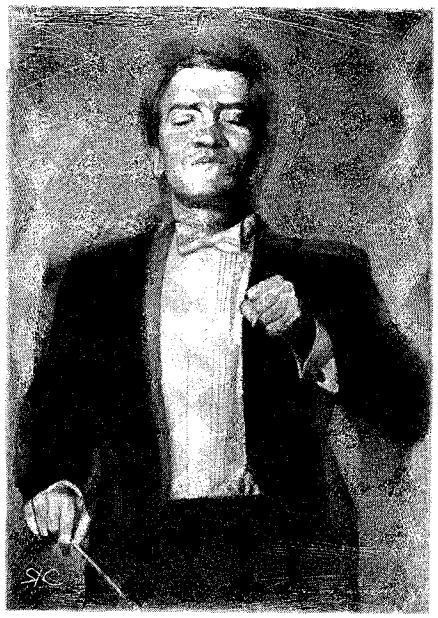
ANDRÉ-MICHEL SCHUB—The pianist will perform sonatas by Beethoven (in A Major, Op. 2, No. 2) and Grieg, as well as works by Debussy and Chopin. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. 288-0700. July 14 at 5:45.)

DAVID CRAIGHEAD AND MARIAN CRAIGHEAD—The husband-and-wife organists offer a duo-recital that includes music by Antonio Soler, Leo Sowerby, and Joseph Jongen. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. July 14 at 7. Admission by contribution.)

OUT OF TOWN

TANGLEWOOD—July 9 at 8:30: Joel Cohen directs the Boston Camerata in Baroque Music from Spain's colonies in the New World.... ¶ July 10 at 6:30: Cellist Joel Krosnick and pianist Gilbert Kalish perform Rachmaninoff's G-Minor Cello Sonata, and violinist Malcolm Lowe and Mr. Krosnick offer Ravel's Sonata for Violin and Cello.... ¶ July 10 at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducts the Boston Symphony in excerpts from Wagner's operas, with soprano Jessye Norman, who, in addition to the Immolation Scene from "Götterdämmerung," will sing five orchestra-accompanied songs by Richard Strauss.... ¶ July 11 at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducts the Boston Symphony in Beethoven's "Leonore" Overture No. 3, Brahms' Symphony No. 4, and Mendelssohn's Piano Concerto No. 1 (with André Watts).... ¶ July 12 at 2:30: Hermann Michael conducts the Boston Symphony in Grieg's music for "Peer Gynt," Schumann's Symphony No. 1, and Liszt's Piano Concerto No. 2 (with Mr. Watts).... ¶ July 14 at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducts the Boston Symphony in a program that includes Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 4 (featuring Alfred Brendel). (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1940.)

RUTGERS SUMMERFEST—July 6: Robert Kapilow lectures on Renaissance music.... ¶ July 8: Baritone Jerrold Pope and harpsichordist Charlotte Mattax, plus an assisting period-instrument ensemble, perform Renaissance and early-Baroque vocal and instrumental works.... ¶ July 9: Violinists Stanley Ritchie and Daniel Stepner, viola da gambist Laura Jeppesen, and harpsichordist Elisabeth Wright perform François Couperin's "L'Apothéose de Lully" and "L'Apothéose de Corelli," in which the French Baroque master demonstrated how the divergent musical styles of France and Italy could happily coexist in a musical paradise. Also on the program are works by Corelli and Lully, as well as a "tombeau" memorializing the latter, by Marin Marais.... ¶ July 11: Angelina Réaux (soprano) and Mr. Kapilow (pianist) perform a survey of American song.... ¶ July 12: The Tokyo String Quartet performs quartets by Mozart and Beethoven; pianist Ilana Vered joins them for Ezra Laderman's Piano Quintet, written last year.... ¶ July 13: Mr. Kapilow lectures on Bach. (Evenings at 8. Nicholas Music Center, Rutgers University, New Brunswick, N.J. For information about tickets, call 1-908 932-7511.)



Valery Gergiev, conducting the Kirov Opera

CARAMOOR MUSIC FESTIVAL—July 9 at 4:15: The wind players of the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble perform chamber music by Vivaldi, Haydn, Beethoven, and Robert Baksa.... ¶ July 10 at 8:30: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble performs Hummel's C-Major Septet (Op. 114), a recent work by Eric Ewazen, and de Falla's "Siete Canciones Populares Españoles," featuring baritone William Sharp (who will also perform several songs by Fauré, accompanied by pianist Colette Valentine).... ¶ July 11 at 8:30: André Previn leads the Orchestra of St. Luke's in Ravel's "Le Tombeau de Couperin" and "Ma Mère l'Oye"; soprano Kathleen Battle is the soloist in Barber's "Knoxville: Summer of 1915" and in Mr. Previn's song cycle "Honey and Rue."... ¶ July 12 at 5:30: Members of the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble (along with Mr. Previn and other guests) perform chamber works by Debussy, Ravel, and Milhaud. (Katonah, N.Y. For information about tickets, call 1-914 232-1252.)

OPERA FESTIVAL OF NEW JERSEY—July 10 at 8 and July 12 at 3: "Madame Butterfly," in Puccini's early "Brescia" version, fully staged, and performed in English; featuring soprano Stephanie Friede and tenor Tod Kowallis, and conducted by Carol I. Crawford.... ¶ July 11 at 8: "The Merry Widow," fully staged, and performed in English. (Lawrenceville School, Lawrenceville, N.J. For information about tickets, call 1-609 936-1500.)

NORFOLK CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL—July 10: The Cleveland String Quartet performs quartets by Mendelssohn and Stephen Paulus, as well as Brahms' Piano Quintet (with the assistance of Claude Frank).... ¶ July 11: The New York Woodwind Quintet plays music by Paul Taffanel, Thea Musgrave, and others. (Evenings at 8:30. Route 44, Norfolk, Conn. For information about tickets, call 1-203 542-5537.)

GLIMMERGLASS OPERA—The company's season, which will run through Aug. 10, opens with "Die Zauberflöte," in a production (with supertitles) by Martha Clarke, conducted by Richard Bradshaw. (July 11 at 7:30, and July 13 and July 15 at 2. Cooperstown, N. Y. For

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information about tickets, call 1-607 547-2255.)

Waterloo Festival Orchestra—Karl Anton Rickenbacher conducts Brahms' Symphony No. 4, Messiaen's "Un Sourire" (written as a tribute to Mozart), and Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole" (featuring the eleven-year-old Korean violinist Sarah Chang). (Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J. For information about tickets, call 1-201 347-4700. July 11 at 8:30.)

JAZZ/POP/ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Jimmy Buffett—This Key West poet of the Hawaiian-shirt set (his big hit was "Margaritaville") plays children's music for adults; he's like a Raffi for ex-hippies. His annual summertime concerts are ritualized, audience-participation events along the lines of a Grateful Dead show or a midnight screening of "The Rocky Horror Picture Show." It's a mindless, therapeutic good time, and the obligatory tailgate party and parking-lot barbecue before the show is half the fun. (Jones Beach Theatre. 1-516 221-1000. July 7 at 8.)

Queen Latifah—As rap celebrant and female conscience of the New Jersey 'hoods, twenty-two-year-old East Orange native Queen Latifah (Dana Owens) reigns over the genre with energetic, original, densely communicative rhymes, backed by a tasty, melodic mix of house, reggae, and R. & B. Her second album, "Nature of a Sista'," which was released last fall, is a delight, not to mention a powerful rebuttal of the notion that somehow rap is not really music. Partly by ridiculing the sexual stereotyping and gangster pretensions of some of her ignoble peers, and partly by having developed her own strong critical-poetic voice, Queen Latifah has secured fresh stardom and a street throne. Family Stand and Dream Warriors are also on the bill. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. July 11 at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Woody Guthrie Tribute—Folkie emeritus Pete Seeger, who has done more than anyone to spread Guthrie's grand democratic vision, headlines this assembly of honorary Okies, which also includes the late songwriter's son, Arlo; the brash English lefty folk-rocker Billy Bragg; the winning Texas country-pop singer Nanci Griffith; the downtown acoustic artiste Suzanne Vega; and the San Francisco op-ed rappers Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy. The occasion celebrates what would have been Woody's eightieth birthday, and a free concert in the open air is just Woody's style. It's also a welcome chance to be reminded that an amazing Whitmanesque breadth of being shines in Guthrie's songs, along with some mysterious key to American populism at its most open-hearted. (Central Park SummerStage. July 12 at 3. No tickets necessary.)

John Mellencamp—"I am a rock cliché," this Indiana rocker said last year. "I have fallen to every cliché a rock guy's supposed to do. I do have a Porsche. My girlfriend is a model. I couldn't admit that would ever happen to me, but guess what, it did." In spite of all his faults as an entertainer, that rueful, honest, and slightly nutty voice is what gives Mellencamp his appeal, and whenever that voice enlivens his very basic three-chord sound, this chain-smoking, confused rock guy earns his keep as an undeniable jukebox poet and arena hero. (Jones Beach Theatre. 1-516 221-1000. July 13-15 at 8.)

Woody Guthrie

Frankie Valli & the Four Seasons—With the Four Tops. (Meadowlands Summerfest. 1-201 935-3900. July 10 at 8.)

Reggae Sunsplash Concert—With Aswad, John Holt, Lucky Dube, Barrington Levy, Papa San, Skool, and Carlene Davis. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. July 11 at 8.)

"The Horde"—Aquarium Rescue Unit, Blues Traveler, Phish, the Spin Doctors, and Widespread Panic. (Jones Beach Theatre. 1-516 221-1000. July 12 at 6.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Yankees—Vs. the Minnesota Twins, July 6-8 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Seattle Mariners, July 9-10 at 7:30, July 11 at 2, and July 12 at 1:30.

Mets—Away until July 16, when they face the San Francisco Giants.

(The Yankees play at Yankee Stadium, 293-6000; and the Mets play at Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499.)

RACING

Horses—At Belmont: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. The Coaching Club American Oaks is on July 11. . . . At Monmouth Park, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays, except Mondays and Thursdays, at 1:05. . . . At Atlantic City Race Course: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:25. . . . **Trotting** at Yonkers Raceway: Mondays through Saturdays at 8 and Tuesdays at 1; Sundays at 6:15. . . . At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30. . . . At Saratoga Raceway, Saratoga Springs: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:45.

Stars and Stripes—About seventy sailboats are registered to race in this annual regatta, which will take place July 11-12, in New York Harbor. Races begin at 11:30.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Democratic National Convention—At Madison Square Garden, July 13-16. On July 13, in the evening, the keynote speakers will open the proceedings. They will be Senator Bill Bradley, of New Jersey; Governor Zell Miller, of Georgia; and former Representative Barbara Jordan, of Texas. For more information about convention events, call 290-1992.

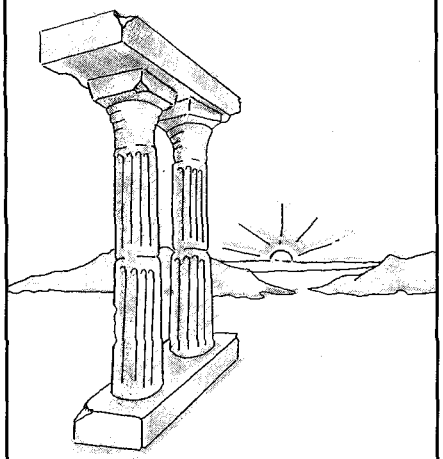
"The Livingroom Candidate"—An exhibition concerning the role that television has played in Presidential elections since 1952. In a new, third-floor gallery, eleven monitors will continuously screen commercials for both Republican and Democratic candidates, and, in a screening room adjacent to the gallery, visitors can see debates, election-night specials, biographical film clips, and the "Checkers" speech. (American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. 1-718 784-0077. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 4; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

Swing Dancing—The people at Lincoln Center present evenings of dancing outdoors, by the fountain. July 8: The Tim Gillis band. . . . ¶ July 9: Argentine Tango. . . . ¶ July 10: The Stan Rubin big band. . . . ¶ July 11: Vince Giordano and his Nighthawks. . . . ¶ July 15: Johnny Pacheco y Su Tumbao. (Evenings at 8:15. For information about tickets, call 875-5400.)

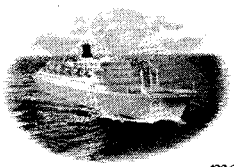
Readings—July 9 at 7: Naomi Wolf reads from "The Beauty Myth." (Brentano's, Fifth Ave. at 48th St. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ July 9 at 8:30: Fran Lebowitz and Reynolds Price read from their own prose. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. No tickets necessary.)

Tours—July 11 at 1: A walk around the West Village, sponsored by Citywalks. For reservations, call 989-2456. . . . ¶ July 12 at 11: A stroll through Chinatown, sponsored by Big Onion Walking Tours. For reservations, call 439-1090. . . . ¶ July 12 at 2: A walk through Chelsea, sponsored by Adventure on a Shoestring. For reservations, call 265-2663. . . . ¶ July 15 at 7: A boat ride around Manhattan Island with an architectural point of view; sponsored by the Cooper-Hewitt Museum. Commentary will be given by Christopher Gray. For reservations, call 860-6321.

VISTAFJORD'S EUROPE



PONDER ANCIENT RUINS OVER CRÈME BRÛLÉE.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

ANGELIKA FILM CENTER, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Monster in a Box" (†).
Theatre 2: "Mediterraneo" (directed by Gabriele Salvatores, in Italian).
Theatre 3: "Hear My Song" (†).
Theatre 4: "Zentropa" (Lars Von Trier, in English and German).
Theatre 5: "Night on Earth" (†).
Theatre 6: "Delicatessen" (Jean-Pierre Jeunet and Marc Caro, in French).

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Through July 9: "Cousin Bobby" (†); and "The Music Tells You" (Chris Hegedus and D. A. Pennebaker), a documentary about Branford Marsalis.
From July 10: "Cousin Bobby" (†); and "Save and Protect" (1989, Alexander Sokurov; in Russian).

NEWMAN THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
July 6: Theatre closed.
July 7-9: "Un Borghese Piccolo Piccolo" (1977, Mario Monicelli; in Italian) and "Regalo di Natale" (1986, Pupi Avati; in Italian).
July 10-12: "Lo Scopone Scientifico" (1972, Luigi Comencini; in Italian) and "Segreti Segreti" (1985, Giuseppe Bertolucci; in Italian).
July 13: Theatre closed.
From July 14: "Le Notti Bianche" (1957, Luchino Visconti; in Italian); and "Ultrá" (1991, Ricky Tognazzi; in Italian).

MOVIELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Lethal Weapon 3" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 9: "Basic Instinct" (†). From July 10: "Universal Soldier" (Roland Emmerich), with Jean-Claude Van Damme and Dolph Lundgren.
Theatre 3: "Unlawful Entry" (†).

LOEWS VILLAGE THEATRE VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: "Patriot Games" (†).
Theatre 2: "Batman Returns" (†).
Theatre 3: "Batman Returns" (†).
Theatre 4: Through July 9: "Batman Returns" (†). From July 10: "The Best Intentions" (Bille August; in Swedish).
Theatre 5: Through July 9: "Patriot Games" (†). From July 10: "Cool World" (Ralph Bakshi), with Kim Basinger, Gabriel Byrne, and Brad Pitt.
Theatre 6: "A League of Their Own" (†).
Theatre 7: "A League of Their Own" (†).

CINEMA VILLAGE 12TH STREET, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"L'Élégant Criminel" (Francis Girod, in French), with Daniel Auteuil.

VILLAGE EAST CINEMAS, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: "Toto le Heros" (Jaco Van Dormael; in French), with Michel Bouquet.
Theatre 2: "The Adjuster" (Atom Egoyan).
Theatre 3: "Daughters of the Dust" (1991, Julie Dash).
Theatre 4: "Shadows and Fog" (†).
Theatre 5: "Lovers" (Vicente Aranda, in Spanish).
Theatre 6: "Sister Act" (†).
Theatre 7: "Pinocchio" (†).

CINEMA VILLAGE 3RD AVENUE, between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)
"The Castle of Cagliostro" (Hayao Miyazaki), an animated film.

LOEWS 19TH STREET EAST 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: Through July 9: "Basic Instinct" (†). From July 10: "Universal Soldier" (Roland Emmerich), with Jean-Claude Van Damme and Dolph Lundgren.
Theatre 2: "Lethal Weapon 3" (†).
Theatre 3: "Boomerang" (†).
Theatre 4: "Boomerang" (†).
Theatre 5: "Lethal Weapon 3" (†).
Theatre 6: "Class Act" (†).

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"The Playboys" (†).

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"A League of Their Own" (†).

MURRAY HILL CINEMAS, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: "Sister Act" (†).
Theatre 2: "Boomerang" (†).
Theatre 3: "Boomerang" (†).
Theatre 4: "Pinocchio" (†).

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through July 9: "Batman Returns" (†). From July 10: "Cool World" (Ralph Bakshi), with Kim Basinger, Gabriel Byrne, and Brad Pitt.
Theatre 2: "Patriot Games" (†).
Theatre 3: "Batman Returns" (†).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Housesitter" (†).

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Mambo Kings" (Arne Glimcher), with Armand Assante, Antonio Banderas, and Cathy Moriarty.

SUTTON 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "Pinocchio" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Adjuster" (Atom Egoyan).

CROWN GOTHAM, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Unlawful Entry" (†).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Mississippi Masala" (Mira Nair), with Denzel Washington and Sarita Choudhury.

MANHATTAN TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Boomerang" (†).
Theatre 2: "Boomerang" (†).

59TH STREET EAST CINEMA, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Class Act" (†).

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through July 9: "Far and Away" (†). From July 10: "Prelude to a Kiss" (Norman René), with Alec Baldwin and Meg Ryan.
Theatre 2: "Housesitter" (†).

CINEMA I, CINEMA II, AND CINEMA 3RD AVENUE, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Sister Act" (†).
Theatre 2: "For Sasha" (Alexandre Arcady, in French).
Theatre 3: "The Playboys" (†).

ART EAST CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 61st. (644-1111)
"Hear My Song" (†).

FIRST & 62ND CINEMAS, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)
Theatre 1: "My Cousin Vinny" (†).
Theatre 2: "Alien3" (†).
Theatre 3: "Alien3" (†).
Theatre 4: "Encino Man" (Les Mayfield), with Sean Astin.
Theatre 5: "The Waterdance" (†).
Theatre 6: "Basic Instinct" (†).

GEMINI 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Batman Returns" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 9: "Batman Returns" (†). From July 10: "Universal Soldier" (Roland Emmerich), with Jean-Claude Van Damme and Dolph Lundgren.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through July 9: "The Player" (†).
From July 10: "The Best Intentions" (Bille August; in Swedish).

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through July 9: "Lethal Weapon 3" (†). From July 10: "Cool World" (Ralph Bakshi), with Kim Basinger, Gabriel Byrne, and Brad Pitt.
Theatre 2: "Patriot Games" (†).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Mediterraneo" (Gabriele Salvatores, in Italian).

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"A League of Their Own" (†).

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Patriot Games" (†).

PARK & 86TH STREET CINEMAS, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Housesitter" (†).
Theatre 2: "Unlawful Entry" (†).

LOEWS ORPHEUM VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)
Theatre 1: "Lethal Weapon 3" (†).
Theatre 2: "Batman Returns" (†).
Theatre 3: Through July 9: "Batman Returns" (†). From July 10: "Universal Soldier" (Roland Emmerich), with Jean-Claude Van Damme and Dolph Lundgren.
Theatre 4: "Boomerang" (†).
Theatre 5: Through July 9: "Boomerang" (†). From July 10: "Cool World" (Ralph Bakshi), with Kim Basinger, Gabriel Byrne, and Brad Pitt.
Theatre 6: "Class Act" (†).
Theatre 7: "Batman Returns" (†).

86TH STREET EAST TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Pinocchio" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sister Act" (†).

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 18.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: Through July 14: "Blast 'Em" (directed by Joseph Blasioli), a documentary. From July 15: "Echoes from a Somber Empire" (1990, Werner Herzog; in French and English), a documentary.
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: "Wisecracks" (†).

WAVERLY 1 AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through July 9: "Alien3" (†). From July 10: "Prelude to a Kiss" (Norman René), with Alec Baldwin and Meg Ryan.
Theatre 2: "Housesitter" (†).

ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Player" (†).
Theatre 2: "Boomerang" (†).

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Waterdance" (†).
Theatre 2: "Proof" (Jocelyn Moorhouse).
Theatre 3: "Europa Europa" (Agnieszka Holland, in German and Russian).
Theatre 4: "Raise the Red Lantern" (Zhang Yimou; in Chinese).

CHELSEA CINEMAS, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "Batman Returns" (†).
Theatre 2: "Patriot Games" (†).
Theatre 3: "Sister Act" (†).
Theatre 4: "Unlawful Entry" (†).
Theatre 5: "A League of Their Own" (†).
Theatre 6: Through July 9: "Batman Returns" (†). From July 10: "Prelude to a Kiss" (Norman René), with Alec Baldwin and Meg Ryan.
Theatre 7: "Housesitter" (†).
Theatre 8: Through July 9: "Unlawful Entry" (†). From July 10: "Cool World" (Ralph Bakshi), with Kim Basinger, Gabriel Byrne, and Brad Pitt.
Theatre 9: "A League of Their Own" (†).

23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "The Player" (†).
Theatre 2: "Far and Away" (†).
Theatre 3: (Matinées only) "Pinocchio" (†); and (evenings only) "Alien3" (†).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Pinocchio" (†).

WORLDWIDE CINEMAS, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Far and Away" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Playboys" (†).
Theatre 3: "Housesitter" (†).
Theatre 4: "Class Act" (†).
Theatre 5: "Lovers" (Vicente Aranda, in Spanish).
Theatre 6: "The Player" (†).

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"A League of Their Own" (†).

LOEWS FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Basic Instinct" (†).

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Zentropa" (Lars Von Trier, in English and German).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMAS, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: Through July 9: "Delicatessen" (Jean-Pierre Jeunet and Marc Caro, in French). From July 10: "Prelude to a Kiss" (Norman René), with Alec Baldwin and Meg Ryan.
Theatre 2: "Night on Earth" (†).

LOEWS FINE ARTS, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"Howards End" (†).

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Proof" (Jocelyn Moorhouse).

LOEWS COLUMBUS CIRCLE, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Mediterraneo" (Gabriele Salvatores, in Italian).

62ND & BROADWAY, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"A League of Their Own" (†).

LINCOLN PLAZA 1, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Raise the Red Lantern" (Zhang Yimou; in Chinese).
Theatre 2: "The Hairdresser's Husband" (Patrice Leconte, in French).
Theatre 3: "Monster in a Box" (†).

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Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Unlawful Entry" (†).
Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: Through July 9: "Patriot Games" (†). From July 10: "Cool World" (Ralph Bakshi), with Kim Basinger, Gabriel Byrne, and Brad Pitt.
Theatre 2: "Lethal Weapon 3" (†).
Theatre 3: "Batman Returns" (†).
Theatre 4: "Sister Act" (†).
Theatre 5: "Boomerang" (†).
Theatre 6: Through July 9: "Batman Returns" (†). From July 10: "Universal Soldier" (Roland Emmerich), with Jean-Claude Van Damme and Dolph Lundgren.
Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Alien^3" (†).
Theatre 2: "Housesitter" (†).
Olympia 1 and 11, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: (Matinées only) "Pinocchio" (†); and (evenings only) "Class Act" (†).
Theatre 2: "Far and Away" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Alien^3" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 9: "Alien^3" (†). From July 10: "Universal Soldier" (directed by Roland Emmerich), with Jean-Claude Van Damme and Dolph Lundgren.
Theatre 3: "Basic Instinct" (†).
Theatre 4: "Batman Returns" (†).
Theatre 5: "Batman Returns" (†).
Theatre 6: Through July 9: "Lethal Weapon 3" (†). From July 10: "Universal Soldier."
Theatre 7: "Lethal Weapon 3" (†).
Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"Sister Act" (†).
Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "Boomerang" (†).
Theatre 2: "Boomerang" (†).
Theatre 3: "Boomerang"(†).
Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
Through July 9: "Patriot Games" (†).
From July 10: "Cool World" (Ralph Bakshi), with Kim Basinger, Gabriel Byrne, and Brad Pitt.
National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Unlawful Entry" (†).
Theatre 2: "Unlawful Entry" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Le Cinematographe, 15 Vandam St. (675-4680)
Through July 7: "The Killer Is Loose" (1956, directed by Budd Boetticher), with Joseph Cotten, Rhonda Fleming, and Wendell Corey; and "Witness to Murder" (1954, Roy Rowland), with Barbara Stanwyck, George Sanders, and Gary Merrill.
July 8-9: "Pickup on South Street" (1953, Samuel Fuller), with Richard Widmark, Jean Peters, and Thelma Ritter; and "Shack Out on 101" (1955, Edward Dein), with Lee Marvin, Terry Moore, Keenan Wynn, and Frank Lovejoy.
July 10-11: "Kiss Me Deadly" (1955, Robert Aldrich), with Ralph Meeker and Albert Dekker; and "Nightfall" (1957, Jacques Tourneur), with Aldo Ray, Brian Keith, and Anne Bancroft.
July 12: "Screaming Mimi" (1958, Gerd Oswald), with Anita Ekberg, Phil Carey, and Gypsy Rose Lee; and "Crime of Passion" (1957, Oswald), with Sterling Hayden, Barbara Stanwyck, and Raymond Burr.
July 13-14: "The Lineup" (1958, Donald Siegel), with Eli Wallach, Robert Keigh, and Warner Anderson; and "Murder by Contract" (†).
From July 15: "The Crimson Kimono" (1959, Samuel Fuller), with Victoria Shaw, Glenn Corbett, and James Shigeta; and "Underworld, U.S.A." (1961, Samuel Fuller), with Cliff Robertson, Dolores Dorn, and Beatrice Kay.
8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through July 7: "Beauty and the Beast" (Gary Trousdale and Kirk Wise), a Walt Disney animated film; and "Beauty and the Beast" (1946, Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair.
July 8-9: "The Prince of Tides" (Barbra Streisand), with Streisand, Nick Nolte, and Blythe Danner; and "Bugsy" (Barry Levinson), with Warren Beatty and Annette Bening.
July 10-11: "Pink Flamingos" (1974, John Waters), with Divine; and "Female Trouble" (1975, Waters), with Divine.
July 12-14: "The Man Who Would Be King" (†); and "Black Robe" (Bruce Beresford), with Lothaire Bluteau.
From July 15: "The Tingler" (1960, William Castle), with Vincent Price and Judith Evelyn; and "Homicidal" (1961, Castle), with Glenn Corbett.
Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Through July 7: "Detour" (1945, Edgar G. Ulmer), with Ann Savage and Tom Neal; and "The Narrow Margin" (1952, Richard Fleischer), with Charles McGraw and Marie Windsor.
July 8-9 "Kiss of Death" (1947, Henry Hathaway), with Victor Mature, Richard Widmark, Coleen Gray, and Brian Donlevy; and "Night and the City" (1950, Jules Dassin), with Widmark and Gene Tierney.
July 10-11: "They Live by Night" (1948, Nicholas Ray), with Farley Granger and Cathy O'Donnell; and "On Dangerous Ground" (1952, Nicholas Ray), with Ida Lupino, Robert Ryan, and Ward Bond.
July 12-13: "Laura" (†); and "The Dark Corner" (1946, Henry Hathaway), with Lucille Ball, Mark Stevens, and Clifton Webb.

At 8th St. Playhouse, Divine in "Pink Flamingos"

July 14-15: "Desperate" (1947, Anthony Mann), with Steve Brodie, Audrey Long, and Raymond Burr; "Raw Deal" (1948, Mann), with Dennis O'Keefe, Claire Trevor, and Marsha Hunt; and "Railroaded" (1947, Mann), with John Ireland, Sheila Ryan, and Hugh Beaumont.
Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
July 6: "Rashomon" (1951, Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune, Machiko Kyo, Masayuki Mori, and Takashi Shimura; and "Dodes'ka-den" (1971, Kurosawa; in Japanese).
July 7: "Home from the Hill" (1960, Vincente Minnelli), with Robert Mitchum, Eleanor Parker, George Hamilton, and George Peppard; and "The Night of the Hunter" (1955, Charles Laughton), with Mitchum, Shelley Winters, and Lillian Gish.
July 8: "Ninotchka" (1939, Ernst Lubitsch), with Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, and Sig Rumann; and "Grand Hotel" (1932, Edmund Goulding), with Garbo, John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, and Wallace Beery.
July 9: "Golden Earrings" (1957, Mitchel Leisen), with Ray Milland and Marlene Dietrich; and "Morocco" (1930, Josef von Sternberg), with Dietrich, Gary Cooper, and Adolphe Menjou.
July 10-11: "Double Indemnity" (1944, Billy Wilder), with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson; and "Sorry, Wrong Number" (1948, Anatole Litvak), with Stanwyck and Burt Lancaster.
July 12: "Children of Paradise" (see page 19).
July 13: "The Ritual" (1969, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Thulin, Anders Ek, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "After the Rehearsal" (1984, Bergman; in Swedish), with Lena Olin, Erland Josephson, and Thulin.
July 14: "The King of Marvin Gardens" (†); and "Head" (1968, Bob Rafelson), with the Monkees.
July 15: "Murder, My Sweet" (1945, Edward Dmytryk), with Claire Trevor, Dick Powell, Mike Mazurki, and Anne Shirley; and "The Brasher Doubloon" (1947, John Brahm), with George Montgomery.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—July 6 at 2:30: "Days of Heaven" (1978, directed by Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere. . . . ¶ July 6 at 3 and July 11 at 2:30: "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors" (1964, Sergei Paradjanov; in Ukrainian). . . . ¶ July 6 at 6: "Divorce—Italian Style" (1962, Pietro Germi; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni. . . . ¶ July 6 at 6 and July 9 at 3: "King Lear" (1971, Grigory Kozintsev; in Russian). . . . ¶ July 7 at 2:30 and July 10 at 6: "The Firemen's Ball" (1967, Milos Forman; in Czech). . . . ¶ July 7 at 3: "The Seventh Bullet" (1977, Ali Khamrayev; in Uzbek). . . . ¶ July 7 at 6: "Stranger Than Paradise" (1984, Jim Jarmusch). . . . ¶ July 7 at 6 and July 12 at 2:30: "Second Circle" (1990, Alexander Sukorov; in Russian). . . . ¶ July 9 at 2:30 and July 12 at 5: "Araya" (1959, Margot Benacerraf; a Venezuelan film, in Spanish). . . . ¶ July 9 at 6 and July 12 at 2: "Mother Joan of the Angels" (1961, Jerzy Kawlerowicz; in Polish). . . . ¶ July 9 at 6: "Final Verdict" (1987, Herz Frank; in Russian). . . . ¶ July 10 at 2:30 and July 11 at 5: "The Hawks and the Sparrows" (1967, Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Totò and Ninetto Davoli. . . . ¶ July 10 at 3 and July 14 at 6: "The Seasons" (1975, Arthur Peleshian) and "Chernobyl: Chronicle of Difficult Weeks" (1987, Vladimir Shevchenko), both documentaries. . . . ¶ July 10 at 6: "The Black Square" (1988, Joseph Pasternack), a documentary. . . . ¶ July 11 at 2: "Maria Candelaria" (1943, Emilio Fernandez; a Mexican film, in Spanish). . . . ¶ July 11 at 5: "The Beginning of an Unknown Era" (1967, Larisa Shepitko and Andrei Smirnov; in Russian). . . . ¶ July 12 at 5: "Farewell" (1982, Elem Klimov; in Russian). . . . ¶ July 13 at 2:30 and July 14 at 6: "Yol" (1982, Yilmaz Güney; in Turkish). . . . ¶ July 13 at 3: "The Ascent" (1977, Larisa Shepitko; in Russian). . . . ¶ July 13 at 6 and July 14 at 2:30: "Man of Marble" (1977, Andrzej Wajda; in Polish). . . . ¶ July 13 at 6: "My Friend Ivan Lapshin" (1982, Aleksei Gherman; in Russian). . . . ¶ July 14 at 3: "The Asthenic Syndrome" (1989, Kira Muratova; in Russian).
Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—July 6 at 2 and 6 and July 7 at 4, 7:30, and 9:15: "The Seventh Continent" (1989, Michael Haneke). . . . ¶ July 6 at 4 and 8 and July 7 at 2 and 5:45: "Caracas" (1989, Michael Schottenberg). . . . ¶ July 8 at 2, 5:30, and 9 and July 9 at 3:45, 7:15, and 9: "Toward Jerusalem" (1990, Ruth Beckerman). . . . ¶ July 8 at 3:45 and 7:15 and July 9 at 2 and 5:30: "Good News" (1990, Ulrich Seidl). . . . ¶ July 10 at 2 and 7:30, July 11 at 3:45 and 9:15, July 12 at 3:45 and 9:15, and July 13-14 at 4:45: "Intentions of Murder" (1968, Shohei Imamura; in Japanese). . . . ¶ July 10 at 4:45, July 11-12 at 6:30, and July 13-14 at 2 and 7:30: "Eijanaika" (1981, Imamura). . . . ¶ July 11-12 at 2: "Pee-wee's Big Adventure" (†). . . . ¶ July 15 at 2: "Kukurantumi" (1983, King Ampaw). . . . ¶ July 15 at 4: "Boseman and Lena" (1972, Ross Devenish). . . . ¶ July 15 at 6: "Sea of Roses" (1977, Ana Carolina). . . . ¶ July 15 at 8:30: "Ladies on the Rocks" (1983, Christian Braad Thomsen).
Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—July 15 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "My Mother's Castle" (1990, Yves Robert; in French), with Julien Ciamaca.
Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—"Jim Henson's World of Television." Through July 12: "Fraggle Rock: Honk of Honks" (1986) and "Down at Fraggle Rock . . . Behind the Scenes" (1987). . . . Starting July 14: "Jim Henson's Mother Goose Stories: Little Bo Peep" (1990), "The Tale of the Bunny Picnic" (1986), and "Tales from Muppetland: The Frog Prince" (1971). Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 1. . . . ¶ "The Jim Henson Hour: Dog City" (1989) and "The Storyteller: The Soldier and Death" (1989). Showings Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.
Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (570-3949)—July 10 at 3 and 7: "Cinema Paradiso" (1990, Giuseppe Tornatore; in Italian), with Philippe Noiret. . . . ¶ July 11 at 3 and 7: "Small Change" (1976, François Truffaut; in French).

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MOVIE HOUSES–Cont'd

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—"American Impressionist: A Robert Altman Retrospective." Eleven episodes of "Tanner '88" (1988, HBO). July 11 at 2: "Dark Horse."... ¶ July 11 at 3:30: "For Real" and "Night of the Twinkies."... ¶ July 11 at 4:30: "Moonwalker and Bookbag" and "Bagels with Bruce."... ¶ July 12 at 2: "Child's Play" and "The Great Escape."... ¶ July 12 at 3:15: "The Girl Friend Factor" and "Something Borrowed, Something New."... ¶ July 12 at 4:30: "The Boiler Room" and "The Reality Check."

Donnell Library Center, 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619)—July 11 at 2:30: "Primary" (1960) and "District Leader" (1974, Gary Gilson).... ¶ July 13 at noon: "The Making of the President" (1964, Mel Stuart).... ¶ July 14 at noon: "The La Guardia Story" (1962, Jack Haley) and "Adam Clayton Powell" (1977, Gil Noble).... ¶ July 15 at noon: "Secret Honor" (1984, Robert Altman).

Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181)—July 9 at 6 and 9:45: "Secrets of Women" (†).... ¶ July 9 at 8: "A Married Woman" (1965, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Macha Méril, Bernard Noël, Philippe Leroy, and Roger Leenhardt.... ¶ July 10 at 6 and 10: "Open City" (1945, Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Anna Magnani.... ¶ July 10 at 8: "Rome 11 O'Clock" (1952, Giuseppe De Santis; in Italian), with Lucia Bose.... ¶ July 11 at 1 and 7: "The Third Man" (1950, Carol Reed), with Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, and Trevor Howard.... ¶ July 11 at 3 and 9: "The Trial" (1962, Welles), with Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Suzanne Flon, Elsa Martinelli, and Romy Schneider.... ¶ July 11 at 5:15 and 11:15: "Mr. Arkadin" (1955, Welles), with Welles, Michael Redgrave, Patricia Medina, and Akim Tamiroff.... ¶ July 12 at 1 and 6: "Band of Outsiders" (1964, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina, Sami Frey, and Charles Brasseur.... ¶ July 12 at 2:45 and 7:45: "Alphaville" (1965, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina, and Akim Tamiroff.... ¶ July 12 at 4:30: "Made in U.S.A." (1967, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina.

Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdan Ave. at 112th St. (662-2133)—July 8 at 8: "Metropolis" (1926, Fritz Lang; a German silent film), with Brigitte Helm, Alfred Abel, Gustav Frölich, Rudolf Klein-Rogge, Fritz Rasp, and Heinrich George.... ¶ July 15 at 8: "The Three Ages" (1923, Buster Keaton; silent), with Keaton, Margaret Leahy, Wallace Beery, and Joe Roberts. (Organ accompaniment written and played by Lee Erwin.)

Symphony Space, B'way at 95th St. (864-5400)—July 8 at 7: "Children of Paradise" (see page 19).... ¶ July 9 at 6:30: "Tent of Miracles" (1977, Nelson Pereira dos Santos; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).... ¶ July 9 at 9: "Quilombo" (1986, Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).... ¶ July 10 at 6:30: "Ludwig" (1973, Luchino Visconti), with Helmut Berger, Romy Schneider, Trevor Howard, and Silvana Mangano.... ¶ July 11 at 5:30 and 8:45: "The Wages of Fear" (1953, Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Folco Lulli, and Peter Van Eyck.... ¶ July 12 at 4: "The Insect Woman" (1963, Shohei Imamura; in Japanese).... ¶ July 12 at 6:30: "High and Low" (1963, Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.)

Alien³—The latest and perhaps the last of the science-fiction horror series that began with "Alien" in 1979. Here, the heroine of the previous films, Ripley (Sigourney Weaver), crash-lands on a godforsaken planet whose population consists of a couple of dozen mean-looking convicts running some sort of dilapidated foundry. She has, unwittingly, brought one of those nasty, dripping, sharp-toothed aliens with her in the spacecraft. The script (by David Giler, Walter Hill, and Larry Ferguson) is designed to keep us asking ourselves the fundamental questions: Who will get eaten by the alien? In what order? Is the next one going to be too grisly to watch? Unfortunately, the director, David Fincher, doesn't seem to have the skill to make even the simplest action sequence coherent, or the patience to give the audience the narrative information it needs. Although he's a gifted imagemaker, the images never quite add up. Our interest expires long before the alien has hissed its last. Also with Charles S. Dutton, Charles Dance, and Lance Henriksen. Cinematography by Alex Thomson.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/1/92.) (First & 62nd Cinemas, Metro Cinema, and Criterion Center.... ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex. Evenings only.... ¶ Waverly; through July 9.)

Basic Instinct—A vicious, grindingly manipulative urban mystery that uses a thick atmosphere of S & M kinkiness to distract the audience from the story's thinness and inanity. Michael Douglas plays a cop with a "dark side." Sharon Stone plays a rich, beautiful bisexual novelist who is the prime suspect in a murder case. He falls in love with her, and the two of them breathe heavily through the rest of the picture. Stone has a few bright moments early on. But our basic instinct as we watch Douglas's strenuous grimaces of sexual transport is to flee the theatre. And the mystery is so ineptly constructed that it's not much fun trying to work out the solution. We sense that the screenwriter, Joe Eszterhas, and the director, Paul Verhoeven, don't have any respect for the genre—that they're too jaded to care about anything but giving us enough voyeuristic jolts to keep us awake. When the picture is over, we realize that the only suspense that it has produced effectively is a weird kind of ideological suspense. Will the movie take its smarmy misogyny all the way, or will it pull back in the end? It goes all the way. Also with George Dzundza and Jeanne Tripplehorn; there's a very peculiar cameo by Dorothy Malone.—T.R. (4/6/92) (First & 62nd Cinemas, Loews Festival, and Criterion Center.... ¶ Movieland 8th Street Triplex, and Loews 19th Street East 6; through July 9.)

Batman Returns—Tim Burton's sequel to his phenomenally successful 1989 "Batman" doesn't try to top the first picture, either

At Film Forum 2, an Anthony Mann triple bill

with splashier special effects or with loftier pretensions to significance; nor does it simply go through the motions, repeating the surefire stuff with a self-satisfied air of professionalism. It's a blend of playful novelty and reassuring familiarity—a difficult mixture to get right. This time, the hero (again Michael Keaton) does battle with a greedy businessman named Max Shreck (Christopher Walken) and the roly-poly arch-criminal known as the Penguin (Danny DeVito). And whenever Batman ventures out on one of his nocturnal crime-fighting missions, he runs into a mysterious woman who dresses like a cat and carries a whip. The hilariously twisted relationship between the hero and the Catwoman (Michelle Pfeiffer) plays like an apache dance in animal costumes, and it's the glory of the movie. The cat clothes seem to release something strange and wild in Pfeiffer: her performance is ferociously sexy and uninhibitedly, over-the-top funny. As in the first movie, Burton gives the material a luxurious masked-ball quality and a sly contemporary wit without violating the myth's low, cheesy comic-book origins. He's an artist who's comfortable with both the higher aspirations and the lower instincts of his nature as an entertainer: he and Batman are an ideal match. Also with Michael Gough, Michael Murphy, Pat Hingle, and, in a cameo, Paul Reubens (better known as Pee-wee Herman). Screenplay by Daniel Waters; cinematography by Stefan Czapsky; score by Danny Elfman; production design by Bo Welch.—T.R. (6/29/92) (Loews Village Theatre VII, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, Loews Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Boomerang—With Eddie Murphy, directed by Reginald Hudlin. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Manhattan Twin, Loews Orpheum VII, Art Greenwich Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy.)

Class Act—The latest teen comedy to star rapper/actors Kid 'N Play is like their two "House Party" films jumbled together and retooled in a high-school shop class. Kid changes his cloud-scraping haircut for mini-dreadlocks; otherwise, the movie doesn't offer much in the way of novelty or kicks. Kid is Duncan Pinderhughes, a wonk who doffs button-down collars when a school administrator accidentally switches his identity with that of Blade Brown (Play), a stylish, incorrigible homeboy. This could have been the nub of a real farce. In high school, intelligence is often in the mind of the beholder; students who are labelled "smart" can get special treatment. But the director, Randall Miller, and a cadre of screenwriters (John Semper and Cynthia Friedlob did the script, from a story by Michael Swerdlick, Wayne Rice, and Richard Brenne) come up with little more than brutal slapstick and up-to-the-minute slang. They target vacationing adolescents—there's an anti-drug rap number, a chase through a waxworks, and a fetching girlfriend for each hero. The anti-gay humor is particularly primitive; it reminds you that homophobia refers primarily to fear, not hatred.—M.S. (Loews 19th Street East 6, 59th Street East Cinema, Loews Orpheum VII, and Worldwide Cinemas.... ¶ Olympia. Evenings only.)

Cousin Bobby—Jonathan Demme's film about his cousin Robert Castle, an Episcopal pastor who works in Harlem, has a loose, friendly home-movie quality that's weird but appealing. Bobby is a chunky, balding, sixtyish priest who leads his poor parishioners on protest marches, delivers fiery speeches on the evils of racism, and generally stirs things up on behalf of the disadvantaged, the neglected, and the oppressed. Demme's offhand approach draws us into an unusual kind of intimacy with Bobby and the ravaged urban world he lives in. The movie is a brilliantly original portrait of a complex personality: it does justice to both the continuities and the discontinuities of its subject's life story. Demme, who is onscreen a fair amount, acts as a genial, low-pressure host; his manner is an invitation to the audience to join in the family feeling that's growing between him and his cousin. The film ends up being a lovely, amiably persuasive demonstration of the personal sources of political conviction.—T.R. (6/1/92) (Little Theatre.)

Far and Away—Despite all the publicity about the film's physical grandeur and the Gaelic heritage of the director, Ron Howard, this historical fantasy, set in the early eighteen-nineties, centers on the spectacle of the real-life spouses Nicole Kidman and Tom Cruise enacting a coltish courtship. She's head-

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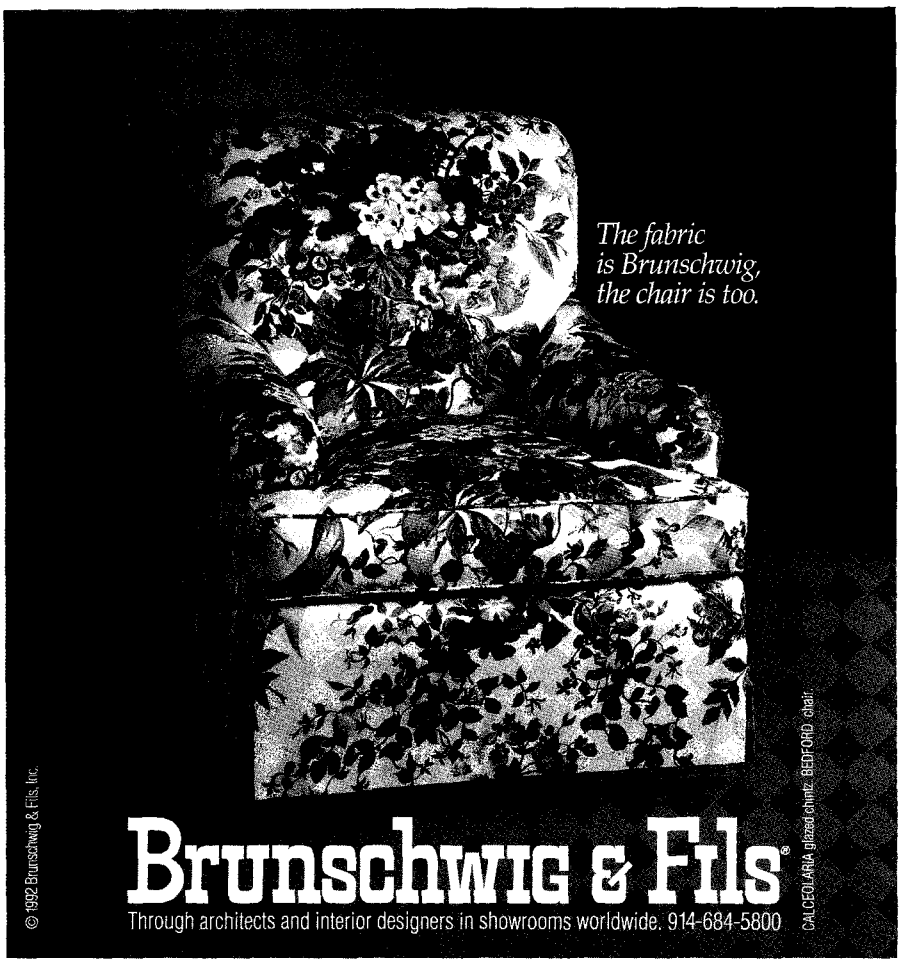
strong Shannon Christie, the only child of a wealthy Irish landowner (Robert Prosky) and a suffocatingly proper mother (Barbara Babcock). He's rebellious Joseph Donelly, a tenant farmer's son who botches an attempt to kill Shannon's father. You may be willing to accept the broad farce and melodrama for the sake of the scenery, shot in an imposing new Panavision Super 70 process. But Cruise and Kidman are a couple of kids playing "Let's pretend." When they reach the United States, you keep waiting for them to light out for the territories. They're stranded in Boston, where she plucks chickens, he becomes a bare-knuckled boxer, and Howard exposes the backside of the American Dream and of America's favorite young star. The director stages the climactic Oklahoma land rush with aplomb, but by then the audience has ceased to care. Mikael Salomon earns his credit for the cinematography; Bob Dolman wrote the script from a story he concocted with Howard.—M.S. (6/1/92) (23rd St. West Triplex, Worldwide Cinemas, and Olympia. . . . ¶ Baronet; through July 9.)

Hear My Song—In this small-scale comedy, Peter Chelsom, a first-time director, takes a whimsical conceit and sells it so hard that it loses most of its fragile charm. Micky O'Neill (played by Adrian Dunbar, who co-wrote the screenplay with Chelsom) manages a Liverpool music hall that caters to the local Irish community; the movie is about his attempt to find a legendary Irish tenor named

"Children of Paradise" (1945) is playing at a couple of revival theatres this week (Symphony Space on July 8 and Theatre 80 St. Marks on July 12), so those who've never seen this glory of French moviemaking will be able to take it in several times. Written by poet-screenwriter Jacques Prévert and directed by Marcel Carné, this surging historical romance, set in the early nineteenth century, is about Parisian theatre life—or, rather, it's about Paris, Theatre, and Life. Prévert and Carné fictionalize three of the biggest celebrities of "the Boulevard of Crime"—the mime Baptiste Deburau (Jean-Louis Barrault), the actor Frédérick Lemaître (Pierre Brasseur), and the philosophical murderer Lacenaire (Marcel Herrand)—and involve them in an obsession with a gorgeous demimondaine named Garance (Arletty). The characters are grand, the plot prismatic, and the emotional weave as transporting as the Thief of Bagdad's magic rug. There's too much here to relish all at once, from Prévert's impassioned language to Carné's eloquently detailed storytelling (who can forget Lacenaire's blinding white shirts?) to the indelible performances, especially those of the ebullient Brasseur and the melancholy-tinged Arletty. The filmmakers explore the intersection of love and art with such lyrical avidity and craft that when they invoke Shakespeare, the movie stands up to the comparison. Going back to the film as you grow older, you may find yourself shifting allegiance from one character to another: say, from Deburau, a solitary dreamer, to the misanthropic, vengeful Lacenaire, and then to Lemaître, the soul of sociability. Prévert and Carné arrive at their own version of the Ages of Man—and, thanks to Arletty, of Woman, too.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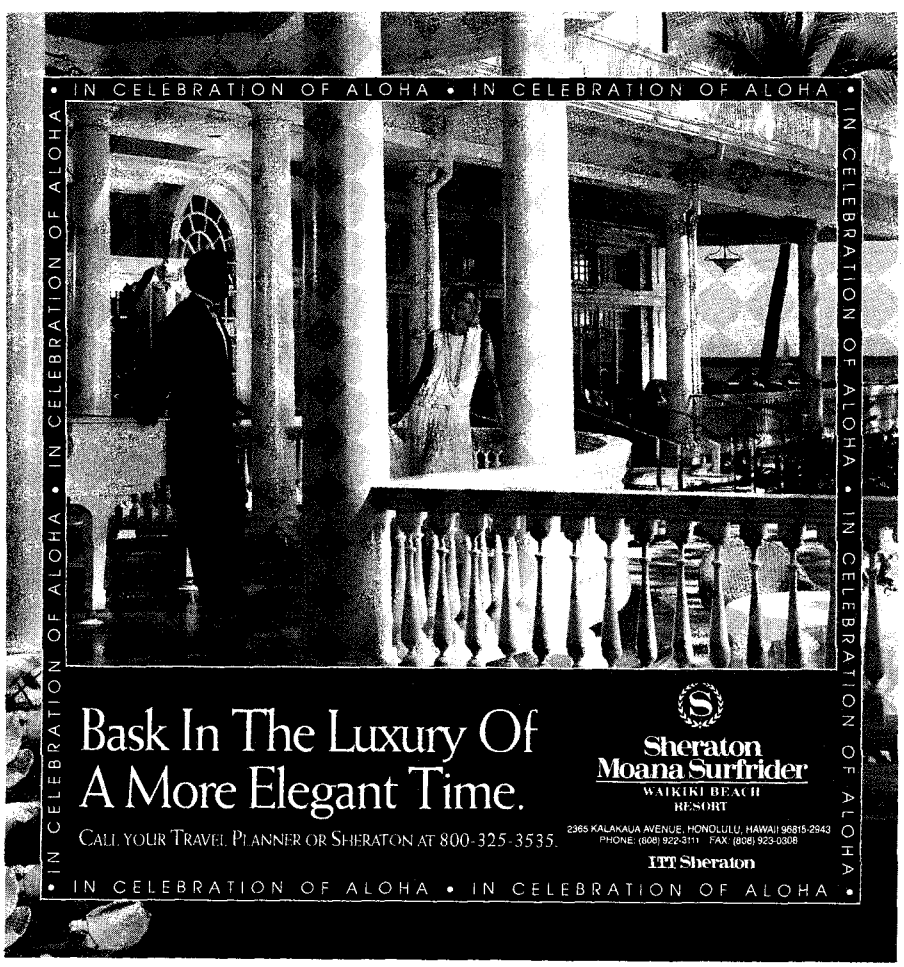
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IN BRIEF–Cont'd

Josef Locke, who hasn't been heard from in thirty years. Micky goes to Ireland to persuade Locke to return to England for a concert; on the home soil, the hero finds himself in a realm of ancient eccentricity and unearthly light, and the movie finds itself in Bill Forsyth territory. Chelsom tries, too strenuously, to evoke the enchanted comic tone of "Local Hero," and Dunbar seems to punctuate every gag with a roguish smile. The relentless quirkiness is annoying, but the story is, on its own terms, well constructed, and the filmmakers take their fey, sentimental humor right to the limit: you can't say that they don't have the courage of their elfinness. And when Ned Beatty, who plays Locke, is on the screen the picture is nearly as transporting as it's intended to be. His performance is large-spirited comic acting: a pure specimen of Celtic soulfulness, the magical substance that everyone else in the movie has been trying to produce synthetically. Also with Shirley Anne Field.—T.R. (3/9/92) (Angelika Film Center, and Art East Cinema.)

Housesitter—A smug, lame comedy, directed by Frank Oz from a script by Mark Stein (and a story by Stein and the producer, Brian Grazer). Goldie Hawn plays a free spirit named Gwen, who takes charge of a floundering Boston architect named Newton Davis (Steve Martin). Gwen is an accomplished liar, and Hawn spins her biggest whoppers with sweeping confidence. Hawn keeps the audience on Gwen's side even when she commandeers a dream house that Newton intended for his childhood sweetheart, Becky (Dana Delany), and poses as Newton's wife. Gwen has genuine screwball potential—too bad it goes totally unrealized. She falls hard for Newton's idyllic home town, Dobbs Mill, in all its Colonial glory. This movie isn't anarchically egalitarian, like the great screwball comedies; it's upwardly mobile. Martin hasn't lost his timing or slapstick grace, but his inspiration is at low ebb. Peter MacNicol fashions his own pocket of furtive craziness, and Christopher Durang contributes a bright, subversive cameo. But the rest of the film is reflexively conventional. It's no more than a little white lie—very little and very white.—M.S. (6/29/92) (34th St. East, Coronet, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, and Metro Cinema.)

Howards End—James Ivory's movie version of the 1910 E. M. Forster novel is a handsome and intelligent piece of work: a faithful, well-paced, and carefully crafted dramatization of a very good story. The heroine, Margaret Schlegel (Emma Thompson), is a thirtyish Englishwoman of German ancestry who lives with her sister and her brother in a London town house. The plot brings the cultured and rather high-minded Schlegels in contact with a very different sort of family, the Wilcoxes, who appear to represent English values at their most infuriatingly solid and complacent. The emotional core of the movie is the brief, unlikely friendship that develops between Margaret and conservative Ruth Wilcox (Vanessa Redgrave), a woman who inhabits a narrow world so profoundly, and with such enormous feeling, that she transforms it. Redgrave is at her most radiant in this role. And Thompson, whose character is meant to be seen as the heir to Mrs. Wilcox's thoroughly English kind of spirituality, comes through with a thrilling, original performance; she carries the movie. These luminous performances go a long way toward putting Forster's ambitious ideas across on the screen. (Anthony Hopkins, as the no-nonsense businessman Henry Wilcox, is awfully good, too.) The story holds us for the full two hours and twenty minutes that the movie takes to tell it; Ivory and his screenwriter, Ruth Prawer Jhabvala, have done a skillful and sensitive job of adaptation. All that's missing, really, is the elusive quality that makes Forster such a brave, moving writer: his constant striving to see beyond the story, to see through it, to transcend it. Also with Helena Bonham Carter, Samuel West, James Wilby, Nicola Duffett, Prunella Scales, and Adrian Ross Magenty.—T.R. (5/4/92) (Loews Fine Arts.)

The King of Marvin Gardens (1972)—Indecipherable, dark-toned movie about brothers and spurious goals and the American Dream. Set in the decaying playground of Atlantic City, in the gray, wintry off-season, it keeps declaring its alienation. Bruce Dern works hard trying to be charismatic as the promoter brother who fronts for black gangsters (Scatman Crothers is the big boss). Jack Nicholson is the artist brother. He does monologues on late-night FM radio, with such pronouncements as "Goodbye, written word" and, referring to his own life, "Tragedy isn't Top Forty—which is just as well." Trying to act intellectual, Nicholson wears a prissy expression, huddles in his overcoat, and gives a dim, ploddingly serious performance. (If the roles had been reversed the film might have had a *little* energy.) As Dern's aging, rejected mistress, who is being replaced in his affections by her own stepdaughter, Ellen Burstyn works valiantly, but her role is a series of florid gestures—it's like all of Claire Trevor's biggest scenes put together. This is an unqualified disaster of the type that only talented people have; the producer-director, Bob Rafelson, and the scriptwriter, Jacob Brackman, seem to be saying "Let them eat metaphors." With Julia Anne Robinson as the stepdaughter, Charles Lavine as the brothers' grandfather, and Garry Goodrow, Sully Boyar, and Josh Mostel. Cinematography by Laszlo Kovacs.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 14.)

Laura (1944)—Everybody's favorite chic murder mystery. Gene Tierney is the dead girl who ends up as the heroine; Clifton Webb and Vincent Price are her suitors; Dana Andrews is the charmingly necrophiliac detective; and Judith Anderson is modishly contemptible. (Speaking of Price, she says, "He's no good, but he's what I want. I'm not a nice person, neither is he. . . . We're both weak and can't seem to help it.") Produced and directed by Otto Preminger; adapted from the novel by Vera Caspary; script credited to Jay Dratler, Samuel Hoffenstein, and Betty Reinhardt—but it was Hoffenstein's work that saved it. With Dorothy Adams as Bessie. Music by David Raksin. —P.K. (Film Forum 2; July 12-13.)

A League of Their Own—With Tom Hanks, Geena Davis, Madonna, and Lori Petty; directed by Penny Marshall. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Village Theatre VII, Bay Cinema, Loews Tower East, Chelsea Cinemas, Ziegfeld, and 62nd & Broadway.)

Lethal Weapon 3—When that manic L.A.P.D. detective Martin Riggs (Mel Gibson) visits the home of rough-and-ready I.A.D. cop Lorna Cole (Rene Russo), he notices that her personal computer contains Three Stooges software. Moe, Larry, and Curly, who showed up in a film clip in "LW2," have become the guiding spirits of the series. The director, Richard Donner, and the screenwriters, Jeffrey Boam and Robert Mark Kamen, are too proud of their hit formula. They keep restating it: Cole describes the career of Riggs and his staid partner, Roger Murtaugh (Danny Glover), as a combination of "*The Police Gazette* and *Mad* magazine." Topically enough, the villain is a sadistic, corrupt ex-cop (played by Stuart Wilson). But all Donner and company deliver is their usual quasi-comic "chaos and mayhem." Joe Pesci surfaces again as Valley-speaking fixer Leo Getz, presumably to prove that the more stooges the merrier. But the central gag goes unstated. Riggs and Murtaugh are supposed to be effective. The "Lethal Weapon" movies put Keystone Kops on the Thin Blue Line and ask us to cheer them toward victory.—M.S. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews Orpheum VII, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Loews New York Twin; through July 9.)

The Man Who Would Be King (1975)—John Huston's exhilarating farfetched adventure fantasy, based on the Rudyard Kipling short story, is about two roughneck con men, Danny and Peachy (Sean Connery and Michael Caine), in Victoria's England, who decide to conquer a barbarous land for themselves, and set out for Kafiristan, a region which was once ruled by Alexander the Great. This ironic fable about imperialism has some of the pleasures of "Gunga Din"; it's a wonderfully full and satisfying movie, with superb performances by Connery and Caine and also by Saeed Jaffrey, who plays Billy Fish. The role of Kipling is played by Christopher Plummer, and Roxanne is played by Shakira Caine. The script is by Huston and Gladys Hill; the cinematographer was Oswald Morris; the music is by Maurice Jarre; the production design is by Alexander Trauner.—P.K. (8th St. Playhouse; July 12-14.)

Monster in a Box—Spalding Gray's latest filmed monologue details his effort to complete an autobiographical first novel, a nineteen-hundred-page monster about a man whose mother commits suicide while he's on vacation. Gray saves most of the family drama for the book. (In fact, it's just been published under the title "Impossible Vacation," at a mere two hundred and twenty-eight pages.) The performance piece simply chronicles what he did when he experienced non-writer's block. The comedic high point is his trip to an American-film festival in the Soviet Union; the low point is a panic over AIDS. It's an unearned "8½." Gray's manner of recitation is too broad and insistent here, and much of the material is warmed over. Directed by Nick Broomfield.—M.S. (6/29/92) (Angelika Film Center, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Murder by Contract (1958)—A cleanly constructed low-budget suspense picture about a hired killer (Vince Edwards). Shot in just eight days, it was directed by Irving Lerner, who was better known as an editor. The material is thin, but it has been worked out in visual terms, and the movie is often taut and exciting. Some high-contrast sequences are models of black-and-white atmospheric storytelling. With Herschel Bernardi, Michael Granger, Joseph Mell, and Caprice Toriel as the killer's elusive target. From a screenplay by Ben Simcoe; score by Perry Botkin; cinematography by Lucien Ballard.—P.K. (Le Cinematographe; July 13-14.)

My Cousin Vinny—The recipe behind this Dixie-based comedy hit is simple. The Southern characters consider themselves the salt of the earth; the Northern ones are proud to be the pepper. Joe Pesci plays Vinny Gambini, a neophyte Brooklyn lawyer who hightails it down to Wahzoo City, Alabama, to help his college-boy cousin (Ralph Macchio) and a friend (Mitchell Whitfield) beat a bum murder rap. Vinny's quest takes at least thirty minutes too long. The producer-screenwriter, Dale Launer, bides his time, scattering hoary gags while planting details that eventually pay off. Luckily, the director, Jonathan Lynn, keeps the cork on Pesci, releasing his energy only in the trial sequences, and doesn't rely on him to carry the movie. Marisa Tomei, as Vinny's fiancée, imbues the most obligatory reactions with either a startling ferocity or a farcical ambiguity worthy of her character's name: Mona Lisa Vito. Fred Gwynne brings a wise, weighty charm to the role of a Yale-educated judge; in a cartoon, he'd be a basset hound called Beauregard. When Pesci sags, Tomei, Gwynne, and others (especially Austin Pendleton) perk things up. It's a genial variety show that could use more variety.—M.S. (4/20/92) (First & 62nd Cinemas.)

Night on Earth—This anthology film, written and directed by Jim Jarmusch ("Stranger Than Paradise"), has a gimmicky premise. Each of its five stories takes place in a different city, and each is about a taxicab ride. All the trips are going on at the same time, but in different time zones, so there's an illusion of temporal progress: the picture begins at sunset in Los Angeles and ends at dawn in Helsinki. (The intervening episodes take place in New York, Paris, and Rome.) It's a feeble but serviceable conceit; if the sketches were funny, we'd barely notice the preciousness of the structure. Unfortunately, the material is very thin, and the movie doesn't vary its style from sketch to sketch: Jarmusch sticks doggedly to his trademark deadpan manner. The comedian Roberto Benigni, playing a motor-mouth cabbie in the Italian episode, briefly enlivens the picture with a riotous erotic monologue. But, for the most part, the movie induces in the viewer an eerie, suspended feeling that mimics the time-stands-still monotony of a long airplane journey. It tries for a chipper, lighthearted tone, but it gives the audience a gruelling flight—a red-eye to nowhere. Also with Winona Ryder, Gena Rowlands, Giancarlo Esposito, Armin Mueller-Stahl, Rosie Perez, Isaach de Bankolé, Béatrice Dalle, and Matti Pellonpää. In English, French, Italian, and Finnish.—T.R. (5/18/92) (Angelika Film Center, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

Patriot Games—Phillip Noyce's film, adapted from one of Tom Clancy's jillion-selling suspense novels, is a much more effective thriller than it has any right to be. The screenwriters, W. Peter Iliff and Donald Stewart, have eliminated much of the novel's hot air without entirely knocking the wind out of the material; the script tones down Clancy's right-wing ideology and gives the story some straightforward action-movie narrative drive.

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The plot, which pits Irish terrorists against an Annapolis history professor and sometime C.I.A. analyst named Jack Ryan (Harrison Ford), is ridiculous, boys'-adventure stuff, but the filmmakers almost put it across. Noyce handles the action sequences beautifully: they're lucid and exciting, and their construction has a kind of formal elegance that's oddly satisfying. (He's less successful with the scenes of the Ryan family's domestic bliss, which are meant to establish Jack's credentials as a champion of traditional values.) Ford brings a welcome trace of ambivalence to his character's heroics—a sense that Ryan isn't altogether proud of the lethal efficiency he displays when's he's drawn into combat. Sean Bean, Richard Harris, and (especially) James Fox do nice work in supporting roles. This is an expert, entertaining genre picture. Noyce and his team serve Clancy's crude material well—too well, probably.—T.R. (6/15/92) (Loews Village Theatre VII, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, U. A. East, and Chelsea Cinemas. . . . ¶ Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews Astor Plaza; through July 9.)

Pee-wee's Big Adventure (1985)—This slapstick novelty starring the grown-up yet prepubescent Pee-wee Herman—a Peter Pan of the shopping-mall era—is somewhere between a parody of kitsch and a celebration of it, and it has the bouncing-along inventiveness of a good cartoon. It's set in a candy-colored period of its own—a fifties-eighties Twilight Zone, where you might not be surprised to bump into Harry (the baby) Langdon or Steve Martin as the Jerk. When Pee-wee's bike—the love of his life—is stolen, his search to recover it takes him from L.A. to Texas, to the Alamo, and back. Hitching rides, he encounters a series of American-movie archetypes (an escaped convict, a waitress out of "The Petrified Forest" who dreams of going to Paris, truckers, hoboes, rodeo riders, a mean, wild motorcycle gang) and the twenty-six-year-old director Tim Burton shows his flair for the silly-surreal. The movie is full of slobby, hairy giants—they make you think of Paul Bunyan or Bluto—and you see them from Pee-wee's point of view. He looks at the dirty, uncouth, threatening men and would rather remain a ten-year-old. With Jan Hooks, who has a juicy comedy routine as the tour guide at the Alamo; Mark Holton as Pee-wee's rival Francis; Judd Omen as the convict; Elizabeth Daily as Dottie; Alice Nunn as Large Marge; Diane Salinger as the waitress; Tony Bell; and, as movie stars, James Brolin and Morgan Fairchild. Pee-wee Herman shares the writing credit (with Phil Hartman and Michael Varhol) under his own name, Paul Reubens.—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; July 11-12.)

Pinocchio (1940)—Disney's best feature cartoon—an elating, sometimes terrifying musical adventure. A good fairy grants woodcarver Geppetto's wish that his puppet Pinocchio were his real son—on condition that the marionette first learn right from wrong. (His nose sprouts like Jack's beanstalk when he tells a lie.) Jiminy Cricket made his infectiously funny début as Pinocchio's conscience. Disney's humane take on Carlo Collodi's imaginative but flinty book is inspiring for children and primally nostalgic for adults. The animation is as fecund and economical as great silent slapstick; the most ingenious bits of business pop like cap pistols. You come out savoring the visual beauty and invention, the narrative zing, and the catchy tunes (by Leigh Harline and Ned Washington), which include "Hi Diddle Dee Dee (An Actor's Life for Me)," "I've Got No Strings," and "When You Wish Upon a Star." Ben Sharpsteen and Hamilton Luske were the supervising directors; seven writers did the adaptation. With the voices of Dickie Jones (Pinocchio), Christian Rub (Geppetto), and Cliff Edwards (Jiminy Cricket).—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, Sutton, 86th Street East Twin, and Guild. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex, and Olympia. Matinées only.)

The Playboys—This absorbing, uneven romantic comedy-drama, set in a small Irish town in 1957, takes its name from a travelling troupe. The heroine is an unwed mother named Tara (Robin Wright). She challenges every male authority figure in town and drives all the men wild—especially the violent, alcoholic constable, Sergeant Hegarty (Albert Finney), who seethes when he sees

Brad Pitt and Kim Basinger in "Cool World"

her with her actor lover Tom (Aidan Quinn). The screenwriters, Shane Connaughton (who co-wrote "My Left Foot") and Kerry Crabbe, are full of ideas and observations about orthodox religion, claustrophobic village mores, the craziness of life in a divided country, and the last gasp of strolling players before TV's ascendancy. Wright and Quinn are well matched, and the director, Gillies MacKinnon, and his cinematographer, Jack Conroy, provide images that sparkle with amorous possibilities. But the filmmakers don't funnel their panoply of themes gracefully into Tara's story. Her affair with Tom comes off as a foil to Finney's passionate portrait of stewed wrath and despair. He endows a clenched, masochistic character with such scale and force that he takes over the movie.—M.S. (5/18/92) (Gramercy, Cinema 3rd Avenue, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

The Player—The title character of Robert Altman's new movie is a young Hollywood studio executive named Griffin Mill (Tim Robbins), who, for no very good reason, murders an aspiring screenwriter. The picture is a brilliant dark comedy about the death of American filmmaking. It's like a documentary about a mirage: the world it shows us is sunlit and shimmering, and the people have the thin presence of holograms. Altman is doing one of his specialties here—exploring an odd American subculture—and when his idiosyncratic realism is applied to the insular, constantly self-regarding community of Hollywood "players" it has an almost hallucinatory effect. The movie has the exhilarating nonchalance of the director's seventies classics, and its tone is volatile, elusive: with breathtaking assurance, it veers from psychological-thriller suspense to goofball comedy to icy satire. Altman turns the self-reflective world of Hollywood into a fun house in which every grotesque distortion somehow appears to us as a newly discovered, paradoxical truth. Robbins gives a layered, richly suggestive performance—the sort of performance that Altman's style, at its best, produces without obvious effort. At sixty-seven, Altman still seems like the youngest filmmaker in America.—T.R. (4/20/92) (Art Greenwich Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Worldwide Cinemas. . . . ¶ Beekman; through July 9.)

Secrets of Women (1952)—Eva Dahlbeck, Anita Björk, and Maj-Britt Nilsson tell the stories of their marriages, in this cloyingly middle-class comedy-melodrama, written and directed by Ingmar Bergman. With Gunnar Björnstrand, Jarl Kulle, and Birger Malmsten. In Swedish.—P.K. (Anthology Film Archives; July 9.)

Shadows and Fog—Woody Allen sets his latest art-cum-comedy thing in a nameless country that resembles the Germany of movies by Pabst, Murnau, and Fritz Lang. As an irritating nebbish named Kleinman, who gets caught up in a search for a mad killer, he anchors a farrago of generic art-house themes and personalities. Such familiar figures as a messed-up clown (John Malkovich) and a hyper-rational man of science (Donald Pleasence) either suffer the torments of love or try to find the root of evil. Carlo Di Palma's ludicrously deliberate and grainy black-and-white cinematography obscures the first-rate, ill-used cast, though Mia Farrow, as a circus sword-swallower, is so splendorously creamy that she gleams through the murk. John Cusack brings an affecting, lightly parodistic ardor to the role of a romantic, prematurely world-weary student—the kind of character who could have thought up this cockeyed pessimist of a movie. Julie Kavner plays a woman who's never forgiven Kleinman for jilting her at the altar; she wins the heartiest audience response, possibly because she keeps telling him to buzz off and die.—M.S. (4/6/92) (Village East Cinemas.)

Sister Act—Whoopi Goldberg stars as a Reno lounge singer on the lam from her murderous mobster ex-lover (Harvey Keitel). Disguised as a nun in a San Francisco convent, she manages to bring new music into the choir, fresh street faces into the pews, and a social-activist spirit into the revitalized congregation. The plot and the characters are almost insultingly perfunctory (the pseudonymous Joseph Howard is credited with the script), and when there isn't any rock on the soundtrack the moviemaking is listless. Still, the director, Emile Ardolino, who made "Dirty Dancing," knows how to use sixties hits for an overall bounce that jumps audiences past dead patches. Goldberg maintains her gruff tone, which helps keep the film from stagnating with sappiness. If Maggie Smith glowers ineffectually as the Mother Superior, a couple of actresses—Kathy Najimy and Mary Wickes—imbue their nun roles with the euphoria of inspired farceurs. (Najimy defines "overjoyed.") The film isn't a divine comedy, and it's not satisfyingly profane either. But it generates a few laughs. It's got a good beat, and you can dance to it.—M.S. (6/15/92) (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema I, 86th Street East Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1.)

Unlawful Entry—With Kurt Russell, Ray Liotta, and Madeleine Stowe; directed by Jonathan Kaplan. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Crown Gotham, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, Regency, National Twin.)

The Waterdance—This semi-autobiographical movie about paraplegics carries its weight of authority lightly. The writer and co-director, Neal Jimenez, whose credits include the screenplay for "River's Edge," became wheelchair-bound after a hiking accident, like his central figure here, a novelist named Joel Garcia (Eric Stoltz). Jimenez and his directing partner, Michael Steinberg, approach each problem head on, from racial tension in the hospital ward to Joel's sexual anguish, while trying to leave the incidents lifelike and ambiguous. There are no inspirational speeches, and every climax turns out to be anti- . But at best this film is a compendium of negative virtues. The men progress predictably toward railing at the universe. The movie's most original stroke is to center the action on a hyperconscious lead character. Unfortunately, Joel is the autobiographical hero as abashed apologist, laying out and criticizing his experiences without exposing his core. He's fuzzy and pallid compared to his compadres, the white racist biker Bloss (William Forsythe) and the black former ladies' man Ray Hill (Wesley Snipes). Forsythe's tender gnarliness and Snipes's electric lyricism are the reasons to see the movie. With Helen Hunt, Grace Zabriskie, and Elizabeth Peña.—M.S. (6/15/92) (First & 62nd Cinemas, and Quad Cinema.)

Wisecracks—The Canadian filmmaker Gail Singer explores the pressures on women comedians while showcasing performers ranging from Phyllis Diller, Whoopi Goldberg, and the talk-show host Jenny Jones (in her standup days) to a trio of madly inventive lip-synchers known as the Clichettes. In interviews and clips, Singer's subjects manage to be witty about everything from P.M.S. to pro-lifers, including the hostility these standups sometimes face from audiences and promoters alike. Singer doesn't pose any topic that comics like Maxine Lapiduss, Ellen DeGeneres, Sandra Shamas, Joy Behar, and Lotus Weinstock can't riff on or parody. The director has a sure sense of balance: she knows that what sounds portentous in theory can be hilarious in practice. Her movie succeeds as investigation because it also succeeds as entertainment.—M.S. (6/1/92) (Film Forum.)

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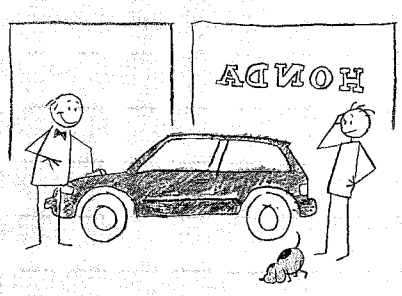
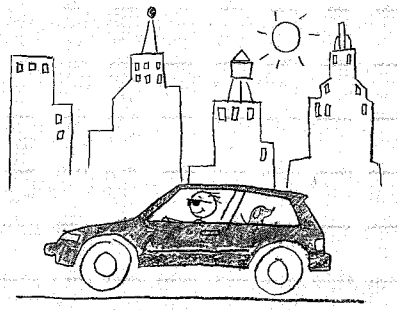
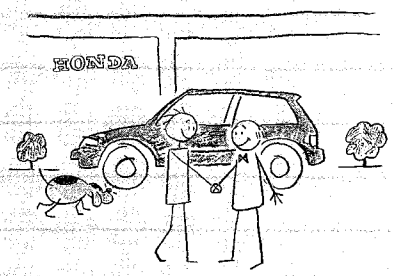
A STORY WORTH REPEATING.



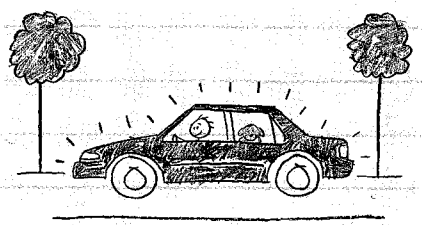
BILL BUYS A HONDA.



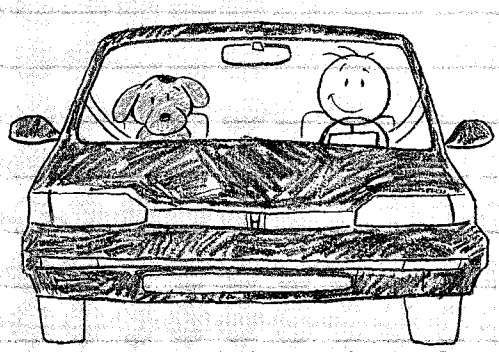
BILL DRIVES HIS HONDA.



AND THEN WHEN IT'S TIME, BILL TRADES HIS HONDA



FOR ANOTHER HONDA.



NUMBER ONE IN OWNER LOYALTY. AGAIN.

HONDA

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

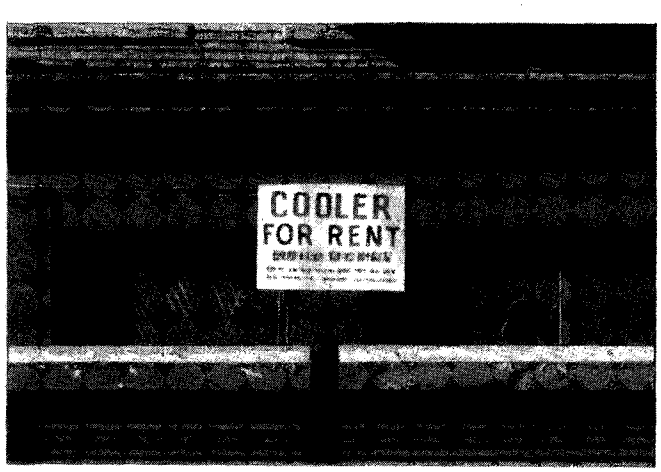
Notes and Comment

THE end of the term of the United States Supreme Court was riveting, as it has often been in recent years. The Court's sweeping decision striking down a law against hate speech, its unexpected ruling prohibiting spoken prayer at the graduation ceremonies of public schools, and its long-awaited decision on the Pennsylvania abortion case—a decision that allowed broad regulation of abortion but emphatically, even eloquently, reaffirmed the right of women to choose it—seemed to speak to many people about issues that mattered deeply to them, and in ways they could understand.

In many respects, these decisions were startling, not least because it was during this term that, for the first time, justices appointed by Ronald Reagan and George Bush made up a solid conservative majority (William Rehnquist is, strictly speaking, a Nixon appointee, but he became Chief Justice under Reagan) and in certain key cases the Bush Administration was clearly lobbying for very different results. If the Administration had had its way, the Court would have allowed spoken prayer at graduations and would have used the decision to set a new, permissive standard for judging ties between church and state. And if the Administration had had its way the justices not only would have upheld the highly restrictive abortion law under consideration but would have struck down Roe v. Wade once and for all. Many Court observers believe, in fact, that the real news of this past term was the absence of any signal marking the beginning of the judicial revolution that conservatives were looking forward to.

But the unpredictability of the Court is nothing new, and a Court that in a given case does not reach a radically conservative result is not necessarily a moderate Court. With the election of George Bush—and the subsequent replacement of Justices William Brennan and Thurgood Marshall with David Souter and Clarence Thomas—the center of the Court has moved distinctly to the right. And what the abortion decision handed down last week suggests is not that the current Court is uncertain of its conservative identity but, rather, that it is engaged in an intense debate about the nature of its conservatism. The terms of that debate were framed in language of uncommon power. On the one hand, in a joint opinion, Justices O'Connor, Kennedy, and Souter wrote that "the liberty of the woman is at stake in a sense unique to the human condition and so unique to the law," and that overturning Roe v. Wade would "subvert the Court's legitimacy" by surrendering an established precedent to "political pressure." On the other hand, Justice Antonin Scalia said that he was "appalled by the Court's suggestion that the decision whether to stand by an erroneous constitutional decision must be strongly influenced—against overruling, no less—by the substantial and continuing public opposition" to Roe, and Chief Justice Rehnquist said that nothing was left of the precedent but "the outer shell." The precariousness of the balance in this debate was dramatically suggested by Justice Blackmun, who wrote, in a reference to an earlier abortion decision, after which it was widely assumed that four justices were prepared to overturn Roe, "All that remained between the promise of Roe and the darkness of the plurality was a single, flickering flame"—a single vote, in other words.

In some ways, the alignment of the Court is as uncertain today as it was four years ago, and it may be as strongly affected by the outcome of this Presidential election as it was by the last. Justices Byron White, Harry Blackmun, and John Paul Stevens are all over seventy, so once again the President, whoever he may be, is very likely to nominate one or more justices and to define the Court's balance for years to come. In view of this probability, it's remarkable how marginal the Court seems as an issue in the current Presidential campaign. The day after the abortion ruling, the *Times* reported that by not overturning Roe v. Wade the Court "took the edge off a recurring Republican nightmare"—the nightmare being the political consequences that President Bush might suffer at the hands of the eighty-three per cent of the nation's citizens who favor some form of choice. In fact, the absence of attention to the Court as a campaign theme allows all three



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Presidential candidates to avoid answering specific legal questions and making promises sought by voters who are intent on promoting single issues.

But the abortion question hasn't gone away, for either the public or the Court. "I am 83 years old," Justice Blackmun wrote in his opinion. "I cannot remain on this Court forever, and when I do step down, the confirmation process for my successor well may focus on the issue before us today." And it's not just abortion that's at stake. The notion that the selection of justices is somehow "above" politics—a notion that President Bush seems to find convenient—impoverishes not only political debate but ultimately the rule of law itself.

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Experiment

EVERY so often in the affairs of New York City, the skies part and people glimpse a simple solution to a major problem. That was what seemed to be happening early last year when, just as an ad-hoc committee of New Yorkers was setting out to study the city's public-restroom situation, a young Frenchman arrived with a scale model of a coin-operated, self-cleaning "automated public convenience" and said he was prepared to supply it in quantity if local interests would merely see to the water and sewer hookups and permit the sale of advertising on the exteriors. Since little or no taxpayer money was required, there were those who thought it might be possible to bypass some of the usual bureaucratic procedures and plunge ahead with a broad citywide agreement. But cooler heads prevailed: someone mentioned the need to modify a state law against pay toilets; someone else alluded to the disabled community and its likely response to the idea (recommended by the Frenchman, for safety reasons) of separate facilities for people in wheelchairs; attention was given to what a City Councilman from Queens, Walter McCaffrey, delicately called "concern on the part of people in the field of organized labor as to where these things will be manufactured"; and by the time the first convenience went into operation—last Tuesday morning, in City Hall Park—the responsible authorities had decided on a four-month, three-site test, to be followed by a review process involving elected officials of both the city and the state, public hearings, and an R.F.P. (Request for Proposals) that will, as Mayor David Dinkins put it in his brief dedicatory remarks, "take into account many of the observations that will have been made over time."

None of these past and coming difficulties were reflected, however, in the beaming countenance of Joan K. Davidson, who was the first paying customer (the price is a quarter; free tokens will be distributed to the homeless), and who is the president of the J. M. Kaplan Fund, which organized the experiment and helped pay for it. Emerging from the convenience—a strikingly elegant fifteen-foot tower with six fine lions peering down from the rim of a Victorian cupola—she waved to the crowd in the manner of an astronaut stepping out of a space capsule. "Water, paper, wastebaskets, mirrors, beautiful walls—the only thing that's missing is the country music," Mrs. Davidson proclaimed as her feet once more touched the pavement. Asked about a group of wheelchair-bound demonstrators, she replied brightly, "In New York City, you don't have an event—you're not real—until you see the placards."

As the ceremonies continued, it occurred to us that, although the first convenience may be a monument to the interest-group politics of the late twentieth century (much as the William Marcy Tweed Courthouse, across the street, is a monument to the machine politics and graft of the nineteenth), it is also part of something larger: something global. This point came to mind when we talked to the Lafayette of the public-toilet revolution—Jean-François Decaux, who is the chief executive officer of J. C. Decaux, the company that developed the conveniences.

M. Decaux, who was wearing a perfectly creased suit and a tie neatly tucked in at the waist, is thirty-three and blond, and, he explained, he got into the convenience business by being the son of the company's founder. "My father was a billposter," he said. "He drove around on his motorbike posting billboards along the roads between cities. When he was twenty-five, in 1963, the French Parliament passed a law prohibiting billboards on those roads, and overnight my father lost his business. Then, one day, he passed in front of a bus stop and he realized that people had to wait for buses without any protection. So he designed a bus shelter, he put it on a truck, and he drove around France visiting the mayors and councillors. In the beginning, he dug the holes in the street, he poured the concrete, he did the maintenance himself. He is one of the very few self-made men in France."

Over the years, J. C. Decaux branched out into traffic lights, street lamps, signs, and—after a request from the Paris authorities a decade ago—public conveniences. Then, with Jean-François Decaux leading the way, the company launched a sales offensive that during the nineteen-eighties quietly swept across most of Western (and part of Eastern) Europe. "I didn't want to work with my father in France," Jean-François Decaux said. "He has a strong personality, and I would always have been the son of M. Decaux. But in my last year in university I spent a vacation in Germany, and, to my surprise, I saw that there were no bus shelters." He offered to establish a German branch of the company, and wound up living in Hamburg and Cologne for the next eight and a half years. "I can tell you it is not easy to get German city councillors to trust a French company," he said. "They were very skeptical in the beginning. But once they are convinced—*vroom!* When the Wall opened, I was the first entrepreneur to go to East Germany, and three months later we already had the first bus shelters and public toilets in Leipzig. The reason so many cities have placed their trust in us is they know that everything will be clean and tiptop. Of course, we are making profits, but we are not a listed company on the stock exchange, and the aim of the company is not maximization of profit. Our intention is to improve the quality of the street environment."

The New York experiment had its origins when M. Decaux received a call from the Kaplan Fund, which had just underwritten the rehabilitation of a restroom in Bryant Park, and, as a followup, had established what was

TO OUR READERS

With this issue, the newsstand price of *The New Yorker* is raised to $1.95.

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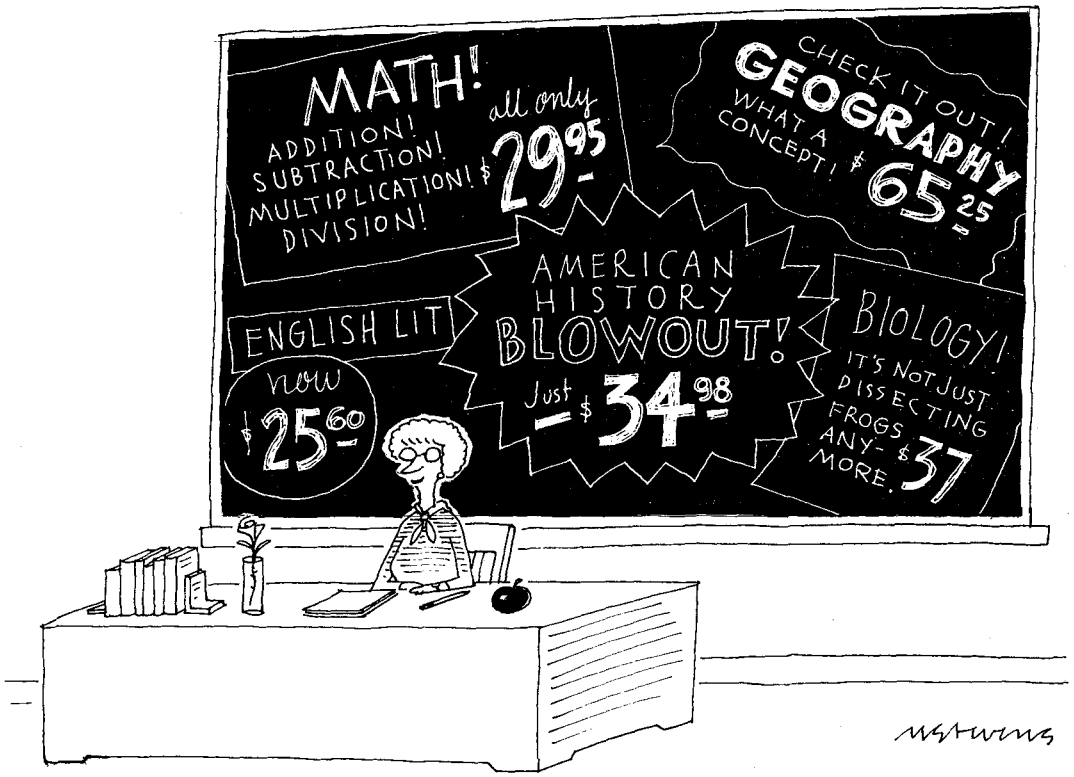
called the Public Toilets Working Group. Over the succeeding months, M. Decaux had extensive dealings with representatives of labor, the disabled, and the local legal and engineering community, and he became one of the few Frenchmen ever to appear before the Franchises, Concessions, and Revocable Consents Subcommittee of the Land Use Committee of the New York City Council. Only two weeks before the experiment was scheduled to start, a passing archeologist peered into the excavation for the City Hall Park unit, and work had to be suspended until it could be proved that there weren't any human bones in the subsoil.

M. Decaux nevertheless maintained that the political hurdles here had not been any more formidable than the ones in Europe. The only real surprise for him, he said, had come when a number of local business interests, including Trump Tower and the Shubert Organization, declared that, notwithstanding their support for the automated public conveniences as a concept, they saw no need to have such an amenity anywhere near them, and their views carried the day. "On the basis of my short experience, that's the main difference between New York City and Europe—the building owners are much more powerful here," M. Decaux said. "If they don't want to have something outside their shop-window, their building, that's it!"

He professed to be less concerned, though, about the widespread belief that a device thus far tried out only in four hundred cities and towns across Europe might prove too dainty for New York. During the months of his negotiations, he was approached by representatives of a number of other American cities. "They have told me that I am crazy, and why didn't I start in San Diego or Philadelphia or Seattle?" he said. But he held firm. "We always start with the leading city, in order to have a strong platform to develop the market afterward," he explained. "I am advising other cities to see what is achieved here, because if this can succeed in New York it can succeed anywhere. We are regarding New York as a showcase."



Adios

FOR breakfast on a recent Thursday, Leo C. Song, Jr.—he runs the Biology Department's greenhouse complex at California State University, Fullerton, and is a co-editor of the *Carnivorous Plant Newsletter*—crunched some Fritos, then washed them down with a microwaved solution of milk, instant coffee, and powdered chocolate mix. About seventy-five feet away, one of Leo's carnivores, a healthy Venus flytrap, was still dining on a butterfly. We had already eaten.

"I fed it the butterfly the other day just to see what would happen," Leo told us as we headed toward the flytrap—one of about a thousand carnivorous plants, or C.P., in the greenhouses. A pair of white wings still stuck out of its clamped, slightly bulging walls. We watched the plant. Nothing moved. Hesitantly, we voiced our disappointment.

Leo sighed. "C.P.—that can be singular or plural, by the way—don't *chew*," he said. "They digest animals by breaking them down with enzymes." And the whole business, he pointed out, is an evolutionary strategy rather than simple bloodlust. C.P. get a foothold in mineral-deficient environments, such as bogs and tropical forests, by extracting nitrogen, potassium, phosphorus, and sulfur from insect bodies.

Leo, who is fifty-one, has worked at Cal State Fullerton for a shade over two decades. He leaned over the flytrap and poked it softly with his finger. "Pick one and tickle it twice," he said, pointing to the fuzzy hairs inside an open flytrap.

We did, and it closed with the speed of an elevator door.

"The hairs sense a meal. Unless at least two are triggered once, or one is triggered twice, nothing will happen—the visitor might be a particulate, or airborne vegetable matter. It's a fail-safe system, like a computer asking you if you're sure you want to delete something. Once the plant closes, the insect begins thrashing around. As it does, more hairs are triggered, and the plant closes tighter. But see those spaces between the spikes on the plant edge? That's an energy-saving device. Digestion takes effort. Let's say an ant has triggered a mature plant. The plant says, 'If you are small enough to crawl out through those spaces, then you're not worth eating.' Throw the small ones back. Of course, young flytraps can use an ant or two."

Leo didn't correct us if we said "bugs" instead of "insects," and he

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didn't insist on giving the Latin names of the hundred or so different carnivorous species and hybrids in his realm. He also didn't seem to mind when we asked mouth-breather questions, like whether or not C.P. eat house pets, but we noticed that he checked another sigh before answering.

"No. Not a flytrap, anyway. The biggest ones are about three inches across—too small to eat a kitten. Nothing like 'Little Shop of Horrors,' though that plant was—visually, at least—reasonably accurate. C.P. can OD on minerals."

Leo introduced us to lots of C.P., including sundews, which are long, spidery plants whose stalk hairs are buttoned with drops of mucilage, and pitcher plants—unassuming tubes that bell at their business end, which holds a pool of water.

"O.K., here's the quick course," Leo said as we wandered along the greenhouse aisles. "C.P. derive their mineral needs in one of three ways: they trap, like flytraps; they glue, like sundews; or they drop the insects into a box, like pitcher plants. Flytraps are active—some of them can clamp shut in a twentieth of a second. Sundews are semi-active—they curl over the insect, but the process might take twenty seconds, or even a few hours. The pitchers are passive, and attract insects with these ridges of nectar along the outside of their leaves. An insect gets in the pitcher, looks down, and senses the pool of water it thinks is nectar. 'All right!' it says. 'Pay dirt!' It crawls down. Adios."

Leo bent one pitcher plant over. Out spilled a few teaspoonfuls of water and a half-dozen former ants. "We've built a bog out at the arboretum, across campus—the only man-made bog in California—and some of the birds from a nearby pond have learned to treat pitchers as a buffet table," he said. "They slit the plant walls with their beaks and feast on carcasses. It's a problem. But not the biggest problem, which is—surprise!—man. The C.P. field has *exploded* in the last ten or fifteen years. That's good and bad. It's good because the public's awareness of C.P. and C.P. habitat and C.P. preservation has grown. But it's bad because this awareness has made people realize how terrifically pretty, and also useful, C.P. are in flower arrangements. Down South, nurseries and wholesalers hire kids to pick whole patches of flytraps. It's cheaper than growing C.P. in nurseries—and, anyway, that's just how they do things down South. We must begin to incorporate the idea of sustainable C.P. harvesting and habitat protection. C.P. people generally like to share their plants and plant-growing ideas. That's good. As far as I'm concerned, the more C.P. out there, the better. I hate hearing that somebody has sold a specimen for lots of money. Keep prices down, share the wealth!"

While Leo splinted one of his non-C.P.—a fingered citron plant—that had been damaged in transit, we wandered into a greenhouse devoted mostly to *Nepenthes* plants—tropical pitchers that depend from drooping stems. *Nepenthes* stalks climb their way up tree trunks, and in the greenhouse they were hanging from suspended pots. It was like walking into a room strung with macramé. Most of the *Nepenthes* were green or brown, or green *and* brown, and the size of kosher dills, and had the texture of latex gloves. We could make out the dark ponds inside the plants' buckets. Insects in a *Nepenthes* grove, we realized, have as much chance of staying out of trouble as sailors ashore in a low-down port town.

Leo caught up with us. "The name is from the Greek—the drink that caused people to forget. Same thing here. Insects drink, they forget. Permanently."

We made our way toward the far end of the greenhouse, where monster *Nepenthes* waited. They were nearly as large as hoagie rolls. "It's documented that small animals, such as field mice or maybe lemurs, have died in *Nepenthes*," Leo said. "It's not the sort of thing one should make value judgments about, though, or sensationalize. The way I look at it, if it weren't for plants nothing else would live. Plants are the bottom of the food chain. So the C.P. strategy, you could say, is nothing more than turnabout being fair play. Plants getting their own back."

Mozart at three was, even then, mostly Mozart.

Heaven

A FRIEND writes:

Last month, I attended my thirty-fourth nursery-school reunion. St. Anne's Playschool was in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and it was run by Episcopalian nuns. My parents sent me there in 1957, when I was three, because it was the only nursery school they could find that didn't have a theory of child development. This gave my parents a feeling that I would be in good hands. The nuns lived in St. Anne's Convent, a white Victorian house that looks like a summer hotel, with a mansard roof and a maze of iron fire escapes. St. Anne's Playschool was an extension, made of cinder blocks, that was stuck to the side of the convent, and it looked like a bomb shelter.

Mother Dorothy had just established the school, and she had given Sister Natalie and Sister Judith the job of looking after the children; their first class, of sixteen pupils, had included me. Mother Dorothy died a few years ago, and Sister Natalie and Sister Judith have become the last two nuns living in St. Anne's Convent. There weren't any younger nuns coming along, so Sisters Natalie and Judith decided to retire and close the school. Some parents planned a party for them, and I was invited. They were going to trot me out as one of the school's oldest living alumni.

I hadn't been back since 1958, when I graduated, but the dusty lilac hedge out front seemed familiar, and the children's shouts filtering through the leaves were like the sound of a brook that has

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never stopped running. A tent had been strung up out back, and under it some three hundred people were eating cold salmon and milling about the two nuns. None of my classmates were there.

I didn't recognize Sister Natalie. For one thing, she had shrunk to a third of her original size. She was nearly eighty, she had white hair and freckles, and she was in habit—a black veil with a white headband, and a gray skirt. She was talking about baseball. "I like to go to night games at Fenway Park," she said to someone. She added that she had cut a deal for free parking at a funeral home near the stadium. "I told them once, 'You'll get our money when we're dead, so I want you to do something for us while we're alive.'" She didn't think I had changed very much since I was three. "The fellows don't change as much as the girls," she said.

Certain things about Sister Natalie began to come back to me. The last time I saw her, she had been a towering, beautiful woman with wavy black hair that fell loosely around her face—we'd liked to pull her veil off, for fun—and she had worn a gray robe that went all the way to the ground and billowed around her, and she had a suntan, and drove a Willys Jeep. At the time, I believed that she lived in her Jeep. It was a green station wagon with a pair of doors in back that had two small windows in them, like the doors to a house, and it was so high off the ground that she had to lift me up to put me inside it. I now asked her about the Jeep. "We had two of them," she said. "We called them 'metal wagons.' The one you remember, that one's name was Tony." In 1958, Sister Natalie took a trip to California, and when she returned she told us, her class, that she had flown there and back in a *commercial jet*. We had never heard of anything like that, but you could believe it, because a nun who drove a Jeep might also know how to fly a jet.

Sister Judith was a complete mystery to me—I couldn't remember anything about her. She sat at a table, a stranger in habit, and she was wearing sunglasses. Then, when she removed her sunglasses, I recognized her as you would recognize someone you've known all your life. She had been a relatively young woman with a round face and a crooked tooth, and now she was an old woman with the same face. It was like watching a jump cut in a movie—an instantaneous leap across thirty-five years, with nothing in between. I felt suddenly shy. "You must be very proud," I said to her, and she couldn't seem to come up with a reply. Later, she told me that she'd recognized me immediately. "You still had the look . . ." she said, but she didn't finish.

"Carol is a process, not an event."

• •

As I wandered around St. Anne's, I noticed, with the resentfulness of a conservative alum, that they had put up a new jungle gym. But the teeter-totters were the originals. The classroom contained the same chairs and tables, in the same arrangement, only they were battered and worn beyond belief. There I met a woman who had graduated two years after me, and who has become an associate professor at Harvard. She pointed into a corner of the room and said, "Look, they still have the toy stove." It was made of painted wooden crates, and we had both cooked on it. "I wonder where my nap blanket is," she said. "It's got to be around here somewhere. It was a pink-and-blue plaid."

Deeper in the convent, some rooms opened with the shock of perfect familiarity, while other rooms were unknown, having dropped completely out of my memory. I had also forgotten how the rooms joined together, so that, in turning corners, I had no idea where I would end up next. With a sense of dismay, I discovered the school's bathroom, containing a row of toilets separated by cinder-block partitions—monumental toilets, the kind that made thrashing noises in their stalls. They could suck you down if you weren't careful. The chapel was a little outbuilding that had once been a two-car garage. It had a few stained-glass windows and a brick floor. The bricks were irregular, dark, and cold. I bent down and touched them, and realized with certainty that I had run my hands over the floor many times. That would mean I had crawled under the seats, probably while Mother Dorothy taught us the Lord's Prayer.

It began to dawn on me that these women, Sister Natalie and Sister Judith, who had so abruptly returned to their youth—at least, in my mind—were subtle and persisting figures in the lives of many people who had nevertheless almost completely forgotten them. Afterward, I asked Sister Natalie what she had hoped for us, her graduates. She didn't have a theory of adult development, either. "Gee, it's difficult to say," she replied. "A man in the grocery store once said to me, 'Sister, what do you think Heaven is like?' I said to him, 'I really don't know, but if they have baseball there I'd be happy.'"

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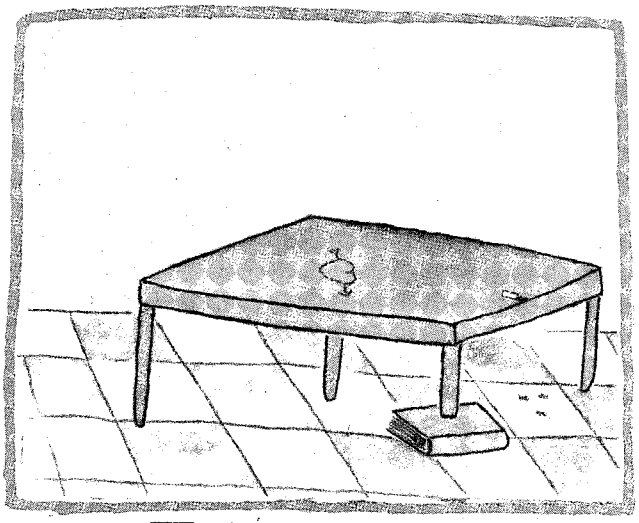
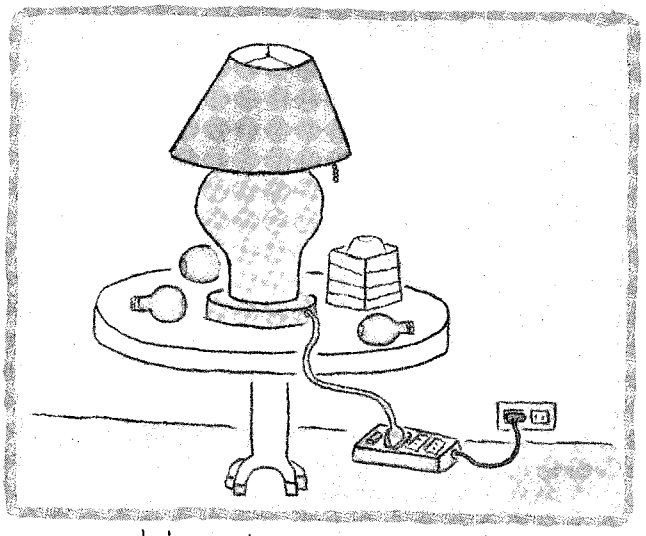
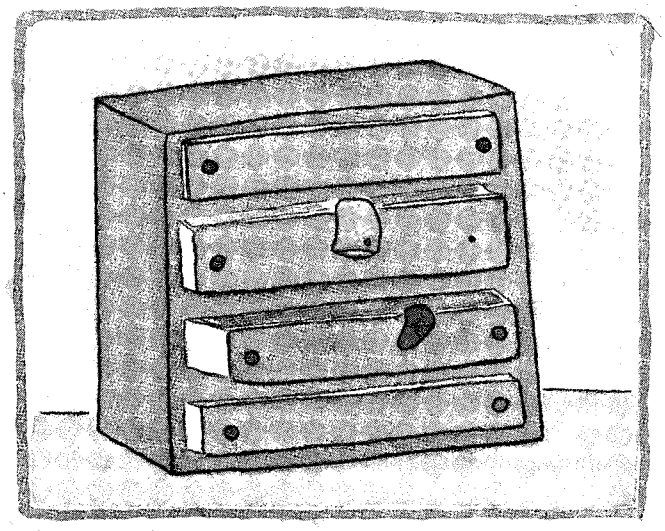
Furniture Reunion



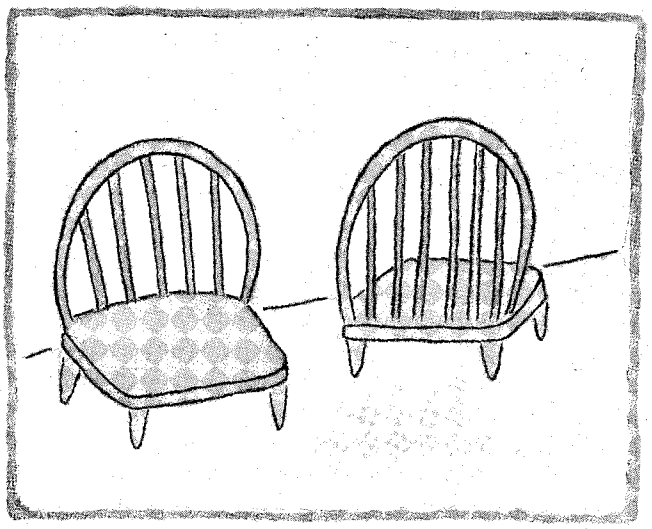
Tough Old Granddad



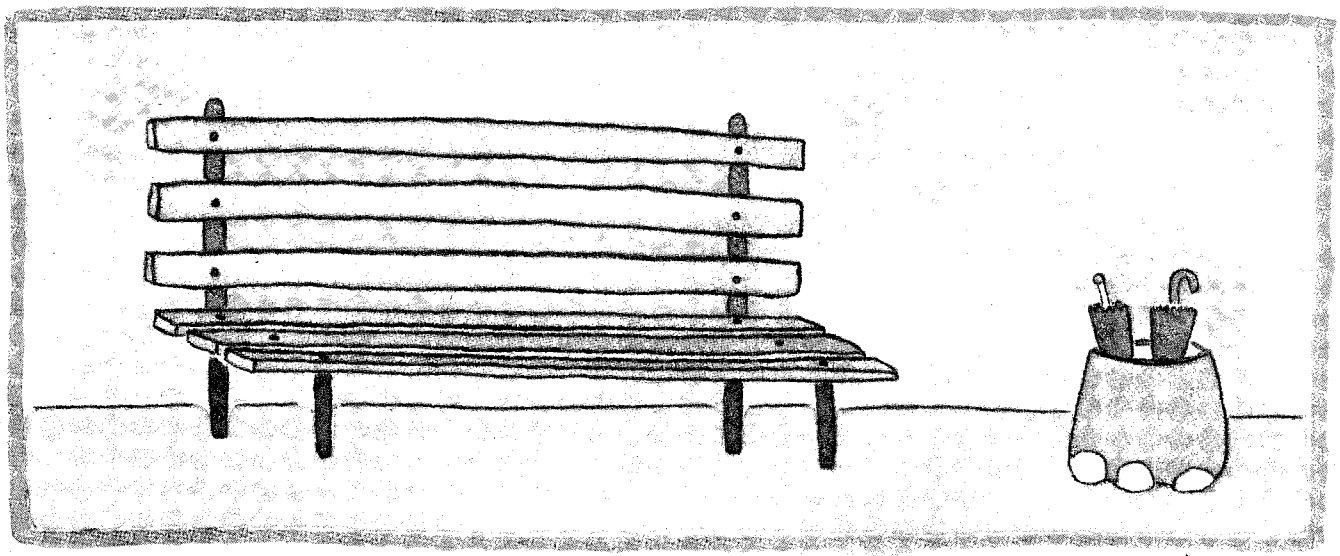
Hypochondriac Sister



Slob Uncle



Quarrelling Aunts



Distant Cousins

John & Walker

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A WHITE HORSE

Ad Magic had one of his epileptic premonitions a split second before the collision, and managed to approximate a tuck-and-roll position just as the truck smashed into the back of the mini tour bus. He was seated in the center of the back row enduring the most horrendous hangover of his life when the crash projected him halfway down the center aisle like a human cannonball. There was a moment of stillness after the accident, and then the bus lurched over to the side of the road. A group of five men and a woman from Bahrain sitting in the center of the bus, themselves somewhat discombobulated but unhurt, got out of their seats to help the peculiar American to his feet.

Ad Magic had a jawbreaker-size horehound lozenge in his cheek when the wreck occurred, and now it was caught at the back of his throat. He attempted to swallow the candy discreetly, lodging it farther into his throat, and when he realized it was too large to swallow he tried to cough it up. He panicked as he began to run out of air, however, and dropped to one knee and choked out a cartoonish series of coughs—"*Kaff, kaff, kaff.*"

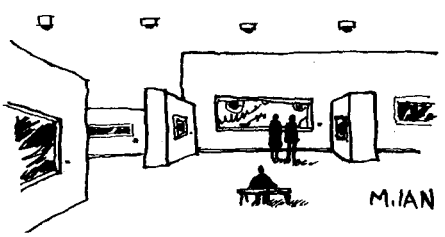
He could feel a heat wave beneath his breastbone which radiated up to his face and ears, burning like wildfire as he turned to the Bahrainis with furious gesticulations, indicating that he needed someone to perform the Heimlich maneuver on him. The Bahrainis soon got the gist of his problem and began slapping Ad Magic's back, while he clutched his throat like a man being hanged.

At last one of the Bahrainis socked him mightily on the spine with the side of his fist, and, ka-zeem!, the lozenge shot out of Ad Magic's mouth, bounced off the windshield of the bus, and fell into the driver's lap. As Ad Magic began to breathe again, a great laugh exploded among the Bahrainis, who were at once relieved and amused by the absurdity of the entire scene. Ad Magic had spent the better part of a day with these people, and while he was grateful to be breathing, he felt that their laughter was tinged with ridicule and hostility, as had been their whole repertoire of Jerry Lewis hilarity. When they cried mocking insults at the enormous statue of a serene, meditating Buddha in the caves of Elephanta, for instance, they stirred up a thousand and one bats, which came screeching past Ad Magic in such profusion that he was buffeted by their wings and their surprisingly hefty bodies. He slipped in bat guano in an attempt to duck under the flock, falling on his knee and hand. The guano was an inch deep and felt like a cold pudding. Fortunately, one of the Bahrainis had a package of Handi Wipes, and he was able to clean the worst of it off, although the stench persisted, and he could still smell it whenever his hand was in proximity to his face.

The bus, with a blown tire, wheeled onto the shoulder of Marine Drive, one of Bombay's busiest streets. Ad Magic straight-armed the side emergency-exit door and staggered outside. He could breathe well enough, but his throat felt bruised. He shucked off his teal-green cashmere V-neck sweater. It had been madness wearing that. The air outside the bus was humid and suffocating. Ad Magic recognized Chowpatty Beach and realized he was on a peninsula that extended into the Arabian Sea like a finger. He knew that Bombay consisted of a series of islands off the coast of India, and that from this point he was less than a few miles from the Gateway of India, where the tour had originated.

A small boy, about eight or ten—it was hard to tell, partly because he had a shaved head—approached Ad Magic, carrying a rhesus monkey on his shoulder. The monkey, dressed in a dirty red uniform with epaulets, gold piping, and a tiny bellman's cap, began an incomprehensible performance in the art of mime. When it was over, the monkey approached the American and presented its upturned hat to him as a collection cup. Ad Magic began to cough again as he fished in his pockets. He placed a half-dozen rupees in the monkey's cap and tossed his expensive sweater to the boy. "Go ahead," he said. "Take it. It's all yours."

The Bahraini woman had seen the monkey's performance and emitted a shrill, trilling cry. One of the men, who could speak a little English, said facetiously, "Bravo. Excellent monkey."



The tour guide climbed out of the bus and callously questioned the American about his condition. Ad Magic said he was all right, and then she chastised him for giving so much money to the boy. "Not is good," she said with a sneer. Ad Magic walked away from the guide and the Bahrainis, wanting nothing more to do with them. He moved from the road onto the sand of Chowpatty Beach, and when he felt sufficiently separated from them he turned and watched as the guide skillfully led the party of Bahrainis across the whizzing four-lane traffic of Marine Drive and into a decrepit establishment called the New Zealand Café.

There were billboards on either side of the grimy, stuccoed building. One, in English, advertised Gabriel shock absorbers. The other, featuring an apparently famous Indian leading man, who had sort of a Rudolph Valentino look, was in Hindi. It was an advertisement for men's hairdressing. Beyond the café, through the filter of buzzing traffic and the haze of diesel fuel, Ad Magic spotted a cardboard shantytown. The settlement was centered around a crescent-shaped drainage ditch, and people could be seen squatting there, shamelessly relieving themselves, while at the other end of the obscene ditch, women were washing laundry.

Looking into the restaurant, Ad Magic could see one of the Bahrainis clutching his throat and pretending to choke while the rest of the party laughed. Their mouths were opened wide, revealing an abundance of golden inlays. They waved to him and cheered heartily. He wondered why they were so jolly. Why couldn't he be like that?

Out front, the bus driver was quarelling with the driver of the truck that had rear-ended the tour bus. Ad Magic turned away again and walked toward the Arabian Sea, out of the envelope of diesel exhaust into a small, pleasantly pungent pocket of gardenia, and then back into a zone of a truly ghastly odor. The tuna cannery in American Samoa had been bad, but it was nothing compared with these little pockets of smell that were all over Bombay, and what was worse was that you had to be nonchalant about it with your fellow-travellers and not complain, for no one else seemed to notice it. Ad Magic was suddenly overcome by a

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sense of unreality—he wondered if he had been to American Samoa at all, or if it had been a dream, and, indeed, if the Bombay of the here and now was a dream.

HE surveyed the long, deserted stretch of beach, and spotted a small white horse standing forlornly in the surf. As he moved closer to the horse he saw that it was old and swaybacked, covered with oozing sores, and so shrunken that its ribs protruded and its teeth seemed overly large. The horse was having a hard time staying on its feet, and Ad Magic watched it reel. There were plenty of scenes of poverty and desolation in India, but this was the most abject and miserable sight he had ever laid eyes on. Clearly, the horse was going to die—possibly within the hour. Had it been meant to die so completely alone—abandoned? It occurred to Ad Magic that it was the suffering of a horse that had finally driven Friedrich Nietzsche into an irretrievable insanity in the month of January, 1889.

Good God! He had done it again. He had abandoned his seizure meds, flipped out, and somehow gotten on a plane, this time bound for India. He frantically searched his pockets for a passport. There was none. He had no wallet, either—only an enormously fat roll of American hundred-dollar bills, some loose smaller bills mixed with Indian currency, and a ball of heavy change that caused his pocket to bulge. He didn't even know his own name; he knew only "Ad Magic," but as he sorted out the loose cash he discovered a room key from the Taj Inter-Continental. "Suite 7" was imprinted on the tag, and Ad Magic knew that the secret to his identity would be found there, although he was in no particular hurry to return to the hotel. Somehow he felt that it would be better not to know, at least not yet.

His throat continued to bother him. As he rifled through his pockets, he found a pack of Marlboro cigarettes and a beautiful gold lighter. He extracted a cigarette and lit it. The boy with the monkey appeared at his side and bummed a smoke. Ad Magic lit it for him, and watched the boy pass the cigarette to the monkey, who held it in the fashion of an aristocratic S.S. officer in an old black-and-white Second World War movie. The monkey smoked as though he had a real yen for nicotine, and after this demonstration he presented his little bellman's cap for another tip. Ad Magic gave him a five-dollar bill and then sat down on a small, rusting Ferris wheel, looking out at the horse again. He took a drag off his cigarette, and on his wrist he noticed a stainless-steel Med-Alert bracelet and a solid-gold Rolex. He examined them both with curiosity, as if he had never seen them before. The little bracelet was inscribed with the word "Epilepsy."

Epilepsy. Ad Magic did not have epilepsy in the classic sense, with full-blown, convulsive seizures. He was a temporal-lobe epileptic. He remembered this now. He had suffered an epileptic fugue. He still wasn't sure what his name was, where he lived, whether he was married, whether he had children, or much else, but he did know himself to be an advertising man. That, and an epileptic. He quite clearly remembered the voice of his doctor, the large, high-ceilinged consulting room trimmed in dark oak, a door with a frosted-glass window, and a hands-clasped-in-prayer statue on the doctor's desk. Ad Magic remembered spending hours from early adolescence into maturity in that room. He remembered majestic oak trees, crisp autumn afternoons, the smell of burning leaves, and the palatial brownstone estates of a Midwestern city, but he could not identify the city, could not picture the doctor or remember his name. He did know the man had been more than a doctor to him—he had been a good friend as well, a man whom Ad Magic loved very much. He suspected that the doctor was now dead, but he distinctly remembered something the doctor had told him about his condition. "These spells you have, where you go gadding about the world—they could be a form of epileptic fugue, or you could be suffering from the classical form of global amnesia, which is so often depicted on television soap operas. They are very common in television melodrama but almost unheard of in real life. But so, too, are psychomotor fugues, which are a kind of status epilepticus of the left temporal lobe."

Ad Magic didn't know who he was or how he had come to India. He only knew that there were times when he became so depressed and irritable and finally so raving mad that he had to throw his medication away, bolt out, and intoxicate himself or in some way extinguish his consciousness. He felt this way now. He felt a loathing for everything on the face of the earth, including himself—but the suffering of this white horse was something he

"Life was primitive. Both bankruptcy and divorce were still no-nos."

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could not abide. It was a relief, suddenly, to have something other than himself and his hangover on which to fix his attention.

He summoned the boy, who was now proudly wearing the cashmere sweater, and took him and the monkey across the road to the New Zealand Café. The air inside was laden with cooking grease and cigarette smoke, but a pair of ceiling fans beat through the haze like inverted helicopters. A waiter in a dingy white jacket was serving tea and a plate of sticky cookies to the Bahrainis. From the kitchen, a radio blared a tinny version of "Limehouse Blues." Ad Magic pulled a chair up next to the tour guide and said, "Ask the boy who that horse on the beach belongs to."

The guide was a good-looking woman in her late thirties, who fluctuated mercurially between obsequiousness and sullen aggression. She wore an orange sari that seemed immaculately clean. Ad Magic wondered how she managed that, after the boat trip to Elephanta and the long Bombay city tour. He watched her interrogate the boy. Then she turned to Ad Magic and said, "Horse belong to circus man, and cannot work anymore. Wandering horse now. Free to come and go."

Ad Magic asked the guide whether she could make a phone call and summon a veterinarian.

"Veterinarian?" she said, reacting to the word bitterly, as if he had made an indecent request.

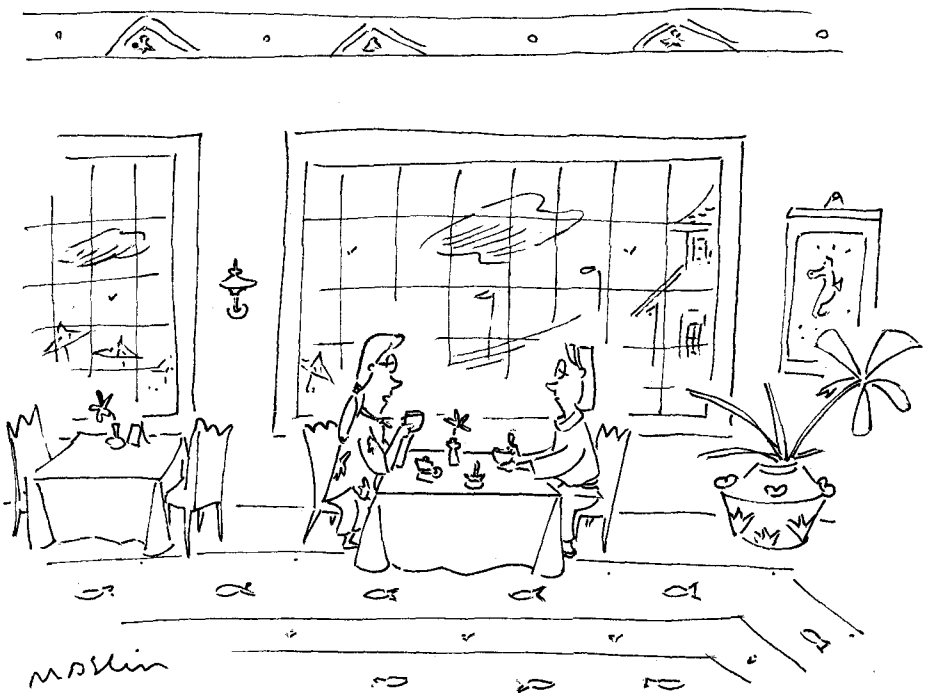
"You're right. That's silly, isn't it. There must not be any veterinarians, or, if any, relatively few on call, even in such a sophisticated city as Bombay—and you've been through a long day, and now the bus has been wrecked. Forgive me. I'm not feeling very well today. Let me ask you. Can you tell me at which hotel I am staying?"

"The Taj," she said.

"Right, the Taj. That's what I thought." Ad Magic placed a half-dozen American ten-dollar bills on the table. "Please accept this little gratuity. You've been marvellous. Now, I wonder if you can call a *real* doctor. Tell him I will make it truly worth his while. The boy and I will wait for him across the road, on the beach. I'll get back to the hotel on my own. It is the Taj, isn't it?" The woman nodded.

Ad Magic and the boy, with the monkey on his shoulder, crossed the road again and sat on a pair of broken merry-go-round horses that were detached from an abandoned carrousel. Next to the carrousel was the small Ferris wheel, contrived to be powered by a horse or mule rather than a motor. Nearby was a ticket kiosk decorated with elephant-men and monkey-men painted in brilliant, bubble-gum colors. The carnival was defunct and depressing. Ad Magic remembered bright lights—a carnival of his childhood, before he had picked up on the tawdriness of carnivals and saw only the enchanting splendor of them. He couldn't have been more than four. He was sitting in a red miniature car when he saw one of a different color—yellow—that he liked better. Impulsively, he scrambled for the better car. Just as he unbuckled his seat belt and was halfway out of the red one, the ride began and he fell, catching his arm under the car, wrenching and skinning his elbow, and bashing his face against the little vehicle's fake door. Suddenly he was plucked free by a man in a felt hat and a raincoat, who smelled pleasantly of after-shave. His father? A stranger? He wasn't sure; there was no face, as there had been no face on the doctor.

He searched his pockets for his cigarettes and discovered a small, flat, green-and-black tin of Powell's Headache Tablets. He took two of these, dry-swallowed them, and then lit up another cigarette. He spotted an empty tour bus pulling up alongside the damaged bus he had arrived in, and from his seat on the rusting pony Ad Magic watched his party emerge from the New Zealand Café, board the new bus, and take off. There was no goodbye wave, even from the friendly Bahrainis. Again he tried to recover his name and city of origin, but it was hopeless. At least he had come to Bombay rather than Lusaka, or Lima, or Rangoon, or Zanzibar. He remembered coming into Zanzibar on a steamer, seasick—the odor of the spices was so powerful he could smell it twenty miles offshore. He remembered feeling instantly well when the boat reached the harbor, and how the inhabitants of the city were outside—it was midnight—marvelling at the recently installed street lights. An Australian tourist told him that Zanzibar was the last place in the world to get street lights and that when the bulbs burned out the street lights would never glow again unless Swiss workers were imported to come in and change them. "The bloody buggers can't even change a light bulb," the Australian said. "It isn't in their make-



"Come on now, Evelyn, the truth—who really wears the thongs in your family?"

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POEMS BY SHIPS AT SEA

BEARING CARGO

By the S.S. Van Djik, Dutch and Homburg Line
Atlantic Ocean, near Cape Verde, September, 1919

Bearing cargo, heavy cargo over the plain
Level friction of the water, I sometimes see
A delicate ship waving to me from the distance
And I go more swiftly, as if to carry my weight to her knees.
Alas, she vanishes
Before I become acquainted with the night
Of the first day out—
But on the second she is there again!

BOXERS

By the S.S. Oporto, Portuguese Line
South Atlantic, off the coast near Swakopmund, Walvis Bay, 1949

Boxers sometimes try to stabilize
The energy of their feet and their haunches
Standing on my waving decks exchanging punches.
One topples. Knockout! Yet
He wasn't so hard hit. No, it was I,
Making a swerve or knocking back a wave
Unwitting. He gets up and tries to pit
His strength against a human force and mine.
I'll try, but can't do much, to let him win.

BRAGAN

By the R.F.S.S. Messieurs-Dames, French Merchant Export Lines
Indian Ocean, November 24, 1926

Way over the expanding water
There is an island, called Bragan,
Which means "alone one" in Javanese.
This island is alone in the middle of the sea
As a woman may be alone
In the middle of a crowd or when she is with no one
And as a man may be
Anywhere, in a mass of persons, alone,
Or with others, when he is not with this woman,
And as I, the Messieurs-Dames, am alone
And as she will be home to me,
This island, this woman, this Bragan.

AMERICAN FOAM

By the U.S.S. United States, United States Navy
Probably Tasman Sea, 1930s

You can talk about the Banda's crazy waters
Where mermaids splash around and kiss and comb,
You can yak about the Andaman and Flores,
But there's nothing like American foam.

You can say I wish that I were in the Tasman
Or that the Laptev froze me to a stone,
But I will tell you, lads, that there is nothing
As soothing and as cooling as the foam

That slaps my keel when I am in Penobscot
Or Tampa Bay or, when I'm heading home,
The West Atlantic and the East Pacific,
Or Puget Sound, or Norton, close to Nome.

There's nothing like the feel of U.S. water—
It's straight and sharp and clear, and it alone
Can make a ship feel she is Ocean's daughter
Carried upon her parent's shoulders home.

—KENNETH KOCH

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up." Ad Magic's recollection of Zanzibar was like an Alice-in-Wonderland hallucination. It seemed that he had remained stranded there for weeks, almost penniless, living on bread and oranges.

A faded, light-green Mercedes with a broken rear spring came bouncing too fast across the beach and skidded, sliding sideways as it stopped near the carrousel. An elderly European man wearing a white coat over a dirty tropical suit stepped out of the car and stretched. He had a head of unkempt, wiry white hair in the style of Albert Einstein. He brushed it back with his hand and opened the back door of the car. A magnificent boxer dog hopped out and followed the old man over to Ad Magic and the boy.

"Are you a doctor?"

"I am a doctor, yes. You were in a car accident, yah?"

"I was, but it's nothing. I called about the horse. I wondered if you could do something about the horse. What is wrong with that animal?"

The doctor looked out at the sea, lifting his hand to shield his eyes from the afternoon sun. "Probably he has been drinking salt water in desperation. He will die, very soon."

Ad Magic said, "I will give you five hundred American dollars if you can save the horse."

The doctor said, "I can send him to seventh heaven with one shot. Haff him dragged away. Fifty dollars for the whole shebang."

"Look, I don't want to wrangle. If you can save the horse, I will pay you a thousand dollars."

The doctor opened the trunk of the Mercedes and removed a piece of rope. He sent the boy down to the edge of the water and had him lead the horse up onto the dry sand while he backed the car another fifty feet down the beach, where the sand became too loose and he had to stop. Then he got out of the car and removed his medical bag from the back, setting it on the hood. He quickly looked the horse over. "Malnutrition, dehydration, fever." He opened the horse's lips. "Ah! He has infected tooth. This is very bad. . . ."

"What about all the sores? Why does he have so many sores?"

"Quick," the doctor said. "In my trunk I have glucose und water. We haff to getting in fluids."

Ad Magic carried two pint-size bottles of glucose and sterile-water solution

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over to the horse and then stood holding them as the doctor ran drip lines into large veins in the horse's neck. Ad Magic watched the bottles slowly begin to drain as the doctor put on a pair of rubber gloves and began to scrub the sores on the horse's body with a stiff brush and a kind of iodine solution, making a rough, sandpaper sound.

"Doesn't that hurt?"

"Animals don't experience pain in the same fashion humans," the doctor said, with some irritation. "Pain for humans is memories, anticipation, imagination—"

"I don't care about that. What you're doing has got to hurt."

The doctor came around from behind the horse. "How much does he weigh? Unless the liver is bad, I will give him morphine. I am not Superman. I haff not got X-ray vision. Maybe the liver is bad. Parasites. Who knows?" The doctor dug in his bag and removed a large hypodermic syringe. He filled it with morphine and injected it into the horse's shoulder. Then he took the same syringe and filled it with antibiotics and injected these into the horse. After this, he picked up the brush and again began working on the large, putrescent sores on the horse's skin. Ad Magic's arms began to hurt from holding the bottles of liquid.

The doctor looked at him. "You are an American? Yah? Who was scratched your face und black eye?"

"Huh? Oh, that," Ad Magic said. "I forgot that. Last night, I gave some money to this street person. A woman with eleven kids. I gave her some money as they were laying down a cloth to sleep on the street—"

"Yes?"

"Well, after I gave her the money—these men had seen me pass it to her, and they took it away from her. Slapped her around. I hit one of them, knocked him down, but there were so many of them. I just couldn't fight them all. They tried to steal my watch. I got drunk—or I was drunk. I can't remember exactly." Ad Magic leaned over and looked at his face in the side mirror of the Mercedes. He did have an incredible black eye. No wonder the tour party found him peculiar.

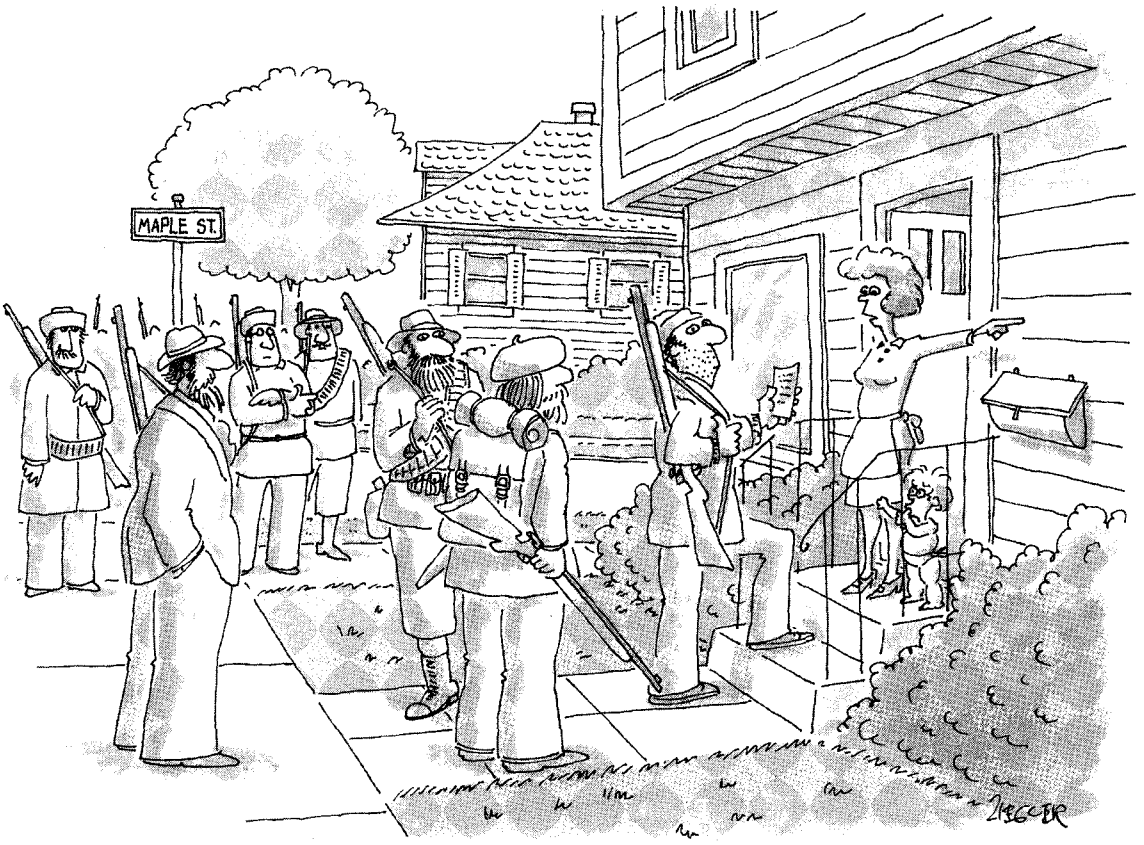
The doctor took the glucose bottles from Ad Magic and propped them on the inside of the rear door, rolling up the window until they were upright and secure. "In my bag is green bottle. Take two and lie down in the back seat." As Ad Magic rummaged in the bag, the doctor came up alongside him and grabbed his wrist. He examined the little stainless-steel bracelet.

"Epilepsy," the doctor said. "Mmm." He presented Ad Magic with a little flask of gin. "Swallow this and lie down," he said. "Horse will take time."

IT was dark when Ad Magic came to. The boxer dog was standing over him, sniffing his face. Ad Magic rolled over and abruptly jerked himself upright. A number of oily torches had been lit, and there were fires in metal barrels as well as driftwood fires burning all up and down the shore, which was now teeming with activity. There were hundreds of people roaming the beach, and a brisk breeze blowing off the water offered a variety of smells: the smell of sewage was replaced by the pleasant aroma of gardenia, followed by the odor of bitter orange, of vanilla, of cooked curry, of charcoal, of diesel, and then again of sewage or salt water, or of the ancient leather seats of the Mercedes. The boxer, openmouthed, panted in Ad Magic's face, and from her mouth there was no odor at all.

Ad Magic pulled himself out of the car and took in the scene. The sights and smells and noises were uncommonly rich. There were roving bands of musicians, dancers, acrobats, food venders, boys selling hashish. There were holy people, fakirs, snake charmers, more boys with trained monkeys. Ad Magic's own monkey boy watched him leaning against the Mercedes, his eyes roving back and forth between the Rolex and the doctor.

"I can't believe how wonderful I



"I'm sorry, but this is the home base for the moderate rebel faction. You want the fundamentalist guerrilla organization, which is over on Elm Street."

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feel," Ad Magic said. "What was that pill you gave me?"

"Just a little something," the doctor said, crouching in the sand as he looked through his black doctor's bag. Lined up by the horse's feet there were a dozen empty glucose bottles and an enormous black tooth—a molar—in addition to several lesser teeth, long yellow ones.

"Abscess tooth. Very bad," the doctor said. "Pus all over everything when I pull it. Horse falling down, goes into shock. I'm having to give him epinephrine. All better now. Then sand in the sores. Clean them all over twice times."

"Is the horse going to be O.K.?"

"He is looking much better, don't you think? Almost frisky, don't you think?"

"Yes, much better. Much, much better."

"Maybe he will live. It's touch and go."

The boxer dog presented Ad Magic with a piece of driftwood and began a game of tug-of-war. Soon the two were running around the beach and down to the sea. As the small breakers washed over Ad Magic's feet, he noticed human excrement in the water and quickly backed away. He looked out at the sea and took in the sight of fishing dhows, backlit by the moon and glowing with tiny amber lights of their own. The boats were making their way—where? The dog tugged at his pant leg, ragging him, and soon she and Ad Magic were roughhousing—chasing each other, rolling in the sand, wrestling. Then Ad Magic was on his feet, jogging down the beach with the dog beside him. Faster and faster they ran until he was running as fast as he could for the sheer joy of it; he had never felt so good—he ran without getting tired, and it seemed that he never would get tired. Wait a minute. He was a smoker. Or was he? He was running effortlessly, like a trained runner, until at last he did begin to tire a little and sweat. So he and the dog plunged into the sea; he disregarded the filth of it and began to swim out into the surf, and the dog swam with him until they were very far out in the warm water. Then they let the waves carry them back in. Ad Magic walked easily in the sand back to the car and the horse, and when he got to the horse he embraced it and rubbed his face against its neck. "Oh, God, thank you," he said.

"You are O.K. now," the doctor said.

"Yes," Ad Magic said. "I think so."

"What is 'ad magic'? You were saying, 'ad magic.' What is that?"

"Oh, that. I am an ad writer, and sometimes I feel magic. I tap into a kind of magic. It's hard to explain."

Ad Magic reached into his pocket and peeled off ten hundred-dollar bills. The roll was so tight that only the outer bills were wet. He handed the money to the doctor. He felt for his cigarettes and found them ruined. His tin of Powell's Headache Tablets was also contaminated with seawater. Ad Magic studied the container for a moment. He said, "Listen to this—ad magic. 'It was a hot day in tough California traffic when a Los Angeles red light made time stand still and gave me a headache like there was no tomorrow. I took a couple of Powell's Headache Tablets and just like that—beep beep, toot toot—I was ready to roll again.' Fifty words. That's my magic. It's not that good right now. I'm just getting a little. Just a little is getting through—"

"I see, advertising writer."

"How's this? 'Second-class passage in a third-world railroad car, hotter than the Black Hole of Calcutta, gave me a first-class headache. I traded my Swiss Army knife for two of Powell's Headache Tablets. Home or halfway around the globe, Powell's is my first choice for headache relief.' It's not that hot, but that's how they come, from out of nowhere."

"H'okay; you are a hausfrau shopping at Christmas und very busy und a bik hurry—Powell's Tablets. Fifty words."

"The day, Christmas Eve; the time, fifteen minutes to midnight; the place, Fox Valley Shopping Center, Aurora, Illinois; the headache, a procrastination special—on a scale of ten, ten. The solution: Powell's Tablets. The happy ending, gaily wrapped presents under a festive tree, a jolly ho ho, and a merry Christmas to all."

"Ad magic. Making money for this?"

"Yes. Making money. I think so. Will the horse live? You see, if the horse lives, then I have my magic. That is God's promise to me. I can do even better for Powell's Tablets. I can do much better, and if the horse lives I will have my magic. How old is the horse?"

"At first I am thinking he is older. Maybe he is twenty years—"

"How long can this horse live? Given the best care?"

"With good care, a long life. Thirty-five years."

Ad Magic peeled five hundred-dollar

"My dear Charles: I am writing to you in soy ink on recycled paper."

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"I believe young Lewis may be on to something."

bills off his roll. "I want you to send this horse on a vacation. I want him to have the best food. If he wants other horses to play with, get them for him. I want this horse to have a grassy field. Do horses like music? I heard that once. Get a radio that plays music. I want the horse to have good accommodations. I want you to be the doctor for this horse and get the best people to take care of this horse. What were those pills you gave me? *I feel fantastic!* Is there some way we can ship this horse back to the States? I'll look into it. Can you drive me to the Taj? This is so crazy—I don't even know my name, but I've got a room key. Tell the boy to watch the horse until I get back. Do you have a business card? Here's what we'll do. I've got it. I've got it now. You stay with the horse. I'll take your car. I've been here before. I know Bombay. I'll take the car back. I don't want you to leave the horse. I don't want anything to happen to this horse. When I get home, you send me a picture of the horse. Stand next to the horse with a copy of the *International Herald Tribune*. When I see that the horse is O.K., that his health is flourishing, and I see that the date on the paper is current, I will send you six hundred dollars every month. Will that be enough? Like if this horse needs an air-conditioned stall, I want him to have it. Whatever—TV, rock videos, a pool, anything his little horsy heart desires."

"It can be done."

"Excellent. Look, where did you get this great dog? Will you sell me this dog?"

"For no money," the doctor said.

"C'mon, doctor, I love this dog."

"Anyhow, you cannot take her to America."

"O.K.," Ad Magic said. "It was just a thought. You're looking at me funny. I know what you're thinking. You don't trust me with the car. Send the boy to flag a cab. I've got to get back to the States. You know those harnesses those seeing-eye dogs wear? I could wear sunglasses and take the dog back. A white cane. Just let me borrow the dog for a while."

"Mr. Man. She is my best friend. I'm not selling. Not borrowing."

"O.K, O.K. then. But take care of the horse. I'll send the money. It's a generous amount." Ad Magic reached into his pocket and withdrew his wad of cash, peeling off a few more bills. "See that this kid gets taken care of, O.K.? Send him to school. C'mon, doctor, don't look at me like that—it's only advertising money. I don't have to *work* for it. 'Now I saw when the Lamb opened one of the seven seals, and I heard one of the four living creatures say, as with a voice of thunder, Come! And I saw and behold, a white horse, and its rider had a bow; and a crown was given to him, and he went out conquering and to conquer.' "

When a black-and-yellow Ambassador taxi honked from Marine Drive, Ad Magic gave the horse a final embrace. "Heigh-o, Silver, and *adios amigos*," he said as he hopped into the cab, brandishing a handful of cash, telling the driver to step on it.

Ad Magic gave the driver a hundred dollars for an eighty-cent cab ride and rushed through the lobby of the Taj Inter-Continental, up to his grand suite in the old part of the hotel. He showered, and after towelling himself off he saw his wallet and passport on the bureau. He cautiously opened the wallet, assiduously avoiding his driver's license. The wallet was heavy with credit cards and cash. In it he saw a picture of an attractive blond woman and two children. At that moment he knew his name, knew his wife of fifteen years, knew his children, and knew himself. He threw the wallet down, and began scribbling on a yellow legal pad. There was so much to get down and his mind was racing out of control. The magic was getting through. He was developing advertising concepts, enough for a year. He phoned the desk and had a porter send up a bottle of Scotch and a plate of rice curry.

The Scotch calmed him some and by dawn he had most of it written down. He dialled the switchboard and placed a call to his wife in Los Angeles.

—Thom Jones

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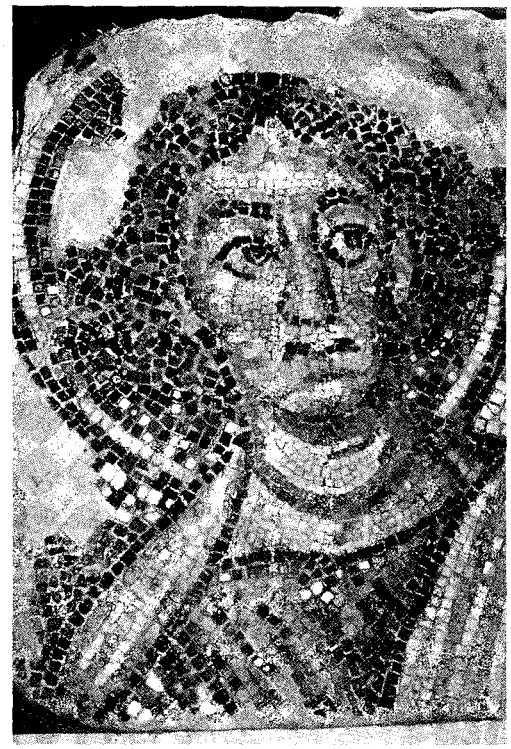
ANNALS OF THE ANTIQUITIES TRADE

THE ANGEL ON HER SHOULDER—I

SOMETIME after she got involved in this mess, Peg Goldberg started referring to herself as "little Peg," though that's not necessarily how anyone else would think of her. "Consider it this way," she would say to me every once in a while. "Here's me, little Peg, taking on all those men in black collars." Which was undeniably true, but *little* Peg? When she laughs, I mean really laughs, you fear for the windows in their sashes. Peg is a big woman, with a big woman's need not to be humbled, and these days she is using all her energy to get out of the plight she is in. About four years ago, some questionable characters dragged her into it. "Lovely people, huh? Charming people." That's another of her expressions.



Courtesy of Petros Petrides

Well, some of them *are* charming, which is part of the problem. If they weren't so charming, so magnetic, a lot of bad things might not have happened to her. They belong to the worldwide network of antiquities dealers, whose calling it is to buy very old things and to sell them to (on the whole) very new people—the newly rich, or buyers from new and rich institutions. They hawk sarcophagus fragments and cinerary urns, kneeling Niobids and Canopic jars, and for some reason—perhaps because of all that Peg has told me—I picture them rummaging in vaults and sepulchral chambers, like antiquities traders in pulp novelettes. Beckoning, cajoling, caressing their treasures, they have some of the dustiness and some of the glamour of those bygone novelette people.

What Peg now knows—what all canny buyers in the international antiquities bazaar know—is that every one of those cracked or corroded treasures, every one of those porphyry reliefs and embalmed heads of saints, has its own voice, its own tale to tell. You or I may not be able to hear it, but somewhere there is someone who can. The strange and sinister thing is that many of these tales are untruths, for certain objects can lie. They can lie about what they are or who owns them or where they came from, which is only to say that their sellers have tagged them with a false identity or provenance. Like everything that is beautiful in this world, the noblest of these objects move toward the light, away from the crypt and the worm, yet many of those who purvey them have one cardinal rule, and that is to operate in darkness. Secrecy is their watchword and, so they feel, their incontestable right. Their sources and accounts are shrouded in gloom, and if anyone should ask them the true origin of something, they will turn away with an inscrutable look, a strict closure of the heart, like a person slamming a door. Often, it seems, they do not wish to have faces at all.

Peg is a woman betrayed by a secret—or at least that's how she sees it. Four years ago, as a fledgling art dealer knowing next to nothing of the antiquities trade, she went to Europe and rather too swiftly bought four early Christian devotional mosaics, each about two feet square. She paid a little more than a million dollars for them, in cold cash—money she had borrowed from an Indiana bank. She believed that she had obtained good title to the mosaics, but in less than a year the men in black collars appeared and claimed that the holy icons were theirs and had been so for over a thousand years. They were prelates of the Autocephalous Greek Orthodox Church of Cyprus, and through the agency of the Republic of Cyprus and that country's American lawyers they demanded that the pieces be surrendered into their custody. They said that the mosaics were actually war booty, illegally torn, along with several companion pieces, from the little church of Panagia Kanakaria, in the village of Lythrankomi, sometime after the Turkish seizure of northern Cyprus in 1974. This was the secret Peg had not known. But she did not give them the mosaics, and so they sued her in Indianapolis, her home town.

The trial took place late in the spring of 1989. It was held in the porticoed courthouse on Ohio Street, downtown, which has its own mosaics, dating from the turn of the century, over the grand stairways inside. The courtroom was packed, the international press was in attendance, and a parade of exotic witnesses enlivened the six days of proceedings. The most impressive of these was Father Pavlos Maheriotis, an abbot representing the Church of Cyprus, who, after testifying that the Church owned the Kanakaria mosaics and had never authorized anyone to remove them, listened impassively to the other witnesses with his hands cupped on his gold-crested pastoral staff, and his white-streaked black beard flowing down over his black habiliments. The legal issues were complex, and the spectators heard impassioned discourse by able lawyers and erudite experts. Peg herself was heroic in scale—it was as if one of the statues outside had deigned to step off its pedestal and join the gathering. Cyprus v. Goldberg promised to be a historic event—the most important postwar litigation between a people trying to recover a fragment of their patrimony and an individual of good repute who has

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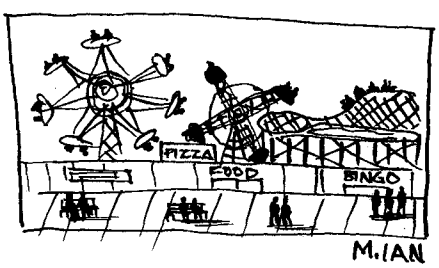
paid coin of the realm for the same fragment.

PEG GOLDBERG was living then where she still lives, on the northern outskirts of Indianapolis, and so was her former friend Bob Fitzgerald. Bob was also involved in the mosaics affair, and the mere fact that the two of them should have left their Midwestern suburban houses and journeyed to Europe and returned home with a considerable part of the apse of a Byzantine church says something about Indianapolis itself. If you drive out to Peg's by way of Eighty-sixth Street, the roadside strip looks like any in America, all rectangles and big, bright letters: you could probably spray-paint a copy along some highway in Tennessee or Arizona and it would fit right in with its new surroundings. The northern suburbs are flung out over the gentle Indiana farmland, and the houses look nondescript until you reach the remoter towns, like the one where Peg lives; there, in the Georgian ranch houses and shingled Norman châteaus springing up in the midst of tilled fields, you sense a hankering for the historical. Gradually you realize that the main drags here impose a commercial conformity that doesn't necessarily seep into the big chunks of real estate lying hidden from the driver's eye.

Peg, who is in her early fifties, stands well over six feet tall and has close-cut light-blond hair. She wears rugby shirts and jeans and sensible shoes and Argyle socks, and she lives in a huge white house with vast interior spaces, like a SoHo loft washed up on a cornfield. Though her gait is that of a slugger coming out of a dugout, she projects a certain testy femininity. Her voice is a limber mezzo, fit for song or stage, and, indeed, she has a vaudevillian's ear for common speech, so that if she has to run an important errand it is "tattooed on her forehead," and if she favors a local restaurant it "serves the best bread in captivity." Her features are regular, her eyes smallish and high-set, and her expressions shift rapidly and sometimes overlap, a pucker of doubt claiming one half of the face while a smile fades from the other. She dresses in bold colors and likes bright-colored art; there's a kind of integrity to the unrelenting forwardness of the pictures hanging in her house. Peg lives there with six cats and three dogs, which she rescued from vagrancy. Her individuality concentrates itself in an affection for all creatures stray, derelict, maimed, or in revolt, and she readily trots out dismissive witticisms for every established profession—for physicians, lawyers, clerics, administrators, and any other group you might name. She is an American original, a deep-dyed Midwestern nonconformist; from the moment you meet her, you feel that, like all nonconformists, she possesses an instinctive attitude of sometimes mute, sometimes unwitting protest against the order of the world. To her friends' amusement and her critics' irritation, she wears an air of absolute, never-failing omnicompetence, as if to say that here, in case you need one, is a Swiss Army knife of a gal.

Peg's father was Jewish, but she was brought up in her mother's Protestant faith. Her maternal grandmother was very devout, and her great-great-grandfather had been a circuit rider who brought the Good News to the back roads of Indiana. Their denomination was the Disciples of Christ, which in the early nineteenth century broke away from the Presbyterian Church and later won a strong following in the Bible Belt. The founding ministers of the Disciples of Christ objected to all hierarchies and dogmas that stood between man and his Maker; they advocated a return to the pure Christianity of Jesus' own lifetime, and stressed the believer's ability to re-create the nearness to God that the apostles themselves had experienced. These were among the teachings that Peg absorbed at Sunday school; she also took music lessons, and by the age of fifteen was playing the organ for her church and for the Sunday services at a state park in the rolling hills of Owen County, in southern Indiana, where she grew up. In grade after grade, she was the brightest and the tallest. She tried in her early teens to pass unnoticed, keeping her mouth shut and standing behind other children, but these dodges didn't work very well, and she gave them up one day when her best friend sat her down and advised her to be who she was. "I could try to be all sorts of things," Peg told me. "But unobtrusive? Unh-unh."



Peg breezed through Indiana University on an academic scholarship; she was elected to Phi Beta Kappa and received a B.A. cum laude in sociology and psychology. Fairly certain that she wanted to enter the field of mental-health care, she enrolled in 1961 in the M.A. program at Christian Theological Seminary, a highly rated Indianapolis graduate school affiliated with the Disciples of Christ, where she studied psychological counselling, with a minor in ethics. As a child, Peg had been taught that religion has a lot to do with looking out for your fellowman, and by now she had become conscious of how much poverty and social distress there was in Indianapolis. The civil-rights movement had begun, and many of the teachers and students at C.T.S. were speaking out in defense of progressive causes. Though by this time Peg's Christian faith had given way, her moral sense was strengthened by the atmosphere around her and by the wave of reformism sweeping the country.

Sometime after receiving her M.A., she became a caseworker for the Marion County welfare department, and began to specialize in helping battered and sexually abused children. She often found herself in court, called to give testimony about mistreated youngsters; there she discovered that judges and functionaries were seldom interested in what she had to say, and after a while she began to suspect that they were not sympathetic to poor people at all. It was the beginning of a period of abrasion between Peg and the bureaucracy. In 1970, she became the director of special services for the county's retarded citizens. She stayed in this job for eight years—"a worker in the vineyard," in the words of one of her old progressive friends, and a thorn in the side of those who did not share her ardent desire to redesign the world. Then for two years she held the post of director of programs for a home for the retarded and the disabled. In 1980, however, she left on account of a personal conflict, and was unable to get another job in her field. Her sense

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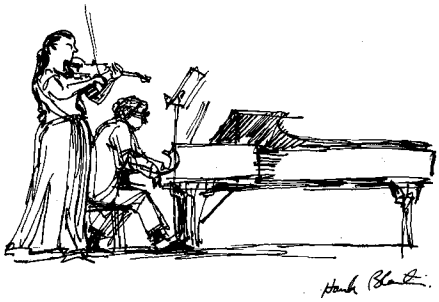
of her worth was deeply hurt, and she also admitted to herself that she felt too burned out to go on trying to reform Indianapolis. She was a sixties person, and these were the nineteen-eighties.

Peg was now forty-one years old, and she had no money; she'd never been interested in money. For a while, she played the organ for the crowds at a shopping mall. Ever resourceful, however, she had begun to notice something hopeful about her life, like a bright promise concealed in the foreground. Though Peg couldn't draw or paint, she had long been interested in the visual arts and had assembled a small art collection, consisting mostly of prints and drawings. Sometimes she swapped or sold things, or informally represented friends of hers whose work she enjoyed, and it occurred to her now that if she got an entry-level job at a local gallery she might soon acquire enough practical experience to open one of her own. Within a short time, she found work in such a shop, selling posters and answering the phone, and all the while she observed how the business was run. She felt that as a gallery owner she could continue to help people—there were some talented artists around who sorely needed help—and at the same time have a go at making some serious money and deriving some pleasure from life, which, she now confessed to herself, she hadn't done for a long time. Soon she began to sell inexpensive works of art, dealing out of her house. The venture went astonishingly well. In 1986, she expanded the house, turning much of it into exhibition space, and she took on a partner, the former art instructor at the home for the retarded she'd helped to run.

Peg became a familiar figure in her suburban neighborhood, and in the spring of 1986 she ran for the office of county commissioner. It was an unlikely campaign—here was this flamboyant art dealer named Goldberg who looked like Brünnhilde and had a bee in her bonnet about cronyism—but she won. In the process, she was aided by a neighbor, rather older than she was, named Otto N. Frenzel III (his friends called him Nick), who lived in a mansion over the hill. A scion of one of Indiana's richest banking families, he would one day enable her to borrow a million-odd dollars to purchase four Byzantine mosaics.

In 1981, while Peg was still working for the small poster-and-print business, a barrel-chested, silver-haired man named Bob Fitzgerald started coming into the shop now and then to have some framing done. He wore Levi's and moccasins and a shirt open at the neck, and spoke with the deep, slightly reedy voice of an old-time country-and-Western singer. He said he was an art dealer who had spent his life searching for beautiful artifacts all over the world, especially in the jungles and highlands of Latin America, and that he had settled in Indianapolis on account of a few very rich clients. He invited her over to the condo he had recently bought, and when she dropped in on him one day she found rooms full of pre-Columbian, African, and Oceanic pieces—Nazca pottery and Senufo idols and masks from New Guinea and lots of gold objets d'art. Their well-travelled owner told her that he had left home very young to work as an animal dealer—he adored exotic animals—before becoming, as she understood it, a sort of background picker for some of the best antiquities and primitive-art galleries on both coasts. In sustained conversation he struck her as mercurial and high-strung—she later came to think of him as "an adult version of a hyperactive child"—yet also funny and teasing, and a spellbinding raconteur. She noticed, with some distaste, that he excelled at chatting up young girls.

There seemed to be a core of genuine feeling to Bob—he doted on his elderly, ailing mother and on his and



GETTYSBURG: JULY 1, 1863

The young man, hardly more
than a boy, who fired the shot
had looked at him with an air
not of anger but of concentration,
as if he were surveying a road,
or feeding a length of wood into a saw:
it had to be done just so.

The bullet passed through
his upper chest, below the collarbone.
The pain was not what he might
have feared. Strangely exhilarated
he staggered out of the pasture
and into a grove of trees.

He pressed and pressed
the wound, trying to stanch
the blood, but he could only press
what he could reach, and he could
not reach his back, where the bullet
had exited.

He lay on the earth
smelling the leaves and mosses,
musty and damp and cool
after the blaze of open afternoon.
How good the earth smelled,
as it had when he was a boy
hiding from his father—
intent on strapping him for doing
his chores late one time too many.

A cowbird razzed from a rail fence.
It isn't mockery, he thought,
no malice in it . . . just a noise.
Stray bullets nicked the oaks
overhead. Leaves and splinters fell.

Someone near him groaned.
But it was his own voice he heard.
His fingers and feet tingled,
the roof of his mouth,
and the bridge of his nose . . .

He became dry, dry, and thought
of Christ, who said, *I thirst.*
His man-smell—the smell of his hair
and skin, his sweat, the salt smell
of his cock and the little ferny hairs
that two women had known—

left him, and a sharp, almost sweet
smell began to rise from his open mouth
in the warm shade of the oaks.
A streak of sun climbed the rough
trunk of a tree, but he did not
see it with his open eye.

—Jane Kenyon

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other people's pets—but his education was discernibly faulty. After a year or so, Peg decided that Bob must be functionally illiterate, or perhaps dyslexic; though he staunchly refused to concede this to her, he was always saying things like "I can't seem to find my glasses—could you just read this to me?" and she never once saw him open a book. He had, all the same, a vast fund of knowledge, which came, invariably, in the form of inside dope: Bob in his condo was Bob on two phones at once, waiting for a third call to light up, his handsome, actorish head silhouetted against a giant television screen that flickered nonstop with Sandinistas and Republican fund-raisers and leveraged-buyout kings.

Some pretty important people turned up at the condo, and when, a year or so after Peg met him, Bob opened a fancy steakhouse in the neighborhood the important people turned up there, too. They bought art from him for distinguished collections; they bought for well-known museums. Bob, who could be attentive and affectionate to his friends, might haggle for hours with ruthless obstinacy, and Peg remembers that she sometimes came away from those meetings of museum people and big out-of-town dealers with vituperative phrases ringing in her ears: *Don't you try to play games with me. Don't you try to jerk me around.* This bloody-minded business style put her off, but she was fascinated by the beautiful pieces and the high numbers, and she was glad to help Bob out now and then by gathering information or researching the provenance of some potential purchase. Bob had a taste for long shots, and sometimes Peg—he called her "good ol' Peg" on such occasions—would discover that the latest object of his desire had been skulking around the market for six or seven years with danger signs hanging all over it. Later, when Peg took up dealing, Bob told her that she had a lot of talent and should forget about the "low-end stuff" she was pushing and go for the big-time pieces. To be a dealer, he said, you had to take the sportsman's point of view, and if you couldn't steel yourself to play for high stakes you'd probably never get anywhere. But Peg decided to ignore Bob's baiting—in part because she didn't care much for his end of the business, and in part because she was still feeling her way slowly forward. She was tickled, though, when he showed her how he could close his eyes and tell by merely touching or sniffing a piece—some Peruvian figurine, say—exactly what it was, and she knew in her bones that one day she would be able to do the same, though not necessarily with the same line of merchandise.

"He's been trained in guard duty, attack, and litigation."

• •

WHEREVER you go in the Indianapolis suburbs you smell air freshener—it's in stores, malls, hotels, and cabs, and maybe even in flower beds—and though you might think this air-freshener atmosphere would drive out people like Peg and Bob, strangely enough it does not. Bob defeats air freshener, because he more or less chain-smokes, cradling a cigarette in his muscular hand most of the time, even when he's driving his gray Jaguar. Bob has wavy hair, which he wears swept back with gel, a few strands drooping over his tawny forehead. His eyes are large and brown, and his elegant bone structure is still visible under a mask of middle-aged suet. He's fifty-five, with a laughing-cavalier smile that carries a long way. Once, when we were ripping up Eighty-sixth Street in the Jag, a car full of pretty young girls pulled alongside, all smiling and waving at Bob.

Bob talking is almost show biz, like a man doing an improv sketch of himself. I spent some time with him in Indianapolis a year or so after the trial, talking with him in his condo or in his car or at his favorite tavern. He leads with one shoulder as he regales you with travellers' tales, looks down over the shoulder with his coffee-colored eyes, sizes you up, gets a line on you faster than you can get a line on him. Every once in a while, he halts in midsentence or throws you a question, peering into you with eyebrows raised, poised like the hands of a timpanist awaiting his entrance. "I'm a hustler," he says, to disarm you.

Bob told me one time that he was a Depression baby, whose father had a drinking problem and split up with Bob's mother when Bob was a toddler. Bob's maternal grandparents brought him and his mother to Pocatello, and because money was scarce he took a paper route at age seven and also shined shoes for a dime a pair. At nine, he started working nights in a bowling alley. He was never happy at home, and often ran away with a gang of other little boys to places like Stockmen's Motor Hotel, in Elko, Nevada, where the father of one boy collared them at

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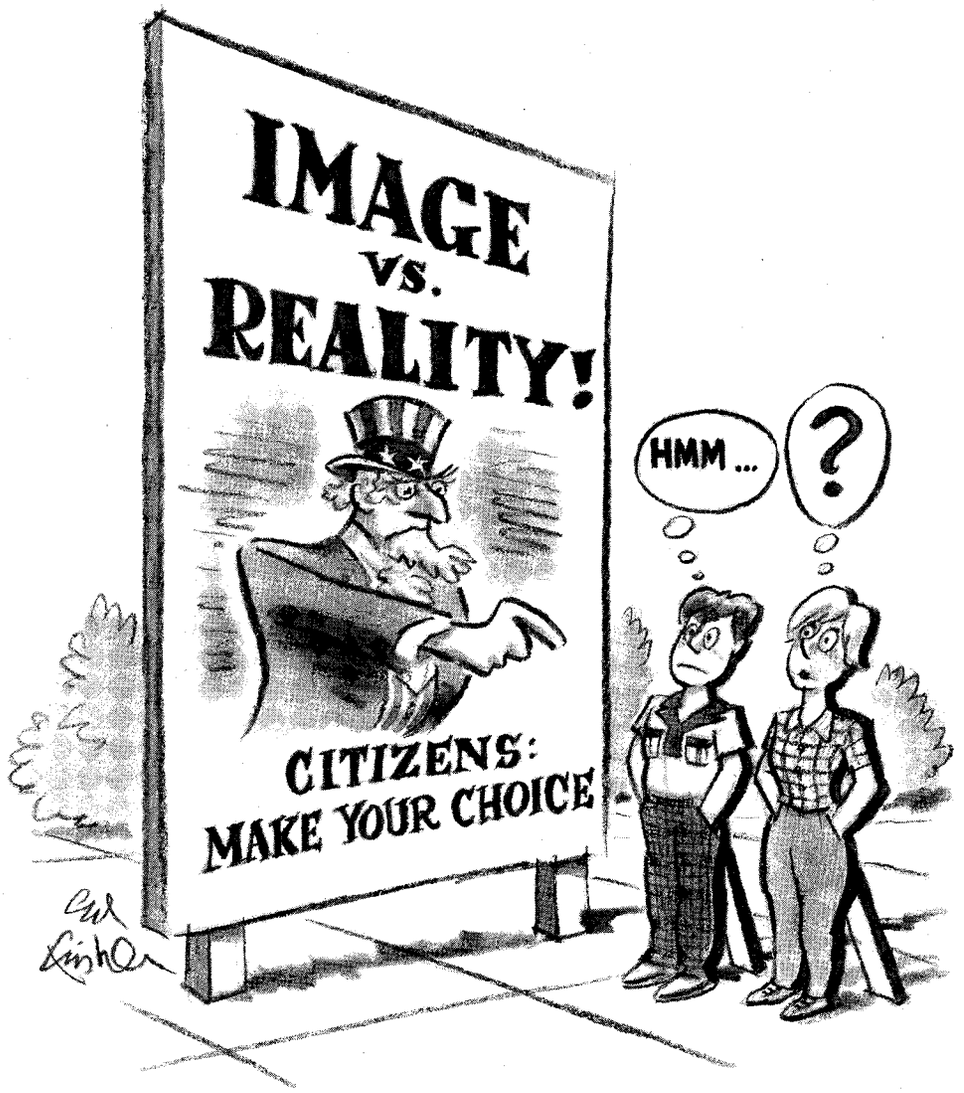

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the slot machines and had them thrown in jail for a few hours. Another time, Bob and four or five of his friends skipped off to a desert town in Utah without any money, and Bob tried to panhandle a pedestrian who turned out to be a plainclothesman; the man bought them all breakfast and then arrested them. They were locked in a detention cell for juveniles, on the top floor of the municipal building, overlooking the county courthouse, but since it was summertime the window was open, and the boys clambered out on the sill and peed on the citizens below; it was one of Bob's funniest childhood memories.

On my first visit to Bob's condo, the place was glacially bare—the Internal Revenue Service had done a sort of spring cleaning there a few weeks earlier—but the living room was floodlit by CNN, and a big white dog, named Bear, roamed lazily around. The television noise made a cozy obbligato for Bob to talk over, and every now and then his regular house guest, a man named Lynn Harris, would break in and fine-tune what Bob was saying. At home, Bob was invariably dressed in a running outfit and could have passed for a sporty suburbanite, but Lynn looked like Pocatello: he wore cowboy boots and a shirt with pearl snaps and a feedlot cap, and whenever he laughed at some statement of Bob's, or merely found it unbelievable, he'd roll his head heavenward and jerk his visor down over his eyes, then flick it back up. He leaned against the mantelpiece as though it were a rail fence. He didn't talk much, but he did say that he'd known Bob since they were kids. He said he'd been a horse trader on an Indian reservation in Idaho, and then had knocked about for a while in West Africa.

"Doing what?" I asked.

"Jes' nothin'," he answered.

I don't know what Bob told Peg about his animal days, but I doubt whether it differed much from what he told me. He said that he had left Pocatello in his mid-teens and had gone to stay with his aunt and uncle in Erlanger, Kentucky. They were sweet people, who took good care of him, and whenever he could he worked odd jobs and paid them twenty per cent of his earnings in exchange for bed and board. Then he went down to Florida and bought a pair of ocelots—ocelots were cheap in those days—and brought them back to Kentucky. But the ocelots died, and that made him grieve, so he bought a few more, and they also died, and he got so sick with grief, and so outraged, too, that he went down to a different Florida animal dealer, this time a reputable merchant, who explained to him about distemper shots and the care of big cats, and that got him interested in the business of buying and selling felines.

"I bought some lions from the zoo," he told me once when we were watching TV, "and after that I went out and bought this beautiful leopard called Tammy and took her all over the place, including a Holiday Inn in New York, which drove the people there crazy. I never managed to get her on a TV show in New York, so I took her home. At that time, I also had a poodle, who seemed to get along well with the leopard, but one day I got home and the poodle was gone. I couldn't find him anywhere, and there was no blood, no bones, no nothing but the leopard walking around with a big stomach. See, what the cat liked to do was a lot of times she would take her meat and hop in the cool bathtub and lie down and eat her steak or whatever and then lick the surface clean. It was a clean job with the poodle, too, and I couldn't really feel bad, because it wasn't like I saw him die, or anything—he just kind of disappeared. Well, I finally sold the leopard and made a really good profit: bought her for three or four hundred, sold her for thirty-five hundred or something—hey, I had to figure the poodle in there! Then I bought a pair of female lion cubs—they were wonderful—and I went out and spent five or six hundred

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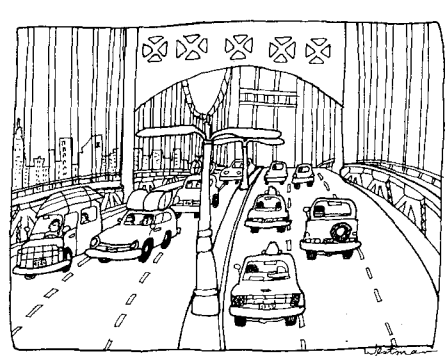
dollars to put a nice bedroom for myself with a stereo in the corner of this big warehouse where the lions were going to live. One morning, though, I came in and they'd knocked down the door to my little bedroom and wrecked my chair and stereo and shredded up everything else, so I decided it was time to leave Kentucky and head out to Desert Shores, California, where one of my friends was living, and go into the business of selling animals to rich individuals. So what I'd do was I'd get a few ocelots and lions in—by this time, I knew how to take care of them—and I'd drive them to Vegas and walk them around the casinos, and usually you'd get a guy that was half drunk, with a honey on his shoulder, and she'd go 'Cute cat!' and I'd sell it to the guy for let's say five hundred bucks. I'd be sure to leave my phone number, because three days with an ocelot in the house is enough for most people, and I'd get it back for free. Well, one of the cats I sold got out into downtown Vegas, so they passed a special law against me that said you couldn't bring big animals into Nevada, especially not the same ones over and over."

This setback started Bob thinking. "I decided I'd go find my own animals, in Central and South America," he said, "and I took off alone—I was about twenty-two then—and I made it as far as Nicaragua, where I became real friendly with the Somozas. Lots of people hated their guts, but I'm a warm person, and I was sitting in a restaurant behind the National Palace when I saw Luis. I knew he was the President, but I walked right over past all the bodyguards and told him who I was and shook his hand, and we started talking, and he introduced me to his right-hand man, who was called the Ear, because he went around listening to what people said about Luis. I told the Ear that I'd like not to have any more trouble with my animals at the border, and he said, 'No problem, I'll get you a gun permit and a card signed Luis Somoza, and that will make you an honorary colonel in the National Guard.' By then, I was trading in ocelots, snakes, and margays that I actually toilet-trained—yep, they'd sit right up there on the toilet, though they could get a little wild, too, and destroy your whole house. I also had spider monkeys, which are nasty little guys, and some real tame jaguars—I tamed them—and pretty soon I was shipping them all by air."

Bob told me about how he wore his heart on his sleeve, and would fall in love with this girl or that girl and follow her to this country or that country. He'd followed a girl to Europe and developed a taste for the Continent; then he'd sailed from Genoa to Buenos Aires and started buying and selling pre-Columbian Peruvian pottery, wood carvings, and gold knickknacks. Once, he bought a big load of artifacts for practically nothing in Peru, bribed the customs officials there, and then flew to Los Angeles and took a suitcase full of the best stuff to a gallery on La Cienega Boulevard. In the suitcase were Mochica, Nazca, and Chavín pieces, and maybe some Chimú. He didn't know what it would all fetch, but when the dealer offered him six thousand he knew it must be worth much more—his experience in the animal business had taught him that—so they settled on nine thousand. "I'd never had that much money in my life," Bob told me, "and I just said whoop-de-doo, that's the end of the animal business, I'm in the art business now! I didn't have to give the art distemper shots, and it wasn't going to die on me, either."

So he began to sell ancient Peruvian art to European and American dealers. He also started exhibiting his wares at a gallery in Amsterdam owned by a dentist and connoisseur named Lou van Rijn. Bob told me that he sold to many different clients in Holland and Germany, and that he prided himself on his role in developing the German taste for pre-Columbian art. All the while, he was travelling back and forth between Europe and Buenos Aires, where he was living the high life. He drove a Porsche and had several servants, and he married a beautiful girl, the first of his six wives—though some of these marriages were really pseudo unions, he pointed out, because you just slipped a little money to some hard-up justice of the peace for a bogus certificate to mollify the girl's parents.



"Peru was a big racket," Bob said. "In the sixties, the Peruvian government decided to register all antiquities and number them on the bottom, but they didn't take pictures of them, so people just used the same numbers over and over. 'One Nazca vase,' for Crissake! Nowadays, they'd call you a smuggler, but it was accepted then. Everybody knew what everybody was doing."

I tried to pin Bob down about some of the people he knew, and he told me that his big problem was whether or not to trust me, but eventually he decided I was an O.K. sort of guy. It wasn't as if he'd never been snookered, he said. There was that time he'd transported an Easter Island head from Chile to Amsterdam, all ten tons of it, only to find out that it was fake. Once, by mistake, I asked Bob a question I had asked him the day before, and he scanned my face for an unexpressed judgment, hunted my thoughts for a secret intent. "Son of a bitch is testing me," he said, flashing his character actor's smile.

Bob told me that after ten years in Argentina he decided to go to Cuiabá, in the Amazon rain forest and try to buy some of the fine Indian spears and featherwork that he had heard were available there. He and a Swiss friend found a canoe and a guide and started working their way up the Rio Guaporé, a tributary of the Amazon, but somehow they lost all their food. They began putting in at tiny villages, whose inhabitants would feed them and give them attractive spears and blowguns or sell them vast quantities of artifacts at a discount, like the five hundred nose whistles Bob got in exchange for his inflatable mattress and later sold for a tidy sum in California. They lived in an Indian village infested with vicious flies, until their cheeks were drained of blood and their backs knit tight into one huge scar of bitten flesh. Bob had a .22 with him—he'd learned to shoot in Idaho and could hit a wild turkey on the run—and when he discovered that the Indians had a lot of empty Carnation cans left over from mixing their favorite drink of evaporated milk and brackish river water, he shot a can off an Indian's head at a hundred paces, and then they all wanted so badly to share in the fun that he had

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to blast a can off every head in the village, trying to keep his cool while the tribe roared with laughter.

The day came when Bob tired of the humid jungles, as he'd tired of Nicaragua and Argentina, so he travelled up into the Peruvian Andes, where he bought himself four burros and followed the trails to remote towns and villages. There he made offers on old church paintings to the local clergy, who would cut the pictures out of their frames and roll them up for him in exchange for a modest tip. The priests, after all, were impoverished, and the canvases were falling to pieces, and Bob explained to me that if he had just left them there they'd have crumbled to dust. So he loaded his burros with colonial paintings and took them back down to civilization and flew them off to New Orleans, where, as luck would have it, he ran into three dames of society, and together, he said, these women bought his pictures for the Delgado Museum (now the New Orleans Museum of Art). "And those paintings, which I think I and my partners sold for twenty thousand, are probably worth ten million by now," he said. "So I've come up with a few winners in my life."

PEG told me she lost touch with Bob for several years in the mid-eighties; she heard from friends that he was mostly out of town. Early in 1988, though, while she was recovering from multiple fractures resulting from a freak accident in her gallery, she received a bouquet of flowers and a note from him. It appeared that Bob had married a seventeen-year-old girl named Barbara, whom he had found selling hot dogs on Monument Circle, and they now had a little boy. Peg felt too unwell to visit the family, but she renewed the old friendship by telephone, and when Bob heard that she'd been making some serious sales he asked if she was on the lookout for anything special. As it happened, she was: a Japanese buyer with Midwestern connections had sent word that he wanted a Modigliani nude; no Modigliani had ever turned up in Peg's modest inventory, but she thought Bob just might be able to help her find such a trophy. A few weeks later, Bob called back and told her of a painting he knew about in Holland, and, though she couldn't find the piece he described listed in any catalogue, she considered

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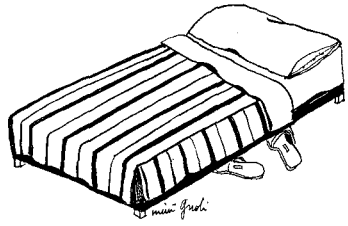
that it might be genuine, for he mentioned a bill of sale establishing provenance. She called up the Japanese client and then Nick Frenzel, who agreed to get Merchants National Bank, of which he was the chairman, to issue her a letter announcing the bank's intention to lend her three million pounds sterling—the conditions being that the seller in Holland was willing to sell and the Japanese buyer to buy. Then, armed with a copy of Ceroni's Modigliani catalogue, Peg flew off to Amsterdam. Bob, who was already in northern Europe, was to join her there.

Though the next part of the story has been told in diverse and conflicting ways, Peg is central to all of them; this reconstruction is based in large part on what she related to me.

She told me that she arrived in Amsterdam exhausted and slept for a few hours in her room, at the Marriott Hotel. On rising, she threw open her window and looked out at the public gardens below, and it was as if she had seen it all before somewhere, perhaps in some photograph or at the movies: the monumental plane trees, the tidy fruit and herring stands, the weeping willows hanging over the canal, the little bridge with its fanciful ironwork spanning the green water, the copper beech ablaze in the middle distance. Across the way rose a verdigris dome and, a little to the left, a neo-Gothic gable surmounted by a peaked clock tower whose great gold numerals announced the time in this part of the world. She watched as a yellow tram crossed the bridge and eased around the bend out of sight.



Peg had never before been to Holland, yet these details teased her with their unaccountable rightness. The passersby, so many of them tall and blond, beguiled her, and, sensing that here for once she would not stand out in a crowd, she recalled her mother's Dutch ancestry and wondered if the notion of racial memory might contain some element of truth. It was early summer, and a soft breeze wafted the fragrance of thousands of flowers and a pungent aroma of cooking food. Her heightened taste for life was to persist throughout her stay in Amsterdam, and only much later, after the dreadful drama reached its conclusion, did she begin to speculate about the causes of her strange exaltation—that it came, perhaps, as a too beautiful consolation for her recent injuries, and also that regular doses of a powerful analgesic she was taking might have enhanced the vividness of those calamitous days.

Some hours later, Bob checked in at the Marriott. He informed her that the owner of the Modigliani was a Dutch antique dealer named Jack Vecht—he represented the fifth generation of Vechts in the business—whom Bob had met many years earlier during a long sojourn in Amsterdam. Next, a trim, handsome, fortyish Southern Californian appeared at the Marriott, and Bob introduced him as Ronald Faulk, his legal counsel, who was there to represent him in connection with the proposed purchase. This seemed odd to Peg, since she herself hadn't brought along an attorney, and anyway Faulk's dress and manner were rather too smooth to inspire her confidence. There wasn't a wrinkle in his clothes, and she recalls noticing with near-disbelief that all his cuffs and pockets were monogrammed. The three of them left the hotel, and, strolling through the streets and over five or six humpbacked bridges, they at length reached Vecht's shop, on the busy avenue known as the Rokin. The little shop seemed cocooned in a private stillness and silence. The green of its wooden moldings had faded almost to gray, its striped awning was glazed with dust, and the ornamental faces on the capstones over the windows had half melted into the air. The door was locked; the Americans rang; Vecht, a courtly, balding man in his seventies wearing horn-rimmed glasses, presented himself. He showed them inside, and for a long while chatted genially with them, as if to show them that his time was all theirs. Then he informed them that the Modigliani was not in the shop—indeed, that he had no desire whatever to show it, not needing the money. Peg, meanwhile, though enjoying the figure he cut against all that lovely black delft, began to wonder whether he had ever had an expert examine the thing, and if not, why not.

At last, the merchant relented—what harm, really, could come of a peek at the picture?—and the four filed out of the shop and walked to his home, on a nearby street. It was a lovely apartment, glimmering with old glassware, but when Peg caught sight of the big nude her spirits flagged, because something did not seem right about it, and when she took it down from the wall and looked it over with her magnifying glass and black light her worst fears were confirmed. To her it felt too beautiful, too perfect—like a clever conflation of all the best features of Modigliani's work. She did not care for it, and neither Vecht's absorbing tale of how an antecedent Vecht had bought it from Modigliani himself—meeting the penniless artist at the Café du Dôme and spending a few francs for a picture he didn't particularly like—nor Bob's dismay at her fastidiousness could cause her to change her mind.

Peg was not surprised when, some hours later, Bob came around to her point of view. There was, she had begun to notice, a new ductility to the man, perhaps the result of his happy marriage to Barbara. He talked all the time about his little son, Evan, and his paternal solicitude seemed so ample that he now took Peg, too, under his protection, asking every few minutes if she was in pain or in need of a rest—she still limped noticeably. He showed her the Marriott spa, with its saunas, and they had a pleasant meal together at that old burghers' standby the Oesterbar.

Both still had business to pursue in Amsterdam—Peg had discovered a young painter whose work she liked. The next day, while they were lunching at the hotel's sidewalk café, Bob casually mentioned that an old acquaintance was in town whom she might want to meet. This person was Michel van Rijn, the son of the van Rijn at whose gallery Bob had shown his antiquities some twenty years earlier. Bob had known Michel since Michel was a child, and remembered him as an astonishingly bright boy who had taken a liking to him and accompanied him on numerous outings. Like his father, the little Michel had been fascinated by any kind of fine workmanship, and had sometimes pestered Bob with questions as to his own worthiness to follow in his father's footsteps. He wanted to know if he, too, could learn to seek out beautiful things, if he might someday even surpass his father and become a really great dealer, one of those impresarios who

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introduce a whole field of overlooked objects to a delighted and grateful public. Bob had barely finished describing Michel, recounting how he had thrown himself into the field of Orthodox icons and the Christian art of the East, when the man himself appeared—a handsome fellow in an English tweed jacket, with thick dark hair and a dense mustache.

Michel at once began to tell Peg about his interest in East Christian art. She sensed in his character an appealing vulnerability and also a certain tendency to flatter, which suggested that he was not averse to flattery himself. He was carrying a briefcase, from which he soon drew some brochures and packets of photographs and a heavy volume, edited by him, whose cover showed an icon of a melancholy saint. Michel seemed as brilliant as Bob had said he was, yet also sensitive to the impressions of others, and as he entered into a long and spirited defense of the Byzantine icon, which only in recent decades had been accepted by Western cognoscenti as a major form of expression, he would stop now and then to elicit Peg's opinion, or engage her in respectful debate. Thumbing through the photographs of his current icon stock, he seemed to drift away into the half-barbaric world of the ancient Christian East, with its visions of hirsute holy men and throngs of naked martyrs huddled under gold skies, and when Peg objected to the grim subjects and stylized modes of rendering he seemed more wounded than annoyed, and redoubled his efforts to make her sense the spirituality of these sacred treasures.

At length, and almost as an afterthought—it was one of those gestures that later seemed to have happened in a dream—he spread several pictures on the café table. They were photographs of four mosaics, two fairly whole and two in a somewhat fragile state. Of the two better-preserved mosaics, one was a roundel containing the bust of a dour-looking man with close-cropped white hair and a short beard, his head relieved against a nimbus labelled with the letters "IAKOBOC"; the other, also a roundel, featured a dark-haired, bearded young man with strikingly frank eyes, and bore the legend "MATΘEOC." The third mosaic showed a man gazing wistfully to one side, with, behind him, something like a broken wing, while the last one depicted a lad in his teens, who seemed to gaze up at Peg and Bob and Michel with a mild yet attentive expression.

The mosaics looked to Peg to be from the earliest Christian centuries—not so much Byzantine as Late Hellenistic; the faces seemed realistic portraits of actual people and bore some similarity to the mosaics of Sant' Apollinare Nuovo, in Ravenna. The heads weren't primitive and Oriental and unknowable, in what she then thought of as the typical Byzantine manner, but realistic and European—you could imagine them talking intelligibly to you—and the two or three whom she took to be apostles were portrayed not as insipid saints but as men of flesh and blood, thoughtful speakers and letter writers and founders of congregations. Peg's early training in the Disciples of Christ had taught her a particular respect for the apostolic faith, which is the believer's heartfelt reënactment of the apostles' experience of Christ's teaching, and here before her lay images of some of those very men, depicted—so it seemed to her—in the days when the collective memory of their physical traits would have been as fresh as our memory of the faces of the Founding Fathers. Yet through her magnifying glass Peg also saw evidence of terrible decrepitude—missing tesserae, cracked plaster, menacing fissures—which tugged at her charitable nature, her susceptibility to abandoned children and wounded animals. Months later, at the trial, she would tell the court that she was "grieving" for the neglect the mosaics had been through. The figure with the broken wing (she eventually discovered that he was an archangel) seemed to speak to her with unusual poignancy, and she "fell in love"—these words, too, she would use in court—with his image and spiritual message.

Peg remembered now that a few years earlier Bob had mentioned something to her about Christian antiquities available in Europe, and she assumed that these were the pieces: Michel told her that they had been excavated from the rubble of a church in northern Cyprus which had been destroyed during the Turkish invasion of 1974. The owner was a Turkish archeologist who had obtained the right to buy the battered works and had transported them

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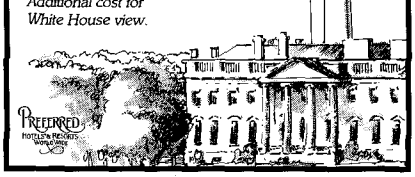

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to his home in Munich. The archeologist had apparently changed occupations; he had started some sort of ship-breaking business, with scrapping yards situated at various places in the Balkans, and he also dealt in antiquities, for which he had a continuing passion. The Turkish gentleman was wealthy, and had hitherto declined to sell the mosaics to Michel, but now his business was in trouble and he had contracted stomach or liver cancer and was undergoing radiation therapy, and the combined expenses disposed him to realize some money on the pieces. Though Michel had long wished to acquire them, he had no available funds at the moment, and so would consent to help Peg buy them. He guessed she could have them for about three million dollars.

Peg had never sold a piece for anywhere near that much money, and, as she later told the court, she "hemorrhaged" at the mention of this price. Yet she was smitten with the mosaics, and in the next day or so, as she wandered about Amsterdam with Michel and Bob and Ronald Faulk, going to galleries and museums and a concert, they continued to discuss the pieces: who might have made them, how they had survived the depredations of the centuries, whether any museum might be interested in acquiring them, and whether, if the price should be lowered to around a million, Nick Frenzel might be persuaded to get his bank to lend her the money for a purchase. Wherever they went, people came out of shops and galleries to salute Michel; his book about East Christian art was in all the bookshops, and a poster for a show of icons he had recently organized at Delft was displayed in the windows of a number of galleries. He seemed a remarkably trusting person: for one thing, he told her the name of the wealthy Turkish gentleman, which was an unusual thing to do, since dealers rarely reveal the identity of a source; for another, he candidly told her that he had been convicted in absentia in France for forging an artist's signature—a conviction he fiercely resented, since, he said, he certainly hadn't forged anything and hadn't even been aware that the trial was going on. He insisted to Peg, whom he now called "Peg, darling," that the French practice of trying defendants in absentia was juridically abhorrent, and she concurred with this view.

It soon became clear to Peg that Ronald Faulk was Michel's legal counsel, too, and that if she were to buy the mosaics he would have to be involved. Neither Bob nor Michel would contribute to the price, since they both had cash-flow problems, and neither would expect a finder's commission; instead, they would settle for shares in the resale value of the pieces. And since Bob could not afford Faulk's hourly fee it was suggested that Faulk, too, take a percentage of the resale price. Thus there would actually be five parties to any transaction—herself, the Turkish gentleman, Bob, Michel, and now this monogrammed Californian.

Peg called Nick Frenzel in Indianapolis and told him that the Modigliani deal had collapsed; she also told him that she wanted to buy the mosaics. The proposal seemed to her an exercise in futility, but there was nothing to lose and Nick sounded as if he were in an expansive mood. "How much can a pile of rocks be worth?" she remembers him joking, but he also agreed to try to arrange a loan for her from Merchants Bank.

Peg now began to feel that this extraordinary coup might be possible. But how to deal with the Turk in Munich? The man was apparently dying, he didn't know her from Eve, and, as Michel pointed out, the fact that she was a woman wouldn't make matters any easier. Then Ron offered to fly to Munich—it seemed that he had already been there on Michel's behalf a few days earlier—and he returned some hours later with a glowing description of the refinement of the Turkish gentleman, whose name was Aydin Dikmen and whose home was full of the most precious antiquities. And yes, Dikmen had agreed to sell the mosaics at a much lower price; she might even get away with half of what he had originally asked. Dikmen also seemed to have all the necessary documentation, including export licenses from Turkish Cyprus.

On July 3, 1988, Peg entered into an agreement to buy the mosaics from the Turk for a little over a million dollars. Her gallery would own them outright, with no commission paid to Bob or Michel; however, they would

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receive half the resale proceeds, with five per cent of that going to Faulk for his services. Thus Bob and Michel each had a 22.5-per-cent stake in the merchandise. The agreement was written but was left unsigned, pending an examination of the pieces in Geneva (a common venue for antiquities sales on account of the lenient Swiss banking and legal structure); Peg was secretly hoping to bargain the Turk down once a loan of a million two hundred thousand dollars from Merchants Bank arrived at a corresponding bank there. Faulk was dispatched to Munich to accompany Dikmen and his treasures by air to Switzerland.

Then Peg and Bob flew to Geneva, leaving Michel behind in Amsterdam. They checked in at the Hôtel des Bergues; from her room, Peg phoned various customs offices and international agencies to see if the mosaics had been reported stolen, neglecting, however, to call any representative of either the Greek Cypriot or the Turkish Cypriot government. On July 5th, she went by herself to the freehold section of the airport for a brief inspection of the pieces. Already there, standing beside four crates, was a man whom she took to be Aydin Dikmen. In later days, when the error of purchasing those mosaics filled her whole life with its enormity, her memory of the Turkish gentleman returned again and again to haunt her: a short, frail, well-dressed man, who was perspiring freely and apparently suffering from jaundice. There could be no haggling, for he did not understand English. They shook hands, and the crates were opened. She raptly inspected the mosaics. Then he motioned for the crates to be resealed, and she left. He had said nothing. She was never to see him again.

THE Kanakaria mosaics had already been published, in 1977, in a volume titled "The Church of the Panagia Kanakaria at Lythrankomi in Cyprus: Its Mosaics and Frescoes," by A. H. S. Megaw and E. J. W. Hawkins. Megaw had been the director of antiquities for Cyprus under the British colonial administration, and Hawkins was an eminent restorer; he had cleaned the mosaics in the great Church of St. Saviour in Chora, in Istanbul. The book—one of a series of monographs sponsored by the Dumbarton Oaks Center for Byzantine Studies, in Washington, D.C., which has aided in the preservation of many Byzantine monuments—contains extensive photographs of the church, its heavily damaged frescoes, and its mosaics; the photographs were taken after the completion of restoration work in the mid-nineteen-sixties. The original basilica, probably built around A.D. 500, appears in the photographs as a narrow stone structure covered by a tunnel vault and surmounted by a shallow cupola, and around this edifice a later addition, consisting primarily of two side naves and a narthex, can be easily made out. There are clear closeups of all the mosaics and frescoes. That these votive decorations had been published so recently would have suggested to an informed buyer that the appearance of any of them on the market was suspect; and this became an important issue in the trial. Cyprus claimed that Peg had known of the Dumbarton Oaks publication at the time of purchase, but what she told the court, and reaffirmed to me, was that, though she had been aware of the existence of some sort of publication, she had not succeeded in obtaining a copy of the monograph until six weeks after her return to the United States. Here, as with so many key episodes in the court's composite chronicle of the transaction, there was no single accepted version of the events, no story that could recommend itself as the unquestionable truth.

The mosaic group had been in the apse of the church. At its heart was a geometric figure of mystical significance called a *mandorla*, from the Greek word for "almond." The *mandorla* enclosed a touchingly simple mosaic of the Blessed Virgin holding the Christ Child on her lap—an image known in Byzantine iconography as a Theotokos. Here Jesus was shown as an adolescent, not a baby, which may have been the designer's gentle reminder to the faithful that Christ was both man and God and had had to pass through all the stages of human development. On the north side of the *mandorla* was an archangel; his fellow on the opposite side had been missing for decades, perhaps centuries. Ten saints in roundels—there had once been twelve—graced the archivolt.

In November of 1979, the Republic of Cyprus received word that, while the church still stood, all the mosaics were gone. Of the ten roundels, three—

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Paul, Luke, and Philip—had been so fragile that they were probably destroyed in the course of removal. Two others—Jude and Bartholomew—were to resurface in the Republic in 1984, under mysterious circumstances. The whereabouts of Mark, Thomas, and Andrew remained unknown. Peg had bought Matthew and James and the North Archangel. And she had bought Christ.

Well, she had the Head of Christ, but she did not have the entire *mandorla*. Much of it, including the Head of Mary, had already been missing when the pieces were photographed in the sixties; the rest had vanished either during or after the removal of the mosaics, and the strange and frightening thing was that somebody—apparently somebody shameless and brutal—had cut away the lower part, the part that showed the Hand of Mary and the Feet of Christ. This seemed an egregiously sacrilegious act, because it defiled a hallowed image, dismembering the caress with which the Mother of God, on behalf of all mankind, returns His unwavering love.

Early in the fall of 1988, after Peg had returned to Indianapolis, Michel called her and announced that he had "great news." He had discovered that the Turkish gentleman also had the Hand and the Feet and the roundel of St. Andrew. Michel had not yet been able to secure an option on these pieces, but he hoped to do so soon. The thought that she possessed only some of the Kanakaria mosaics now began to disturb Peg both spiritually and aesthetically; she was also aware that partial ownership might queer an eventual sale, since sets of anything are best marketed complete. There was something irritating about the whole situation, as there always is when you buy into something and then realize that some part has been withheld and you have to go back for it.

In the meantime, two people had bought resale shares in the mosaics. The first was an Indianapolis physician named Stewart Bick, who acquired half of Michel's interest and half of Bob's interest, for a total of seven hundred and eighty thousand dollars, and the second was Nick Frenzel himself, who bought eight per cent of Bick's share, for an astonishing three hundred and ninety thousand dollars. By this time, it had begun to look as if Peg might sell the mosaics for many millions of dollars, since people all over the States were nipping, and one wealthy Greek seemed on the verge of buying. A bewildering series of loans and debt services bedevilled what had become a virtual consortium of offerers.

And then there was the sales force. By October of 1988, at least four people besides Peg were trying to market the mosaics, each hoping for the giant commission. The most impressive of these would-be brokers was Geza von Habsburg, an archduke of the imperial line and a grandson of Frederick Augustus III of Saxony. An expert on Fabergé, he had served for many years as the head of Christie's European operations, and had recently opened, with two partners, a small auction house based in Geneva and New York. Von Habsburg's firm was said to stress its exceptional commitment to "discretion," and tended to favor private treaty sales, in which a potential buyer is invited to place a secret bid for the objects on offer. Von Habsburg proposed to arrange such a sale for the mosaics, and even agreed to advance Peg a certain amount of money, subject to proof that her title was secure. At one point, he and Peg placed a transatlantic phone call to a man purporting to be Aydin Dikmen; speaking a rudimentary German, the man sounded willing to sell them the Hand of Mary and the Feet of Christ, together with the roundel of St. Andrew. About the same time, however, von Habsburg called Marion True, the antiquities curator of the J. Paul Getty Museum, in Malibu, to offer the pieces to the Getty for twenty million dollars. As it happened, Marion True enjoyed excellent relations with Dr. Vassos Karageorghis, the director of the Greek Cypriot Department of Antiquities, and, warning von Habsburg of possible flaws in the seller's title to the mosaics, she notified Cyprus that four suspicious Byzantine works had appeared on the market.

All this time, Peg's infatuation with the North Archangel was growing. She even thought for a while that she might not sell him at all but keep him for herself. "He gave off such an aura—it was like white light," she told

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me later, when I was trying to figure out what had happened to her. "I had this strange déjà vu—it was like I'd always known him, yet hadn't. I had recurring dreams of knowing him—of knowing who he was. The day I finally got hold of the Dumbarton Oaks monograph on the mosaics, I opened it and realized that for several days I'd been humming that old song from the fifties—'Got an angel on my shoulder.' I hadn't thought about that song since I was a kid."

By late autumn, Peg's phone conversations with Michel had gone sour. According to Peg, he sounded possessive about the mosaics and disdainful of her selling techniques, and he was trying to wheedle her into changing the terms of the deal so that he would have a larger resale share and sole control of the marketing. "Peg, darling, it's not right, it's not fair," he would say, over and over, and the next thing she knew he swam into her dreams, with his thick mustache and breathy Dutch accent. "I just couldn't escape his influence," she later told me. "He was inside my head. I had nightmares. It was like some sort of possession. Part of me just wanted to escape him, but part of me—the social worker in me—wanted to help him."

Early that winter, Michel called to announce that he had finally persuaded the Turkish gentleman to sell the Hand and Feet plus Andrew. On February 10, 1989, a new purchase agreement was signed by Peg, Bob, Michel, and Stewart Bick allowing them, by exercise of Michel's new option, to buy these items; but by this time the Embassy of Cyprus was already taking steps, and the mosaics were never reunited.

THE removal of the mosaics from the Kanakaria church could not have taken place without the partition of Cyprus in 1974. It has been a long time since the Greeks and Turks of Cyprus agreed on much of anything, and they do not agree, to say the least, on what brought about the Turkish invasion in the summer of that year, the Turks claiming that Ankara intervened, in accordance with the 1960 Treaty of Guarantee, to protect the Turkish minority from persecution, and the Greeks insisting that the invasion was part of an irredentist design. Whatever the case, the island had already been partitioned, de facto, by the withdrawal of much of the Turkish population into defended enclaves in the mid-sixties and by the Greek imposition of an economic blockade on these enclaves, one of which occupied much of Nicosia, the capital. When the invasion came, it drove more than two hundred thousand Greek Cypriots from their homes and left thirty-seven per cent of the island in Turkish hands. The so-called Green Line has divided the two communities ever since, with the Greeks living in the south and the Turks in the north, and a United Nations force stationed between the two. The south continued to be called the Republic of Cyprus and to regard itself as the sole legitimate authority over the entire island, while the north, after several name changes, decided to style itself the Turkish Republic of Northern Cyprus. This ministate has remained heavily dependent on Turkey and is garrisoned by Turkish troops.

During and after the invasion, the cultural property of both communities suffered considerable damage, but the Greeks were especially grieved by their losses. They had a lot more to lose—the island's Greek treasures by far outnumbered its Turkish ones—and they had also been forced to give up large tracts of territory inhabited mostly by Greeks. The looting of Orthodox Christian precincts was particularly widespread—irreparable damage was done to important Byzantine monuments, such as the Antiphonitis Monastery and the Church of St. Themonianos, near Lysi—which suggested to the Greeks that the Turks were pursuing a policy of anti-Hellenic vandalism. This theory has been disputed by some outside observers, who note the Turks' relative impoverishment and their eagerness to build a tourist industry oriented toward countries whose populations profess Christianity; yet the destruction of churches and the theft or defacement of icons was a painful reality all the same. In some cases, Turkish troops from the mainland probably indulged in opportunistic pillage; in others, soldiers or local ruffians casually vandalized any visible symbol of the hated enemy. More ominously, signs appeared that sophisticated international smuggling rings were operating with near-impunity; Turkish journalists reported instances in which such rings had bribed minor officials. U.N. sol-

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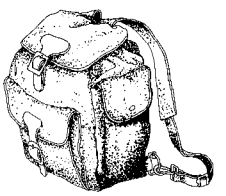

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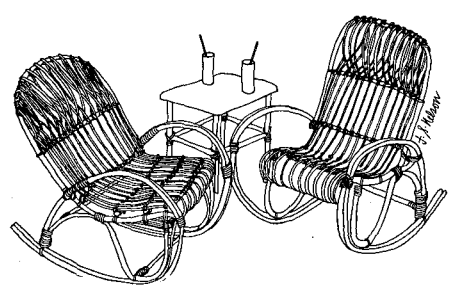
diers regularly crossed the Green Line, and a few of them seem to have been corrupted with remarkable ease; some female couriers are thought to have availed themselves of the traditional Turkish reluctance to search women. Because no country but Turkey extended diplomatic recognition to the Turkish Republic of Northern Cyprus, outside funding for the maintenance and protection of the antiquities there was unavailable. Hundreds of important icons, in fresco, mosaic, or paint on panel, vanished from the island, and their disappearance opened a terrible wound in the Greek Cypriot soul.

One reason is that these pictures are the traditional vehicles of contact with the Almighty. Though the worship of icons is not direct but "honorific," or "relative"—you pray not to the icon itself but to what it depicts—an image of a sacred personage, such as the Blessed Virgin, is not just a symbol; it actively partakes of her nature if made with the requisite purity and cherished in the correct way. In popular Orthodoxy, icons function a little like relics, and some of them actually are. Jesus was thought to have impressed His features on a cloth and sent it to King Abgar of Edessa, where it was long venerated; if a holy man touched something, and then you touched the same thing, he touched you; there were edible icons, made from hardened bits of earth from the Miraculous Mountain of St. Symeon Stylites the Younger. For simple, devout people icons are images with supernatural powers: they weep, bleed, guarantee contracts, speak on occasion, move across water without getting wet, cure ailments, and if carried about the walls of a besieged city protect it from infidel armies. Size and artistic merit are irrelevant to sanctity, and the millions of tiny, commercially manufactured portraits strewn throughout the Orthodox world are all devotionally equidistant from the Pantocrator and His saints.

The Kanakaria mosaics are not only votive objects, however. They are also a prime part of the heritage of modern Cyprus, the tiny nation born in 1960; the icons of Cyprus were being catalogued for the first time when the Turkish troops invaded in 1974. The treasures of Cypriot craftsmanship are seen as the islanders' invaluable patrimony, part of what spiritually defines them, and the loss of any major Cypriot work of art is experienced as deeply painful. The spirit of a people, even a very small people, is inevitably furnished with memories of material things—of mountains and rivers and cities and shrines—and the appearance of an unmistakably Cypriot angel on the shoulder of some lady in Indianapolis was not something that either the Church or the Republic of Cyprus could tolerate. Cyprus filed suit for a recovery action in Federal Court in Indianapolis on March 29, 1989.

Peg now had to find some very good lawyers. She turned for help to Nick Frenzel, who recommended hiring Baker & Daniels, the oldest law firm in Indiana. He also suggested that she press for a relatively brief discovery period, so that their meter might not run for too long; he pointed out that unless she could pay off her debt to Merchants Bank she'd better put a cap on her legal expenses. Counsel for the defendant would be Joe Emerson, a brilliant, mild-mannered expert in corporate litigation on the federal-court level. Cyprus's chief attorney was Thomas Kline, of the Washington, D.C., firm of Manatt, Phelps, Rothenberg & Phillips. A smallish, scholarly-looking man in horn-rimmed glasses, Kline specialized in environment and antitrust law; he had never tried an antiquities case, but he was eager to take on a lawsuit of historic importance.

During the two months scheduled for discovery, the opposing legal teams took more than twenty depositions. Neither Kline nor Emerson knew much of anything about Cyprus or the antiquities trade, and most of the time they were at a disadvantage. Some of the deponents were extremely evasive and gave barely credible testimonies; together they wove a tapestry of whispers, hints, clues, hole-and-corner confidences, and taunting equivocations, so that today when you read their statements at a stretch—or, rather, when you read *in* them, for piled up they stand six feet off the floor—you get the eerie feeling of entering a far-flung delusional system, a sort of folie à tous. The antiquities world evidently counted many players in many countries and in several tiers. Some were clearly illicit traffickers; others maintained a façade of gentility but weren't averse to dealing with traffickers; and others turned their backs on the traffickers—or, at least, made it look that way. People cut themselves in and out of deals several times during a single day, cruising about with their portable phones, so that in time the story of Peg's purchase came to seem only one chapter in a vast "Arabian Nights" of interrelated mercantile episodes. The mountain of testimony did not solve a mystery so much as spawn one.



In the welter of dubious persons and documents, the Turkish gentleman seemed particularly fishy—his signature varied a lot, for example—and Kline began to wonder if maybe he wasn't someone of a different name altogether, or perhaps several people, or an Anatolian tribe, or nobody at all. Almost from the start, Kline impressed upon his colleagues the importance of assuming that there was no Aydin Dikmen unless some evidence to the contrary should be presented. He refused to clarify things he didn't need to have clear. Who had the better title, Cyprus or Peg? That was the decisive question. Kline had a lot of experience as a litigator; he'd taken his knocks, he'd examined many different kinds of witnesses, and he was not going to be thrown off stride by any of these funny art people—certainly not by someone like Bob Fitzgerald, who kept all his records in a midden in his garage. Kline also had a keen insight into human nature, and was by no means incapable of feeling a truant sympathy for Peg, who had obviously bought more than she bargained for. Yet, as he later told me, something about her bothered him. Perhaps it was her manner of brazening her way through perilous moments in the deposition process—what he saw as her weird resistance to awakening fully to her predicament. She was overconfident, and he figured that he might be able to draw her out with sops to her self-regard.

One of Kline's chief headaches was that he couldn't be certain whether Indiana law or Swiss law would be found to apply, since Switzerland, after

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all, had been the place of purchase. In Indiana, a purchaser cannot receive good title from a thief, whereas under Swiss law a good-faith purchaser may acquire good title to stolen articles five years after the theft. Kline held that the transaction had only a fleeting connection to Switzerland, and that Indiana law should govern the issues in this case. Under Indiana law, Peg would have trouble claiming good title to the pieces, since, Kline would argue, the Church of Cyprus had never given or sold them to anybody.

As is common in litigation, however, Kline also staked out the alternative, or contingent, position. Suppose Swiss law should be found to apply—what then? He maintained that under the application of Swiss law Peg did not qualify as a good-faith purchaser—that suspicious circumstances should have caused her to question whether the seller could convey good title. There was the peculiar nature of the intermediaries, Fitzgerald, van Rijn, and Faulk; the baffling obscurity of the export papers, which, he noted, she didn't actually see until some months after the purchase; the fact that the art had recently been published by Dumbarton Oaks; and her failure to produce evidence of her alleged search for reports of theft. The defendant "claims she fell in love with these mosaics at a glance," Kline said in his pre-trial brief. "However, she does not want them for what they are or convey so beautifully, even after fourteen centuries; she wants the opportunity to profit—enormously—from the plunder of others."

Joe Emerson turned out to be a litigator who could argue very cogently on paper but was rather less effective in court. During the trial, a reporter noticed that he could not at first pronounce "Sotheby's," and he often found himself in the unenviable position of having to ask questions to which he could not even guess the answers. (He later told me that he had at times been unnerved by the barrage of devious and misleading statements to which he was continually subjected by witnesses.) In his brief, Emerson naturally claimed that Swiss law governed the issue of Peg's title, and that both her inquiries and her purchase had been made in good faith. He noted her levelheadedness in July of 1988, demonstrated by her refusal to buy the Modigliani. He reminded the court that she had made phone calls to customs officials and to established centers of information on art theft; that she had obtained an appraisal of the mosaics not only from Michel van Rijn but also from two specialists; and that she had procured what she reasonably believed to be valid export documents. As for the trustworthiness of Michel van Rijn and Bob Fitzgerald, they were mere finders, not the seller himself, and in any event Peg wasn't buying Fitzgerald and van Rijn, she was buying the mosaics.

As Emerson proceeded to collect evidence, he began to see that the weakest aspect of Cyprus's case was the long period between the discovery that the mosaics were missing and the demand for the return of the property. Under Indiana law, a victim of theft who demonstrably knows or suspects the identity of the thief and fails to take action against him may have a very hard time suing the purchaser of the stolen goods. Moreover, when victims of theft "sleep on their rights" it may be a sign that their hands are not clean. What Indiana wags were now calling "the gaps in the apse" had first been reported to the Cypriot government in 1979, but Cyprus had not demanded the return of the mosaics until almost ten years later. Emerson argued that Cyprus had had ample reason to suspect that Aydin Dikmen had the mosaics—a suspicion that should have arisen at least by 1982, when the Turkish Cypriot newspaper *Ortam*, which the Greek Cypriots monitored, ran an article connecting Dikmen with the theft of Christian antiquities from Turkish Cyprus. At the time, Dikmen was operating quite openly in Munich, giving his name and address on his bills of sale and listing his number in the Munich telephone directory. It was awfully strange, if not utterly damning, that Cyprus had failed to put a detective on the case, to notify Interpol, to alert the customs service of any nation, or to proceed against Dikmen under the available provisions of West German law.

One of Kline's key witnesses was Constantine Leventis, the Republic of Cyprus's Ambassador to UNESCO. In a deposition taken a week before the trial, he testified that Cyprus had put

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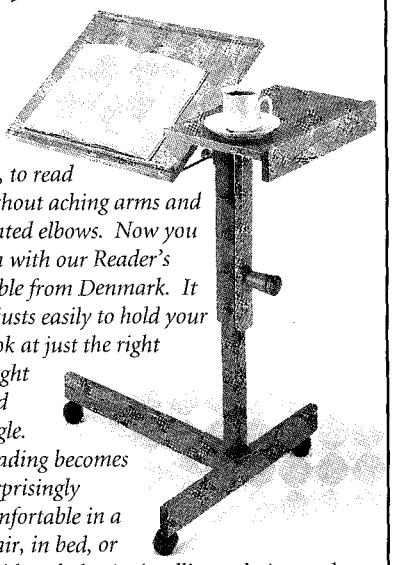

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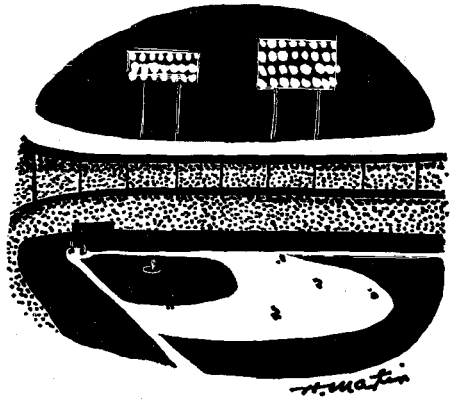
out word of the disappearance of the Kanakaria mosaics just months after the loss was discovered. A small, modest, rather straitlaced man in his mid-forties, Leventis had inherited a vast fortune and become a respected philanthropist; he was the director of the Leventis Foundation, which funded socially useful projects in Cyprus and West Africa. Though he professed no great interest in art, saying that he had no art collection save for "a few watercolors," he was privy to a lot of information about objects already recovered by Cyprus. When Emerson questioned him about the circumstances surrounding the recovery of two of the mosaics in 1984, Leventis replied that they had been returned, along with two fakes, through the agency of a London art dealer named Yanni Petsopoulos, who had arranged for them to be left in a warehouse in Frankfurt for the Cypriot Embassy people in Bonn to pick up. Had Leventis known the name of the man who had been in possession of them, Emerson asked. No, he had not, and, so far as he was aware, neither had anyone in the Greek Cypriot government or the Church of Cyprus.

The Cypriot case was somewhat imperilled when the Indianapolis *Star* ran an interview with an out-of-state museum expert on the significance of the forthcoming trial. This was Walter Hopps, the curator of contemporary art at the Menil Collection, in Houston, and he went on at such length that Peg called Joe Emerson and said, "Joe, that man's hiding something—subpoena him." Emerson thereupon obtained a court order to depose Hopps and his employer, Dominique de Menil. Mrs. de Menil, née Schlumberger, was then almost eighty years old; she had founded the Menil Collection, a museum based on her own holdings and named after her late husband, John de Menil, about ten years earlier. Long fascinated by the spiritual side of art, she had fallen in love with Eastern Orthodox culture and amassed one of the finest Byzantine collections in the country.

Mrs. de Menil's deposition was taken in Houston. What her testimony revealed was that the Menil Foundation (the parent of the Collection) had, like Peg, bought Cypriot antiquities from the Turkish gentleman, and that the Cypriots had been well aware of it; the reason they had been well aware of it was that Mrs. de Menil had ransomed the antiquities on their behalf. What had happened was this: In June, 1983, Yanni Petsopoulos—a wealthy, smooth-mannered Greek who came from a rich Constantinopolitan publishing family—had told Walter Hopps and Mrs. de Menil that he had discovered two Byzantine frescoes, cut up into segments, in the possession of a Turkish businessman who lived in an apartment in Munich. He had taken his two clients there, and the Turk showed them a drawing of the ruined basilica from which the frescoes had supposedly been removed; he said he had uncovered this building near a town in Anatolia while bulldozing a site for a new youth hostel. He also showed them photographs of the frescoes, and several individual fragments. But they doubted the Turkish provenance, and soon established that the paintings were in fact from the tiny church of St. Themonianos, outside the village of Lysi, in Turkish Cyprus. They then got in touch with Dr. Vassos Karageorghis, the Cypriot antiquities director, who after lengthy negotiations managed to persuade His Beatitude Archbishop Chrysostomos of the Church of Cyprus to let the Menil Collection buy the frescoes, restore them, and mount them in a specially built chapel in Houston for fifteen years, after which they would be returned to the Church of Cyprus. These revelations composed a dark and dramatic tale of the rescue of vanished works of art, but the problem for Cyprus was that they also suggested that the Republic's officials had already done business with Dikmen, and had thus arguably compromised their recovery action against Peg.

Walter Hopps's revelations put Cyprus in a particularly dicey position. He testified that shortly after the visit to Dikmen's apartment Petsopoulos said that he'd noticed a mosaic roundel of a saint's head hanging on a wall over a certain red sofa. "I wonder if it isn't



a piece of the Kanakaria mosaics," Petsopoulos remarked. Hopps asked, "What are the Kanakaria mosaics?" And Petsopoulos exclaimed, "Haven't you ever seen? You don't know?"

Hopps went on to disclose that in 1985 or 1986 he visited Cyprus and saw the two roundels recovered by the Church in 1984, and that neither of them was the one he and Petsopoulos had seen hanging over Dikmen's sofa. Since the Dumbarton Oaks monograph showed that at least nine of the Kanakaria mosaics were in fair condition before the Turkish invasion, and since Cyprus had two and Dikmen apparently had one, six were still missing in 1986. And the obvious question was: If Dikmen had one, wasn't it a pretty good guess that he also had the six others? His phone number and his address were right there in the Munich telephone directory, as Emerson kept on repeating, yet the Cypriots had never gone after him.

And that was where the remarkable part of Hopps's testimony came in. He recounted the negotiations with the Cypriots over the Lysi frescoes, and how Vassos Karageorghis had said to him, like a good patriot, "I must ask you in whose hands these frescoes are at present," and how he had absolutely refused to answer, citing a warning from Petsopoulos that the possessor might destroy the frescoes or seek vengeance on somebody if he should come to feel hunted. Emerson was skeptical; when he questioned Hopps closely on whether he had any evidence that Dikmen had ever done such a thing, or could do such a thing, Hopps said no, he did not. Nevertheless, the Menil Foundation, like one acceding to extortion or kidnapping, had declined to reveal Dikmen's name to the victims of the crime; and the truly providential thing was that Yanni Petsopoulos had never revealed it, either.

According to Hopps, Petsopoulos had persuaded the Turkish gentleman to return, absolutely free of charge, the two Kanakaria mosaics that turned up in 1984. Between Petsopoulos and Dikmen, Hopps said, there had been "an enormous emotional explosion" over Dikmen's concealment of the true origin of the Lysi frescoes. It was here that the story became lurid, Oriental: At Dikmen's villa outside the Turkish city of Konya, Petsopoulos had dinner with Dikmen and his family, and then, when the two men retired to Dikmen's

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study, Petsopoulos "picked up a decanter, hurled and smashed it against the wall in the fireplace, to sort of punctuate what he was going to say next, and then shouted, 'How could you have lied to us?'" And then Dikmen—the same man whom Petsopoulos had represented to Vassos Karageorghis as a ruthless felon—came meekly to the conclusion that "the honorable thing to do was to turn over what he had of the mosaics." And so no money changed hands, and neither Karageorghis nor Constantine Leventis had occasion to learn the name of the man who had disgorged these fragments of the Cypriot patrimony. Much later, Petsopoulos would claim, to me, that Hopps's memory had failed him on certain minor points. But such, at all events, was Hopps's testimony; to some it seemed as if God Himself had ordained that through all the labyrinthine turnings of this affair the name of Aydin Dikmen should never fall upon the ears of any representative of the Republic of Cyprus. Peg gave the story no credence, but, to her outrage, nobody would stand up and swear that Hopps was mistaken, and so it was duly entered into evidence and accepted without demurral by the court.

THE trial itself began in late May. The judge was James E. Noland, an elderly Democrat of solid reputation. Father Maheriotis testified, and two learned international-law experts testified, and so did several Cypriot officials and a former caretaker of the church in Lythrankomi. Michel van Rijn was not asked by either side to testify: Emerson took note of his quarrel with Peg, whereas Kline felt that his presence might elicit a certain sympathy for her. The most withering of the plaintiffs' expert witnesses turned out to be Gary Vikan, the curator of medieval art at the Walters Art Gallery, in Baltimore, who was eloquent, wry, and conversant with all manner of Byzantine lore. Vikan wearily spelled out "provenance" for the court stenographer and made coolly cutting remarks about art dealers—including Michel van Rijn, whom he seemed to know something about. When Kline asked him what he would have done if he'd been offered this deal, he replied, "Walked."

Bob Fitzgerald was called to the witness stand on the morning of

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June 2nd. He had come to the courthouse in elegant attire, which for him was unusual, and accompanied by his beautiful young wife. He was observed staring covetously at Father Maheriotis's gold-crested pastoral staff, as if he contemplated making the abbot an offer for it. To some in the courtroom his manner seemed debonair; to his friend Peg it was infuriatingly flippant. When asked by Tom Kline to read one of the exhibits, Bob casually disclosed that he had forgotten to bring his glasses.

After questioning Bob on the circumstances of the sale, Kline dropped the first bomb of the trial: he asked Bob if it was true that Michel had paid Aydin Dikmen only three hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the mosaics. This figure was about a third of what Peg had shelled out, but during discovery Ron Faulk had produced a secret purchase agreement—a contract among the three middlemen—bearing this sum. It was obvious that a very large piece of change—about seven hundred and thirty thousand dollars—had never reached the pockets of Aydin Dikmen, assuming that such a person existed. As it happened, Ron Faulk's deposition stated that he had received eighty thousand dollars for his services, but that still left six hundred and fifty thousand dollars unaccounted for.

"Where did the six hundred and fifty thousand dollars go?" Kline asked Bob.

"Seventy thousand of it went to an attorney in London," Bob replied.

"This was your attorney?"

"Michel van Rijn's attorney and my attorney."

"So the two of you took seventy for an attorney?"

"Approximately seventy. It would have been seventy-one or seventy-two."

"That leaves five hundred and eighty thousand, if my arithmetic is still holding. Where did the five hundred and eighty thousand go?"

"That was divided between Michel and myself."

Suddenly, the picture was clear. For a few hours of salesmanship in Amsterdam the two had netted five hundred and eighty thousand dollars on the brokering of the four mosaics, and this sum was in addition to their subsequent earnings on the sale to Stewart Bick of their back-end interests in the pieces.

A few minutes later, Jay Yeager, Emerson's young associate, rose to cross-examine Bob. It was an errand of mercy for Peg. He asked Bob how much money she had thought was going to Dikmen.

"She didn't know," said Bob.

"Did you ever discuss with her the amount at any time?" Yeager asked.

"I did not."

"Before the transaction?"

"I did not."

"Did she ask you about it?"

"Yes."

"She asked you about it more than once?"

"Several times."

"Why didn't you tell her, Mr. Fitzgerald?" Yeager asked.

"Because I told her it wasn't any of her business," said Bob.

Peg remembered no such candor on Bob's part, and she later told me that she wanted to reach across and pound Bob's head on the table. She was also beginning to understand how much information had been withheld from her, and that this trial was not the end but the beginning of an adventure.

It was not until the penultimate day of the trial that Peg took the stand. She was questioned first by Emerson and then by Kline. Though it wasn't theoretically necessary for Kline to prove that she had made a bad-faith purchase, much was actually riding on that issue, for Judge Noland had announced his intention of at least considering the case in the light of Swiss law. Eleven months earlier, Peg had stood before a great decision, to buy or not to buy, and nothing would be more revealing now than a close look at her procedures, her caution, her scruples—or the lack of them.

Until now, Kline had spent much of his courtroom life arguing antitrust and environmental cases to largely empty halls, where experts confabbed in whispers and clerks studied their shoes; this was different. These crowds, these cameras, this suspense—this was like a full-dress trial on TV. He knew about "Hoosier hospitality" and felt that Judge Noland was extending it to him, so he resolved to avoid quibbles with opposing counsel, slurs on the defendant, anything that the court might construe as a cannonade. Carefully, he reviewed the events leading up to the sale: the tip about the Modigliani, the bank's letter, the plane flight to Holland, the arrival of Bob, the appearance of Faulk and Michel, the first serious discussion of the mosaics. Painting the picture he needed, he placed the middlemen very close to one another, in suspiciously cozy attitudes; they formed a closed circle

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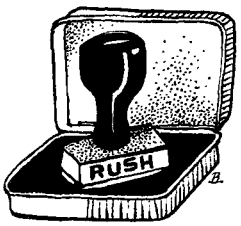
of cronies which Peg had never tried to break out of. He wished, as he later put it to me, "to highlight the suggestion that she was aware of a setup."

"Now, I'm correct, am I not," he asked her, "that Mr. Fitzgerald mentioned the mosaics over lunch in Amsterdam?" She replied that this was so, and they discussed the lunch a little further. Then Kline asked her, "Didn't Mr. Fitzgerald indicate to you, before Mr. van Rijn joined the conversation, that he had previously told Mr. van Rijn about you and that you might be interested in these mosaics?"



"In a general sort of way, yes," she answered.

"I'm not sure I understand what that means," Kline said. "Did he or did he not tell you that he had indicated to Mr. van Rijn who you were and that you might be interested in the mosaics?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Now, at some point Mr. van Rijn joined you during the conversation, and Mr. Fitzgerald introduced you to him?"

"That's correct."

"You had not known Mr. van Rijn previously?"

"No."

"And at some point Mr. Fitzgerald told you that Mr. van Rijn was a published author?"

"Yes."

Kline suggested that Michel's book, "Icons and East Christian Art," was merely a vanity publication, and she was obliged, somewhat uncomfortably, to concur. He asked her if she had known of Michel's little contretemps with the French courts; yes, she answered, she had.

He then turned to Ronald Faulk's appearance in Amsterdam. Had Bob told her that Faulk was there to represent him in connection with the Modigliani and other matters? She answered yes.

"During this conversation, you developed the impression that Mr. Faulk had already been to see Mr. Dikmen, didn't you?" he asked.

"I'm not sure," she replied, hedging. "I believe so."

Then Kline went on to one of Peg's most important contentions: that she had, at the time, accepted Michel as a reliable expert on East Christian art. "Now, Miss Goldberg," he said, "this morning I believe you testified that Mr. van Rijn told you the mosaics were either fourth- or fifth-century mosaics, and at your deposition I believe you said that he told you they were late fifth century. Do you recall exactly what Mr. van Rijn told you about the age of the mosaics?"

"I remember that we had a series of discussions, because I thought that they were earlier than he suggested, and we were discussing it back and forth," she said.

"That is consistent with my memory of your deposition," Kline granted. "He thought that—he told you he thought they were from the late fifth century. But you knew better, didn't you?"

"I thought better," she said.

She stood ready to defend her critical acumen, but Kline had fired his shot and pressed on. Soon Peg granted that Michel had misidentified two of the pieces.

A little later, Kline asked, "Miss Goldberg, one of the questions you had early on about the mosaics, besides whether they were fake, was the notion of whether someone else might consider them to be stolen property, isn't that correct?"

"Whether there were any reports of them being missing and stolen, that's correct," she answered.

"I'm asking a different question," Kline said. "My question is whether you had a concern that someone might consider them to be stolen property."

It fell to her now to express a passionate sympathy for the victims of theft, but instead she raised a technical point. "No," she said. "My concern was whether or not they had ever been reported missing or stolen."

"And how do you understand that to be different?" Kline asked.

"Because it is semantically different," she answered.

"Explain to me in content how it is different," he requested.

"Well, it is one thing to check with—to go through a list of checking appropriate agencies and discussing with the officials whether there is any report that anything has ever been reported stolen or missing, and it is another thing for someone to come out of the woodwork and say, 'By the way, that is mine.' I mean, those are two different things."

He rephrased his question. "When

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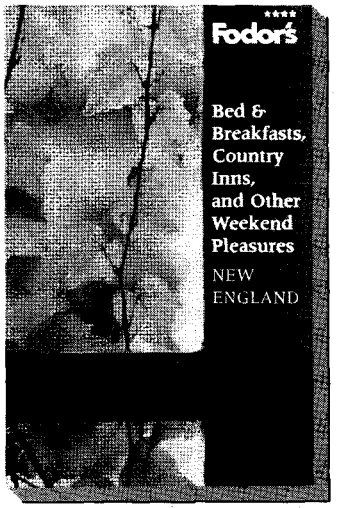

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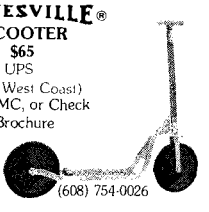

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you set out to make these phone calls," he said, "it was your purpose only to determine whether some claim had already been registered somewhere with these agencies about these mosaics, is that correct?"

"And whether there was an applicable treaty" was the unguarded reply.

"You were not trying to determine whether there was someone out there who might consider these to be stolen property?"

"I think I have already answered that."

"Well, indulge me and answer it again," he insisted. "That was not what you were trying to do?"

"Well, if there were someone out there who regarded them as stolen property, I would expect that, with the agencies I contacted, the name of the person or organization or country would have been revealed."

"And it was for that reason that you determined that the only inquiry you were going to make was to see whether these mosaics had ever been registered somewhere as stolen or missing, is that correct?"

"I don't think you are classifying it properly," she objected.

So it went for a while, thrust and parry, until he asked, "So you never called Cyprus?"

"I called the government—I called Northern Cyprus. I mean, the Turkish Customs."

"Which did you call, Turkish Customs or Northern Cyprus?"

"I called Turkish Customs and explained the situation to them."

"You didn't call the Turkish Republic of Northern Cyprus, did you?"

She answered that she understood that this entity was under the protection of Turkey.

"Who did you speak to when you called Turkish Customs?" Kline asked.

"An official."

"You don't know the name?"

"I don't recall the name, no."

"Who did you speak with at Swiss Customs?" he asked.

"I don't recall the name."

"Who did you speak to at German Customs?"

"I don't recall the name."

"Who did you speak to at Customs in New York?"

"I don't recall the name."

They discussed her other inquiries for a while, and there was also something about her letters to Merchants National Bank failing to mention Michel's financial interest in the transaction. Then Kline asked, "Miss Goldberg, would you identify Exhibit SS, please?"

"Yes. It is a fax from me to Mr. Frenzel and Mr. Massey at Merchants Bank marked 'urgent' with the descriptions or information that they had asked for."

"You wrote 'urgent' up at the top?"

"Yes."

"Would you turn to the very last paragraph on the second page just above 'thanks again,' and read that into the record, please."

"The last paragraph?"

"Yes. I'm sorry, I do have a clearer one if it is helpful. I have the original fax."

"No, I can read it. That is all right. It says, 'All are depicted in the publication of Dumbarton Oaks, a copy of which will be given to you upon my return.' "

"What do you recall to be the date of this letter?"

"I'm sorry, I can't read the date."

"There doesn't appear to be a handwritten date. Let me show you the original from the files of the Merchants National Corporation and ask you if this was not a letter that you transmitted to them by fax on July 5, 1988?"

"Yes."

"So, as of July 5, 1988, you were aware of the existence of the Megaw and Hawkins book published by Dumbarton Oaks concerning the Kanakaria mosaics?"

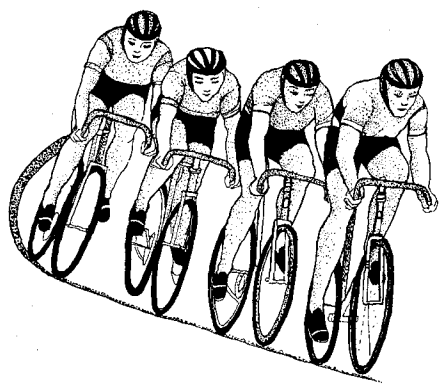
"No, I was not." Her answer seemed a bald denial of what she had just read aloud.

"You were aware that there was a publication from Dumbarton Oaks concerning the mosaics?" he repeated.

"I was aware that there was a publication that depicted the mosaics, yes," she said, apparently contradicting herself.

"And that it was from Dumbarton Oaks?"

"Yes."



This exchange suggested a scenario—that in buying the mosaics Peg had been prompted by an illicit motive. The scenario, a combination of two classic confidence games, went like this: The Modigliani painting had been offered as the bait in a bait-and-switch scam, and when Peg rejected it, as she was meant to, she was unwittingly setting up Merchants for the kill. By not availing herself of the bank's letter of reference, she had proved her self-restraint and thus ingratiated herself with Nick Frenzel, who was now predisposed to fork over hard cash for her next request. One had to picture her, jet-lagged and on heavy painkilling drugs, limping about Amsterdam with one hand virtually in Merchants' vault; fancying herself shrewd in business, with no time to lose, and, like so many opportunistic people, blind to her own defects of judgment, she must have made a very ripe pigeon. The city's theatrical atmosphere provided all the necessary intoxication for the second act of the script—a classic bunco play in which the mark is shown some exquisite but relatively low-priced merchandise, clearly of suspicious origin, and is offered the opportunity to buy it. In this scheme, the goods soon turn out to be fake or too hot to resell, but in the meantime the bunco players shake off the mark, who is too cowed and embarrassed to seek help from the police. If Peg had known of the existence of the Dumbarton Oaks monograph, there was reason to suppose that she had also suspected—perhaps without admitting it to herself—that the mosaics were stolen. Unlike most marks, however, she had waltzed right out into the limelight. Though, according to this theory, the con had stopped running when Peg discovered that she couldn't sell the stolen pieces, she was constrained to pretend that it was running, in order to make it seem that she hadn't played along with it; yet this pretense of innocence would undermine her in court by making her seem a gullible buyer. Kline carefully refrained from pressing home the thesis of her complicity in the fencing of the stolen mosaics—he couldn't prove it and didn't need it—but the Indianapo-

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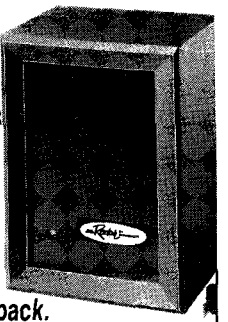
lis *Star* felt no such compunction; it stated flatly that Peg stood accused of "knowingly" buying plundered antiquities. She was also accused in the New York *Times* of "pretending to believe a cock-and-bull story." By degrees, the trial had acquired many of the attributes of a criminal proceeding.

Perhaps the most damaging document of the case was not the fax about the Dumbarton Oaks monograph, however. It was the purchase agreement, dated July 3rd, between Peg and the middlemen, which was unearthed during the discovery process. This agreement showed that Peg paid $1.08 million for the mosaics, not the $1.2 million she received from Merchants National Bank; it thus appeared that she had used a hundred and twenty thousand dollars for other purposes; however, she had shown her bank a fully executed bill of sale for $1.2 million, dated July 7th, so the court had to conclude that she had knowingly participated in a contract bearing a false purchase price. She testified that she had told Nick Frenzel she would be withholding a hundred and twenty thousand dollars, but in his deposition he claimed not to have known of her action. Now, as her tale of how she had disposed of this sum grew fantastically complicated, Judge Noland totted up the figures on a pad. Kline's team noticed that he was no longer looking her in the eye.

ON August 3, 1989, Judge Noland handed down his decision and order: that the pieces belonged to the Church of Cyprus, and should be delivered into the custody of that institution. Noland found that the law of Indiana should apply in the case: because the Church had never sold or given the mosaics to anyone, Peg had not acquired valid ownership of them. It was consequently unnecessary to determine whether she had bought the pieces in good faith, but Judge Noland went on to consider the issues "in the alternative"—that is, as if the law of Switzerland, the country where the transaction had taken place, were applicable. Here Peg's due diligence was a major factor, and he found it inadequate, stating six reasons for her to have been put off the purchase: that the mosaics came from a war-torn country, in which the rule of law had for a while not prevailed; that the sacred and essentially architectural, or immovable, nature of the pieces offered grounds for caution and delay; that the disparity between the offering price and several appraisal valuations suggested a "hot" origin; that the seller's reputation was unknown to the buyer; that the middlemen were suspect; and, lastly, that she had concluded the purchase with undue haste. In essence, Peg had not adequately considered whether Aydin Dikmen had title to the pieces, and her inquiry into their provenance had been slipshod. There was nothing farfetched about Noland's decision, but what he probably did not suspect was that his judgment, if upheld, would end by creating a new set of standards for the purchase of ancient art, since unknown provenance, artificially high appraisals, suspicious middlemen, and lightning transactions are the stuff of the antiquities trade.

Kline's cross-examination of Peg—what the people at Manatt, Phelps had taken to calling "the cross of Goldberg"—had been an unqualified disaster for her. She later told me that she had replied in strict conformity with her lawyers' instructions, which, she insisted, she had found repugnant. One might wonder if this was correct—was her memory distorted by defeat?—but she expressed herself with affecting ruefulness. She had been asked, she felt, to seem more guileless than she was, to wish away the dram of skepticism that had colored her first impressions of Michel van Rijn and Ron Faulk, to suppress her valid, if often rather convoluted, explanations for the peculiarities of the deal. She told me that she was not to mention a certain lost briefcase containing the records of her pre-purchase inquiries into the legality of the acquisition; she was not to expatiate on her "perfectly legitimate" business reasons for having overborrowed by a hundred and twenty thousand dollars. She spoke in a distressed tone of voice, interspersing her phrases with sighs, yet she apparently clung to her stubborn dream of righteous inviolability. In a way, it seemed, she felt as if she had won, for surely the whole world could see that her opponents were "twits" and their arguments "retarded." She was little Peg, tilting against the provincial pieties of a city that failed to grasp the realities of commerce and the law.

Her argument, if extravagant, was not altogether unconvincing. When I eventually obtained a copy of her fa-



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air sweet with falling blossoms of locust
and honeysuckle,

air so lush branches of trees
fill the dead space between ribs.

One by one cicadas fill lungs unlike ours.

They don't eat or drink,
and live to sing incessantly,

and so they don't accept liquids
for the parched throats of ghosts inside them,

they only *wait for them*—
seventeen human years,

the old patience for someone
to be praised to Urania and her sisters.

Mica wings are stretched and limbered
for the flight into song.

Thunder rivals them above the topmost leaves.
Neighbors hurry their lawnmowers along,

tight-lipped, pursuing
a code between themselves,

gunning the chokes,
turning and turning on the ground around the trees.

—JAMES REIDEL

• •

mous fax to Merchants Bank about the Dumbarton Oaks monograph, its wording astonished me. There were a few introductory sentences, and then, under the heading "Description," it read, "3 of the 4 mosaics are approximately 40 x 50 cm. by 10-12 cm. thick and, according to experts who have carefully examined the pieces, represent 1) St. Mateos (St. Matthew) 2) St. Paul 3) St. Luke. 4th icon is larger, measuring 45 x 65 cm. x 12 cm. thick; it is extraordinarily rare, for it depicts Jesus as a young adolescent." A little farther down was the sentence that Tom Kline had asked Peg to read aloud in court: "All are depicted in a publication of Dumbarton Oaks, a copy of which will be given to you upon my return." The first amazing thing was the misidentification of two of the icons. It will be remembered that one of the four clearly bore the inscription "IAKOBOC," and it would not have cost her many pains to look this up in a Greek dictionary and discover that it means "James." There was no excuse, either, for the notion that the Archangel was a disciple, since his nimbus, unlike theirs, carried no inscription. If Peg had examined the captions in the Dumbarton Oaks monograph she could have determined at once who the figures were.

But did she have the monograph at the time of the purchase? That's what I had begun to doubt. "A copy of which will be given to you upon my return" isn't the normal grammatical construction. Ordinarily, one would say "a copy of which I shall give to you upon my return." Both her misidentification and her grammar suggested that she had not seen the book but merely knew vaguely of some sort of publication. And if this was true then she had not lied to Kline when he quizzed her about it during her cross-examination: though she indeed knew of it, she had very little notion of what it was. Faulk, in his testimony, explicitly denied that she had seen it, and when, as she stated in her deposition, she did procure a copy for herself some six weeks after returning to the United States, she immediately told a dozen people about it in tones of the wildest delight. ("I know I sound brainless," Peg said to me once, "but when I bought those mosaics I didn't know what Dumbarton Oaks was.") Yet the misidentification of the pieces and the failure to specify the exact title and nature of the Dumbarton Oaks "publication" undermined her credibility as a responsible buyer. That, one might suppose, was why Emerson had not opted to defend her on this point: the less time devoted to that dreadful fax, the better.

I talked with many lawyers about the case, and I tried to pass on to Peg what I gathered from their explanations. There were good reasons why Joe Emerson might have wished that she seem competent and yet not too sophisticated. Then, too, a sea change was taking place in the world's conception of cultural patrimony; all the equities in the case spoke for the restitution of the icons to the Church of Cyprus; American legal thought would always place a greater burden on the purchaser's moral responsibility to know what he was buying than on the victim's responsibility to broadcast word of his loss. For her, these matters were "mere emotionalism," or a "propaganda scenario" contrived by Greek Cyprus. When I dared to point out, as many of her friends surely had, that to buy four icons stripped from an architectural site was an awfully risky business, she didn't seem fazed in the least. "What about all the Cypriot antiquities in the British Museum?" she would say, flapping a hand in the air. "What about the Cesnola Collection at the Met? Who arranged those—the antiquities fairies?"

Peg could talk for hours about the affair, sitting with one foot propped on the other knee while shafts of sunlight stole imperceptibly around her huge living room and then died slowly away. Because the purchase was her idée fixe, she had become approachable from one angle only, like a statue in a niche. Surrounded by pieces of evidence—by tapes and clippings and faxes, and also by bank memos, because the case had

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left her in a financial bind—she would laughingly exclaim that she was "repaying the national debt." She now owed well over a million dollars to Nick Frenzel, who had honorably repaid her note to Merchants Bank and himself assumed the role of creditor. Often the phone rang, drowning out the robins on her lawn, and then she was obliged to announce herself with a name blackened in the world press. It might be Scotland Yard on the line, or the F.B.I., or any one of a host of people from Los Angeles to Istanbul who wanted to know more about the maze she bitterly continued to explore—the maze of the antiquities trade.

Largely because Peg suspected that Cypriot government officials had "dirty hands" in the affair and had in the past struck bargains with the Turkish gentleman, she appealed Judge Noland's verdict to the Seventh Circuit Court of Appeals. Aside from the sheer fact of losing the mosaics and the lawsuit and a lot of money, two circumstances fuelled her fury: that the trial had never afforded any convincing model of what had happened to her, and that too many alarming omissions and mendacities had been passed over by the court. When you studied all the testimony, there were loose ends that whipped you in the face. How much did Cyprus really know about the Turkish gentleman? Who had possession of the remaining mosaics? Who had severed the Hand and the Feet? Was Peg's story merely a subplot, a sealed-up room in some vast labyrinth of conspiracy, or was "conspiracy" not quite the right word? As she pressed forward with her inquiries, the affair took on broader dimensions than anyone had ever thought it would. Who stood behind the mosaics caper? Who had organized the looting of Byzantine Cyprus? Was there a vast secret alliance somewhere, or only criminal factions, hidden camarillas, cells that endlessly bred and crossbred, perfidious and strife-torn?

The Turkish gentleman remained a mystery. In May of 1989, the London *Independent* had run an article about the trial by its art-market correspondent, Geraldine Norman, who had evidently received some information from Michel van Rijn. Her piece was illustrated with what purported to be an old photograph of Aydin Dikmen, and when Peg saw it she told Emerson that this was not the man she had met

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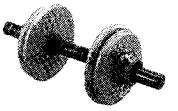

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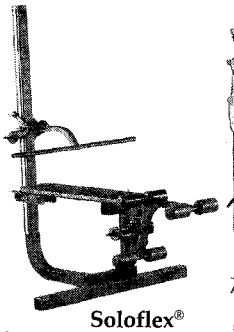

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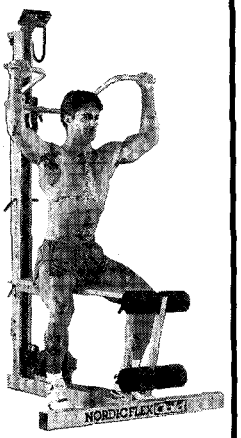

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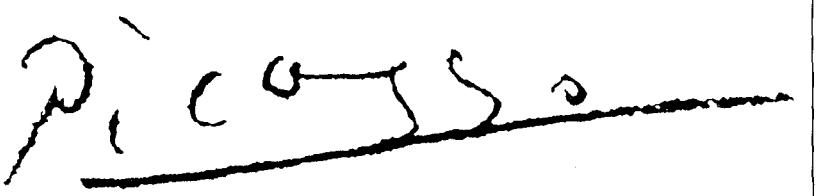

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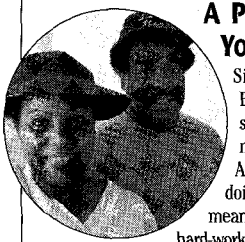

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at the Geneva airport. Other people who supposedly had seen him gave varying accounts of his appearance. Bob, who had encountered him fleetingly in Geneva, said in his deposition that he was short and nearly bald. Faulk said that he was a healthy man in his fifties, with salt-and-pepper hair. And Peg remembered the man in the airport—the elderly fellow with jaundice. The more you thought about Dikmen, the more you had to suspect that if such a person existed he was probably not the man she had met. It seemed that somebody was trying to keep her away from the real Turkish gentleman, but if she was to be kept from him, why had she been told his name and address? It was silly; it didn't make sense. Then, slowly, an insight matured in her, like a harvest long overdue. It was not so much that she had to be prevented from meeting him as that he had to be prevented from meeting her.

IN her search for new evidence, Peg first tried to contact Michel. She telephoned the ParkHotel, in The Hague, where she believed that he was now living, but he seemed to have decamped. Then Bob Fitzgerald called her. He told her that somebody—some incoherent foreigner—had called him at his condo, having presumably found his phone number in Michel's abandoned address book in the hotel. The foreigner desperately wanted to talk to Peg.

She soon reached the man, and he told her in broken English that he and some others knew of her predicament, and that they sympathized deeply and wished to assist her, but for this she must first come to Holland. So in the fall of 1989, accompanied by Emerson's associate Jay Yeager, she went back to Amsterdam, back to the Marriott Hotel and its sidewalk café, and there she met with three men, who identified themselves as Michel's former bodyguards; two were Yugoslavs, whom I will call Marko and Draža, and the third was a Dutchman, called here Hans. Offering to sell her documentary evidence supposedly damning for Cyprus's case, they asked for a large sum, which she did not have. She came home empty-handed and heavyhearted.

A few weeks later, Peg and Yeager returned to Amsterdam to parley once more with Marko, Draža, and Hans, who had promised to introduce her to someone of greater interest than themselves. This time, in hopes that the personage of importance was Aydin Dikmen, she brought along an interpreter who knew both Turkish and German. As she later told me (I got the whole story from her), the three descended at the appointed hour to the Marriott's lobby, where, to their surprise, a small crowd awaited them. There were, besides the three bodyguards, a fairish man with bangs, whom the others called Mehmet; an Asian with slicked-back hair and a gun in an ill-concealed shoulder holster; a short graying business type holding a briefcase; and a very tall, dark fellow, broad-shouldered and slim-waisted, who stood apart from the others, saying nothing. Peg, who was still half expecting to see the jaundiced sufferer she had met at the Geneva airport, was overcome with anxiety; she felt she was being drawn into a nightmare worse than any she had known before.

Her glance was immediately attracted to the graying man with the briefcase. His shoes were exquisite, his suit was beautifully tailored, and his haircut flattered his handsome face. Almost at once, she realized that she liked him; she didn't know why. She also realized that he was shouting at her. She asked her interpreter, "What in heaven's name is he saying?"

"He's asking in Turkish if you've ever met him before."

"Tell him I don't know. Tell him I can't remember."

But the elegant man railed on, gesticulating fiercely. "If the lady never met me before," came the interpreter's voice, rising above the vehement Turkish syllables, "then why did she use my name? Why ruin my business? Why get me in trouble with the tax authorities?" Behind the outrage in the Turk's eyes Peg thought she detected anxiety, vulnerability, bewilderment, as if he were adrift in a world he could not fathom and beseeching her—her, of all people—to help him. She extended her hand, but he declined to take it.

She then took from her purse a small English-German dictionary and, summoning a remnant of her college German, slowly composed a sentence. "I have never seen you before," she said, though in a way, she realized, she had—in that photograph in the *Independent*. Delving again in her purse, she held up her copy of the $1.2-million bill of sale for the mosaics and pointed to his signature. "Mr. Dikmen," she said, "you signed this paper." A moment later, her finger moved briskly upward to the document's warranty against impediments to sale.

As Peg remembers it, Dikmen appeared to understand the gravity of the situation, and the group retired to a conference room—a one-bedroom suite that she had booked for the occasion. The discussion resumed, and in the course of it Dikmen told them a story of ancient rivalries and government corruption, and of how in the midst of it all he had obtained permission from a Turkish Cypriot official to salvage endangered ecclesiastical art in northern Cyprus; he was, he said, just an innocent restorer of antiquities. Sometime during the meeting, Peg became aware that the tall, dark man who had stood apart in the lobby was closely observing the proceedings. He said nothing, but he seemed to exercise a certain authority, and she wondered who he was. After a while, the back-and-forth of English and Turkish caused most members of the party to lose interest, and they ducked out of the suite. Eventually, the tall man, too, got up and left; finally, Peg's interpreter decided to take a break, and so, since Dikmen has not been heard from, we have only Peg's account of what follows.

Peg and Aydin Dikmen were now alone, with no common language—his German wasn't much better than hers—yet with a very great deal to say to each other. It was like a fairy tale in which people transformed into beasts desperately try to communicate. Peg watched as, in pantomime or in disjointed German, the Turk tried to convey his thoughts: he seemed to be asserting that he had never been involved at all in the mosaics transaction—that he had never sold her a thing. A word formed on her lips: "Bullshit!"

She saw his eyes widen and grow troubled. So, it seemed, he knew at least one word of English after all. Would he understand more? She went over to the bed and unfolded on it a newspaper she had brought with her. It contained a story about the case, and Peg summarized in simple sentences

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what the columns said: that she, who was not a rich woman, had lost over a million dollars. She also tried to make him understand that she was a decent person, and that she was very sorry if she had caused him any pain. As Peg tells it, he sat down beside her on the bed. With a deep sigh, he looked up at her, and made a supreme effort to speak to her in her own language. "Lady Goldberg," he began.

"Yes?"

"Lady Goldberg, Popps is a liar!" And all at once he was on his feet again, his face contorted with rage, spewing out all his bitterness at the humiliation he had suffered at the hands of the man he called "Popps." Peg recalls that when she pointed out that Walter Hopps, under oath, had simply repeated Yanni Petsopoulos's story about prying some of the Kanakaria mosaics away from Dikmen so that they could be returned to Cyprus, Aydin's eyes blazed at the mention of Petsopoulos's name, and he made as though to spit on the carpet. "Popps was my guest!" he cried. "*My guest!*" He stopped for a moment to catch his breath. "Does the lady really believe," she remembers him asking, "that Vassos Karageorghis and Constantine Leventis do not know me? That Karageorghis had never done business with me?" He shook his head in dismay, calmer now. "Cyprus is such a small island. How could an American judge believe these things?"

She said, sadly, "Aydin, why didn't you come to Indianapolis and defend yourself? Why didn't you come and help *me*?"

In a babel of languages he replied that her defeat was foreordained, it was kismet, the Greek Cypriots had worked the whole thing out in advance. And Michel had told him that if he, Aydin, went to America he would be arrested and thrown into prison.

Presently, the others returned, and the interpreter helped to calm Dikmen, calling him "Aydin Bey," as one would a person of consequence. Mollified, Dikmen promised to put Peg in touch with a certain Turkish Cypriot who had all the information she needed. In return, she gave him a signed statement to the effect that she had not met him in Geneva; she also gave a five-thousand-dollar tip to the three bodyguards. They all made ready to go, but

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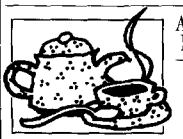

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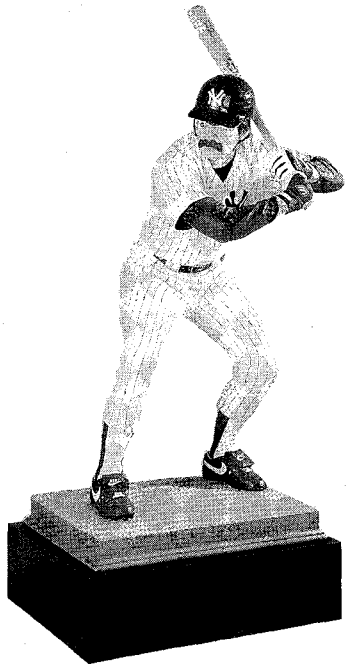

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before the meeting broke up something curious happened. The dark, broad-shouldered fellow who had been sitting off to the side got up and spoke to her. He introduced himself as "Benjamin," and said that he was a Yugoslav. He also said that he had come to the conclusion that she was an honorable person and that he would do his best to help her. This perplexed her, and later, when Dikmen and his party had left, she asked the interpreter if he had discovered anything of interest about this mysterious man.

"I would do my very utmost to avoid him," said the interpreter. "Aydin is afraid of him. Aydin says that this Yugoslav has him under surveillance, under virtual house arrest. Aydin says that he is mafia."

LIKE Aydin, Benjamin lived in Munich, and in March of 1990 he arranged in that city a second meeting between Peg and Aydin. Peg flew in and stayed at the Bayerischer Hof—alone this time, and afraid. Aydin graciously called at the hotel and drove her through town to a Montenegrin restaurant, grinding the gears of his Mitsubishi, cutting corners, racing the wrong way up a one-way street. He seemed "afraid of his own shadow," Peg later told me, and she sensed that he suspected they were being followed. Benjamin met them at the restaurant, and during their three-way conversation, as she recalls it, Aydin admitted for the first time having sold the mosaics. He told her that he had not known at the time of the sale that she was the buyer, and that he would not have sold the pieces to her for all the tea in China. Peg insists that he told her that he had believed he was selling them to Cyprus—in the person of Constantine Leventis, who had paid him about a hundred and eighty thousand Deutsche marks in 1984 for four other Kanakaria mosaics (this was obviously a reference to St. Jude, St. Bartholomew, and the two fakes). He also told her that he had netted a hundred and fifty thousand dollars out of the deal, not the three hundred and fifty thousand that had been mentioned at the trial. All this was of enormous interest to Peg, since Leventis had testified at the trial that he had no knowledge of Aydin Dikmen until a few months before the trial, and that Sts. Jude and Bartholomew had been given back, not sold. Disappointingly, Aydin also told her that he had torn up the signed statement she had given him in Amsterdam. For reasons that he left unstated, it had not satisfied him. Peg still liked the beautifully groomed Turk—he was such a gentleman!—but now she thought she discerned in him an obsessive fondness for secrecy. He offered her no immediate aid, regretting that he had no documents that would be of any use to her, but, as he had promised, he did give her the phone number of a Turkish Cypriot—the man's name was Ahmet—who apparently possessed various orders and invoices for antiquities bearing the signature of Vassos Karageorghis. Ahmet knew everything, Aydin said; Ahmet was the key person for her. Ignoring her pleas for help, Aydin wanted to talk only about what he had rescued from vandals in northern Cyprus; about how everybody in the antiquities world had known of his Cypriot inventory; about all the treasures he had sold to various American institutions and to Cyprus itself. Peg said goodbye to him with the feeling that he was wounded and intractable.

One thing, however, cheered her: during her stay in Munich, Benjamin had afforded her a certain hospitality and protection, and he had also offered to help her overturn the decision of the American court. He told her that his real name was Savo Kujundzic and that he was a hydraulics engineer, and she felt her fear of him ebbing. Within weeks of her return to Indianapolis, he had turned up at her doorstep, offering to be deposed by her lawyers. His participation in the appeals process took a long time to arrange, however, in part because Emerson was more than a little skeptical of all these omniscient foreigners. "Bad people, Peg," he would say, shaking his head. He insisted to her that Savo resembled a Hollywood thug, what with his dark suit and white socks, whereupon Peg pointed out that Savo's suit was of the best Italian silk and had probably cost over fifteen hundred dollars, and that white socks worn with black trousers were all the rage among the smarter Continental men that year. So by the time Savo's statement came to be taken, in May, Tom Kline declared that it was absurdly late—"untimely," as lawyers say—and that the plaintiffs would boycott it. It turned into a videotaped proceeding, at which none of Cyprus's lawyers were present.

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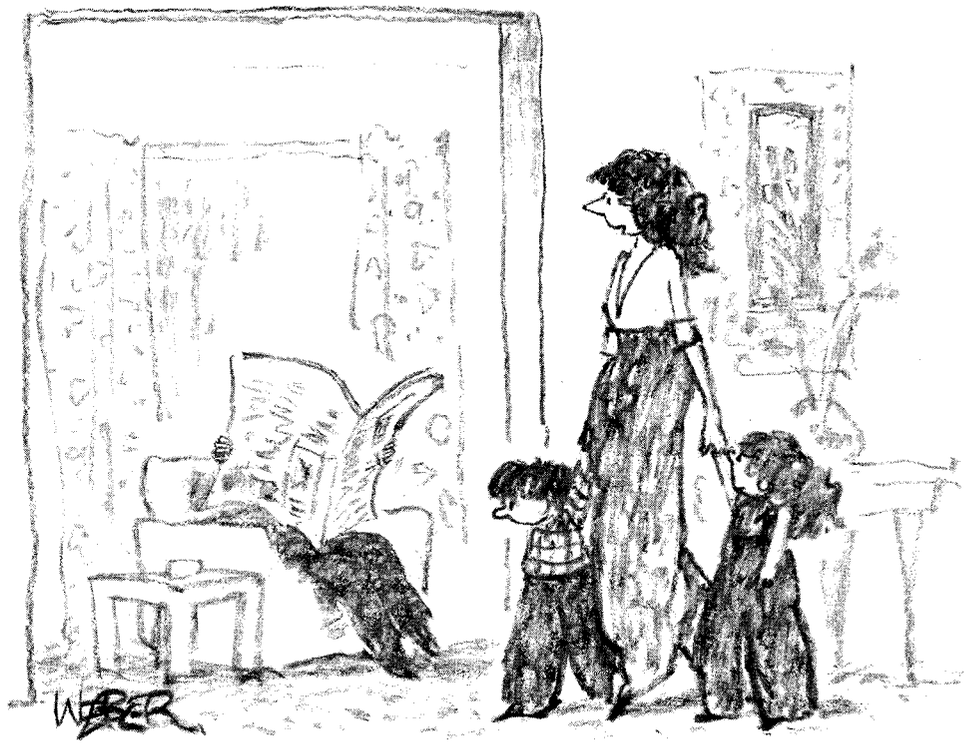

"Come, children, let's go imagine Daddy."

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Under oath, Savo contemptuously dismissed the rumor that he was some sort of crook. He said that he had gone to school in Hjevlja, in Montenegro, and had excelled in mathematics; had received a diploma in mechanical engineering from the University of Belgrade, in 1979; had done postgraduate work at the Sorbonne for two years; had represented the German hydraulics company Voith GmbH in Yugoslavia for several years; and had then moved to Munich and founded a small firm specializing in the design of hydraulic and pneumatic guidance systems. In 1978, he said, he had met Aydin Dikmen in Belgrade, where Dikmen was buying ships for scrap metal, and he had seen Dikmen regularly since moving to Munich. Dikmen had introduced himself to Savo as a former archeologist with a particular interest in the prehistory of the Danube Basin, and also as a collector of idols, coins, ceramics, sculptures, and all sorts of Greek, Roman, and Byzantine items. According to Savo, Dikmen owned property on both the north and the south sides of Cyprus before the 1974 Turkish invasion, and had been well known to Vassos Karageorghis. After the invasion, Savo said, Dikmen had obtained permission from the Turkish authorities to "save" various frescoes and mosaics in the north from dereliction and perhaps from complete destruction. Savo also seemed to know a lot about the Kanakaria mosaics that were still missing. When Emerson asked him if he knew their whereabouts, he replied, "Mr. Dikmen no longer has them. They don't belong to him. Mr. Dikmen has no mosaics at all anymore," and when Emerson again asked him "Do you know where they are?" Savo said, "Yes, but I would prefer not to answer that."

At the trial, the Republic of Cyprus had claimed that it had failed to go after the mosaics because it didn't know who had them, but Savo said that Cyprus had known exactly who had them. He said that he had met with Dikmen, the London dealer Yanni Petsopoulos, a restorer named Stavros Mihalarias, and Constantine Leventis sometime in the early eighties, at Sotheby's in London, where Leventis had attempted to negotiate a purchase of the Lysi frescoes. Dikmen and Leventis had seemed at variance, Savo recalled, with Petsopoulos desperately trying to mediate between them. A couple of months later, he said, Dikmen and Leventis again met in his presence, and it was obvious to him from their discussion that Leventis had already bought some of the Kanakaria mosaics from Dikmen.

On August 3, 1990, one year to the day after Judge Noland had ruled in favor of Cyprus, Joe Emerson filed a motion to set aside judgment, based on Savo's sworn statement. Three months later, the motion was denied: Judge Noland found that Savo's statement, even if wholly true, did not radically undermine the Cypriot case. The Court of Appeals, meanwhile, had upheld his original decision. Still convinced that she was in the right, Peg found vastly more powerful representation in the Washington firm of Arnold & Porter, which is on retainer to the American Association of Dealers in Ancient, Oriental, and Primitive Art. Her new strategy was to contest the Church of Cyprus's ownership of the pieces before the Supreme Court of the United States, on the ground that they had been expropriated by Turkish Cyprus after the 1974 invasion. But how was she meeting her legal expenses? On the Greek Cypriot side, the fear grew that she was being secretly funded by the Republic of Turkey.

When, fascinated by the thought that Peg would actually bring her case before the highest court in the land, I called her to ask who was paying Arnold & Porter, she replied that she was not yet at liberty to tell me, but that all might be revealed in the fullness of time. It was with coy pleasure, I felt, that she wrapped herself in the mantle of mystery, but in truth there was mystery and dubiety on all sides. Before the trial, for example, Emerson had informed the Cypriots that he wished to take the deposition of Vassos Karageorghis, who, as a noted archeologist and the Director of Antiquities from 1963 to 1989, might be expected to have known of Aydin Dikmen, but Karageorghis had, inexplicably, never shown up. Instead, Constantine Leventis had appeared, and now reports in two serious journals, one Turkish and one American, surfaced contradicting Leventis's claim that no money had been paid for the mosaics that were returned to Cyprus in 1984. Peg also came into possession of a tape in which Michael Kyprianou, a member of the Cypriot parliament and an attorney on retainer to the Church of Cyprus, could be heard chatting and

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laughing with Michel van Rijn, asking for his aid in the recovery of stolen Cypriot art. If Cyprus was negotiating with Michel, she reasoned, it could very well have negotiated with Aydin Dikmen. It seemed that Dikmen's activities were not unknown in Turkey: Özgen Acar, a Turkish journalist who had made a study of Balkan smuggling routes, wrote a series on the looting of Cyprus for the Istanbul daily *Cumhuriyet* in mid-1989, in which he pointed out that Dikmen had made headlines in the Turkish press in connection with twenty-one illegally exported Cypriot icons in March of 1977. It was absurd to suppose that the Greek Cypriots had not been monitoring such reports.

The role of the dealer Yanni Petsopoulos also excited some curiosity. It was interesting, of course, that Petsopoulos seemed to know so much about Dikmen's stock, but what was even more interesting was the insouciance with which he had gone about rescuing the Lysi frescoes. According to Gary Vikan's trial testimony, Petsopoulos, before approaching the Menil Foundation with his putative discovery, had appeared at Dumbarton Oaks and offered the frescoes to Vikan, who was then a senior associate there. He had shown Vikan some questionable documentation and a crude rendering (apparently by Dikmen) of a fictional church whose walls the frescoes had supposedly graced, and told him—with no attempt to distance himself from the account—Dikmen's cover story that he had found them in Turkey during the construction of a hostel. The price was six hundred thousand dollars. Vikan told the court that he had taken the pieces to be "illicit antiquities," and had flatly told Petsopoulos as much. Yet the dealer had reappeared some weeks later at the Menil Foundation and made a similar pitch to Walter Hopps (who initially wanted nothing to do with him).

In the end, the stain of doubt threatened to besmirch everyone involved in the affair, and a whole crowd of journalists and legal experts and amateur conspiracy theorists began floating hypotheses concerning what had actually been going on. They called themselves "Kanakaria junkies," and when they got together their blood raced and their features took on a ferretlike sharpness and they talked out of the sides of their faces. The junkies had noticed some interesting things. They had wondered, for example, why Mrs. de Menil had had her deposition and that of Walter Hopps placed under a court seal, and they also noted that on her visit to Dikmen's apartment in 1983 she had acquired two objects besides the Lysi frescoes, a fact she had revealed in her deposition. Yet if she had harbored serious suspicions as to Dikmen's honesty, as she also said in her deposition, why had she bought other items from him? How could she be sure that they, too, had not been smuggled or stolen? They remarked upon the fact that the Getty Museum, which had dutifully alerted Cyprus that Peg had the mosaics, was itself the owner of an idol illicitly excavated in northern Cyprus, as well as two important antiquities believed by Italian authorities to have been illegally exported from their country. The junkies toyed with scores of logically possible but unproved scenarios: They wondered, for instance, whether agents of Cyprus had organized the whole Kanakaria business from the start, commissioning the theft of the mosaics and then running four of them through the United States, as a propaganda coup against the Turks. Or whether the Cypriots had lost their leverage over the thieves at some point, so that the mosaics fell into the wrong hands and the Republic of Cyprus was obliged to sue for their recovery.

There remained, of course, the con-game theory, which had much to recommend it. It was fairly tidy, it satisfied the lawman's and the newsman's cynical view of human nature, and it conveniently declared the loser guilty. In my inquiry, I found it to be the prevalent view of the case, and I went along with it myself until a few details started to bother me. According to this theory, Peg had knowingly bought hot goods, which she later discovered were too hot to unload openly, but she had shelled out too much money to ditch them on the black market without sustaining a crippling loss; she was the "tail-end Charlie." What one might have expected, then, was that she would patiently try to sell them for a passable price to some very discreet or distant buyer—say, some Japanese. Yet she had unabashedly approached both the Getty and the Metropolitan. If she had ever known or suspected that the pieces were stolen, she seemed to have somehow forgotten it. And what about Bob's role? In September, 1989, he had been charged with conspiracy in the 1984 burglary of a local art collector's home, but the trial had been repeatedly postponed, and the prosecution's case against him was based largely on the testimony of two convicted felons who had turned state's witness. Bob himself had no rap sheet; and rumors were circulating at the time of the trial that he and his Idaho friend Lynn Harris had both worked for the C.I.A., either as informants or as operatives. ("Hell, no," Bob said when I asked him if this was true.) To me, Bob seemed a gambler, a poker player, a high-stakes, maximum-dare kind of dude, and not a professional criminal. He described himself to me as a hustler, and he certainly had the hustler's code of conduct: when he had told the court that his commission on the mosaics deal was none of Peg's business, he meant it quite literally. The deal was like a card game: the deck wasn't loaded; why should she get a peek at his hand? "Peg's a big girl, and very cunning," he told me once. "I suppose she hates me now, but I respect her anyway, and do you know why? Because she loves her cats."

As for Michel van Rijn—whose whereabouts were now uncertain—I'd never met him, but I couldn't see why he was so proprietary about the mosaics, and so interested in reuniting the far-flung pieces, if he thought that they couldn't be sold. What seemed more likely was that Bob and Michel and maybe some other unseen players simply didn't know whether the mosaics could be resold legally or not; it may have been too fine a point for them—one that only a ruling from on high could decide. So, the theory ran, they had done what speculators usually do on the threshold of a dangerous venture: they had induced somebody else to borrow the money, got somebody else to carry the note. Later, upset by the way things were going, they had bailed out.

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By the spring of 1991, the Supreme Court had declined to hear Peg's appeal. Her beloved Archangel and the other three mosaics were languishing in a vault in Indianapolis until the Cypriots should determine how best to bring them home. Yet she still talked a lot about "my mosaics" and told me that she often dreamed about the Archangel; and then, before I knew it, I was dreaming about the mosaics affair myself—around once a week, to be exact. I dreamed that aliens, androids, were behind the whole thing, directing its progress with the aid of a huge triangle of white fire; I dreamed that a priest in a long vestment and a conical mitre was sitting atop a ladder under a dome, crooking his finger at me and urging me, enjoining me to—what? What was he babbling about?

I figured that Michel knew as much as anyone about the story of the mosaics, and one evening at Bob's favorite tavern in Indianapolis I started plying Bob with questions about him. But Bob, who had recently been divorced from his young wife, Barbara, and was spending less time than he wanted to with little Evan, hardly heard me. He was looking fondly at every kid who came into the place, thinking—it was obvious—about Evan. "Don't talk to me about Michel," he said.

"Why not?" I asked. "Is something the matter?"

"Michel's a karate champion, did you know that?"

"I've heard that, yes."

"Well, I don't consider myself any weakling, either. Last time he was here in Indianapolis, we got into an argument, and he took a poke at me. I got a shiner and he got a shiner." Bob shook his head in disgust. "I think he had a difficult childhood, and he himself is a good father, which I respect. But one thing about Michel—he thinks kindness is weakness. And that really bothers me, it does."

I considered all this for a few moments. Then I asked, "Do you know where Michel is right now?"

"I wish I didn't," Bob said. "But I do." —Dan Hofstadter

(This is the first part of a two-part article.)

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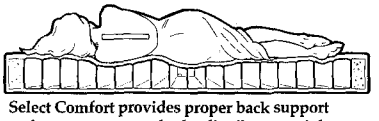

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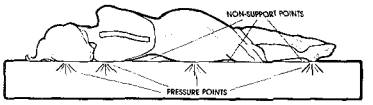

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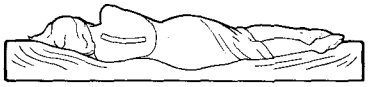

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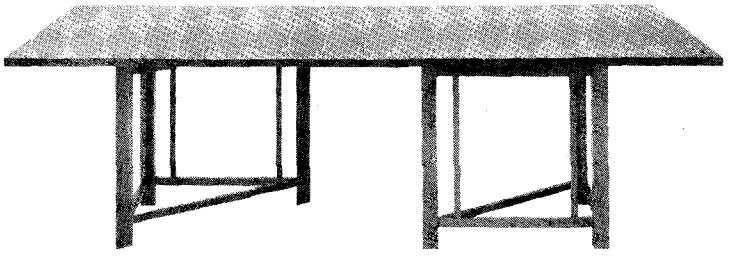

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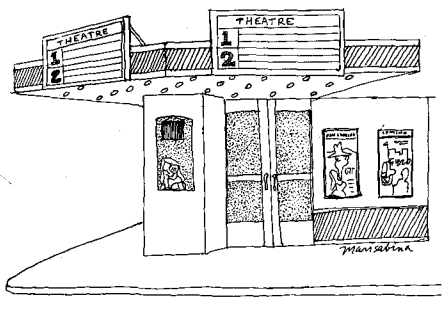
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Three Strikes

"A League of Their Own," Penny Marshall's fictional account of the All-American Girls Professional Baseball League, has no mind of its own. Marshall directed it with both eyes on the audience. The story of strong-willed female athletes who put on a hell of a show for the home front in the middle of the Second World War promises a unique, rough-and-ready verve. After all, these women are folk heroines. Competing as heartily as men while behaving like "ladies," they worked out new blends of masculine and feminine in public while filling stadiums and winning fans with their prowess. Marshall and the screenwriting team of Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel are less adventurous crowd-pleasers. They dress up a barebones narrative with set-piece gags and sentimental ploys. The lead characters are Dottie Hinson (Geena Davis) and her kid sister, Kit Keller (Lori Petty), who catch and pitch, respectively, for the Rockford Peaches and act out their sibling tensions on the baseball diamond and in the locker room. Tom Hanks mugs ingratiatingly as Jimmy Dugan, the Rockford coach and an alcoholic former slugger (his one truly funny gambit is an extended urination scene), and Madonna sashays through the supporting role of All the Way Mae, a ballplayer who tests the league's deportment code. If "League" scores commercially, it's sure to be hailed (like "Ghost") as a shrewd stroke of summer-movie "counter-programming." What's actually being programmed these days is the audience: Marshall and company want people to come out saying that they laughed and they cried. "A League of Their Own" aims for the tear ducts and the funny bone as ruthlessly as the big action-fantasy hits go after the viscera. This film begs the viewer's kindness, then abuses it.

The only semi-courageous aspect of the movie was the decision to make it. The All-American Girls Professional Baseball League isn't a forgotten chapter of our cultural history, but up till now it's been an unwritten chapter. (HarperCollins has just published a history of the league, "Girls of Summer," by Lois Browne.) In 1942, recruiters hired by the Chicago Cubs' owner, P. K. Wrigley, and the A.A.G.P.B.L.'s president, Ken Sells, began combing the women's softball leagues in this country and in Canada, hoping to create an attraction that would fill the vacuum left by male stars turned servicemen, like Joe DiMaggio and Ted Williams. It was Wrigley's inspiration to sell "girl ballplayers" to the public as poised, attractive women, not tomboys or shady ladies. The official uniform was a tunic over elasticized drawers, and the official regimen included charm school. But on the field the game was played with spikes, Louisville Sluggers, and, eventually, hardballs. As Harold Seymour writes in "Baseball: The People's Game," his history of the sport "outside so-called Organized Baseball" up to the Second World War, nineteenth-century female teams were routinely jeered, and condemned for impropriety and immorality. (One team was even accused of prostitution.) But, "by the eve of World War II," Seymour says, "women interested in sport were disregarding the tides of adverse public opinion and, in the words of the once-popular song, were following their 'secret hearts' and pursuing baseball in all its aspects." The girls who became part of this athletic subculture made Wrigley's gamble pay off.

The launching pad for this movie was an engaging 1987 documentary, also called "A League of Their Own," which was written and directed by Mary Wallace, and produced by Kim Wilson and Kelly Candaele. Candaele is one of five sons of the A.A.G.P.B.L. star Helen Callaghan, who was known as "the feminine Ted Williams"; another son, Casey Candaele, plays for the Houston Astros. The documentary is not a major work. But without tears, and with a running time of a mere twenty-eight minutes, it outlines a tumultuous sports saga and celebrates a fit and spirited group of Americans now in their sixties and seventies. (Wilson and Candaele receive story credit for Ganz and Mandel's script.) In the documentary, Lavonne (Pepper) Paire Davis (who was a technical adviser to Marshall) summarizes the league's success: "You got a lot of people that liked to see the legs, and laugh, but they didn't expect to see you play good baseball. . . . We kept them there because we played damn good baseball." Although the documentary lacks heft, the veterans give it personality—they're too tough and spry to wallow in nostalgia or to express regrets. Pepper talks of having "a boyfriend in every port," and, at least once, two in the same port. (There's nothing as audacious as that recollection in Marshall's film.)



The documentary centers on a reunion in Fort Wayne, Indiana. Marshall bookends her movie with a similar occasion: the league's induction into the Baseball Hall of Fame, in 1988, which brought the ballplayers back together in Cooperstown. The tone of the film, though, is soft and wavering. When the aging Dottie (played by Lynn Cartwright) prepares to travel to the Hall of Fame, she's reluctant to attend the ceremony. But the rising-sap music on the soundtrack signals that her coolness will melt any minute. Once the flashback narrative begins, Marshall lands smack in field-of-dreams land, complete with cornstalks. The director has bent over backward to publicize "League" as an "entertainment" rather than a feminist statement. In the film itself, her defensiveness and her confusion about portraying female power reach ludicrous extremes. When Geena Davis and Tom Hanks, who are both six-footers, sit next to each other on the bus, Hanks has the height advantage.

The only through-line in the movie is a tale of sisterly empowerment. But Marshall fails to pursue it with any conviction. Dottie, a bastion of strength and a natural ballplayer, impresses a cynical scout (Jon Lovitz) and helps persuade him to sign Kit for the league tryouts in Chicago (he's already sold on Dottie). Both sisters make the cut. But it's Dottie who takes charge of the Rockford Peaches when Jimmy Dugan ignores his coaching duties (he feels that he's been hired only for his fame),

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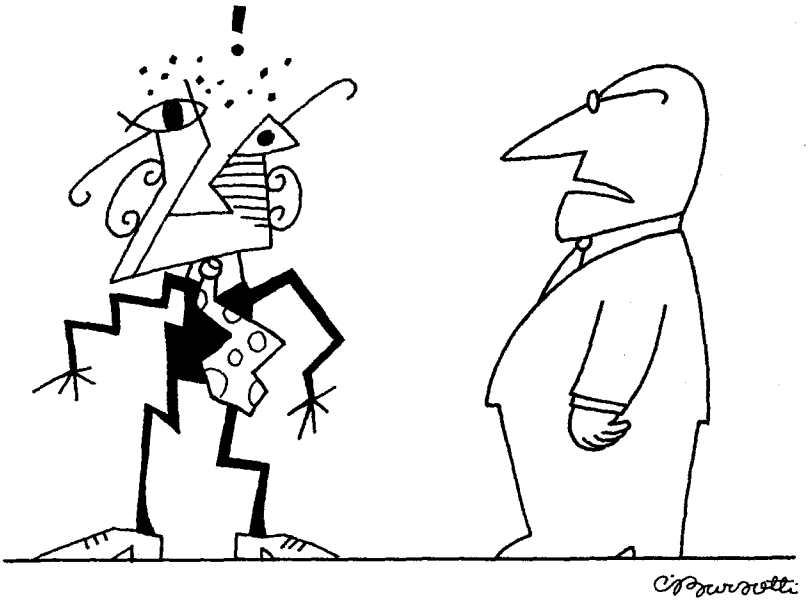
and it's Dottie who becomes known as "the Queen of Diamonds." Kit performs in Dottie's shadow until she's traded to Racine, and ends up—guess what?—facing Dottie in the league's first World Series. The movie ought to build to the moment when Kit shows she can lick the game on *her* terms and overcome her bratty-little-sister immaturity. Yet Marshall never convinces us that we should care about Kit. She's a whiner who can't take Dottie's advice and mistakes it for manipulation. Anyway, Davis's Dottie is such a striking camera presence that you don't want to divide your attention between her and her sister. Davis has almost no character to play, yet she boasts an unself-conscious alertness that extends from her eyes to her spikes. So does the ultra-blond Freddie Simpson, as the pitcher Ellen Sue Gotlander, and she has *no* character to play. But Marshall doesn't let us dote on the kinetic beauty of these two whipping into action. She emphasizes the vaudeville in the material—the showoff tricks the team members perform to publicize the league, such as Dottie's doing a cheerleader's split before making a simple catch, and out-of-left-field gags that peddle Madonna's offscreen persona. The movie gets some low-comic mileage out of the friction between Jimmy and his club, but Scott Glenn did the frustrated macho coach better in "Personal Best"—and that movie, by the writer-director Robert Towne, was vastly more layered and sensuous, and even more feminist.

For historical background, there's a newsreel clip depicting the departure of male baseball stars ("Look out, Mr. Hitler. The Yanks are coming! Not to mention the Indians, Red Sox, and Tigers") and a brief speech condemning the "masculinization" of females, delivered by a woman who can only be called an old biddy. (Marshall deals in female stereotypes: it's intended to be hilarious that the Rockford Peaches' chaperon resembles Margaret Hamilton's Wicked Witch in "The Wizard of Oz.") There's not much else to set up the story's context. John Badham's nearly forgotten 1976 movie "The Bingo Long Travelling All-Stars and Motor Kings," about a black baseball team in 1939, captured more period flavor and barnstorming atmosphere. In fact, Marshall is at her dead worst when she tries to evoke wartime tragedy. She draws out a scene in which Jimmy grabs a military telegram from a callous messenger and approaches the married players; Hanks takes so long to cross the locker room that everyone in the audience has time to get out a handkerchief.



"I hope, Reinhardt, that you're not one of those people whose sense of self-worth is defined by their job."

• •

Although even minor comedies (like "Major League") have managed to gain some rhythm from the ebb and flow of a baseball season, "A League of Their Own" moves in fits and starts. Right from the beginning, Marshall goes after immediate effects, and they don't cohere. Lovitz rips away at one derisive joke after another; he's such a city slicker that he wonders whether milking cows will harm them. He treats Dottie and Kit as hopeless hayseeds, but Marshall welcomes the way he reduces them to straw women, just as long as he hits his punch lines. (If Lovitz's cameo came at the end of the movie, it might be a relief instead of an assault.) When Lovitz scouts a homely phenom named Marla (Megan Cavanagh), the director wrings yocks both from Lovitz's shocked expression as he takes a gander at her and from a closeup of Marla's Munchkin face. What comes next is shameless. Marshall tries to tug at our heartstrings as Marla's father laments that he treated her like a boy—as if treating her like a girl would have altered her looks. (The speech is the indicator that Marla will receive a spectacular makeover.)

In general, the filmmakers belong to the Seven Dwarfs school of dramaturgy. Each character is nailed to a single trait: Marla is the homely one, Evelyn (Bitty Schram) is the sensitive one, and there's an illiterate one, a superstitious one, and so on. Most of the players either find redemption or redeem someone else. Marla gets married—the peak of personal salvation. And Jimmy has a two-stage redemption: first, he takes the girls' league seriously and grows competitive again; second, he becomes a sensitive man. Before that evolution, Hanks has a play-it-to-the-bleachers scene when Evelyn breaks into tears and Jimmy explodes with the statement that "there's no crying in baseball." With Penny Marshall behind the camera, there *is* crying in baseball movies.

THE one good thing about "Unlawful Entry" is that it makes you appreciate Michael Dukakis's measured response to the question of what he'd do if his wife were raped. In this pretentious suspense movie, Madeleine Stowe and Kurt Russell play Karen and Michael Carr, an upwardly mobile L.A. couple who fall to pieces after they surprise a would-be burglar, who then puts a knife to Karen's throat. At first, Michael acts rationally. He lets the thief go, and the man dumps Karen, shaken but unharmed, into the swimming pool. But Michael can't help feeling that he should have ripped the guy's heart out. When Officers Pete Davis (Ray Liotta) and Roy Cole

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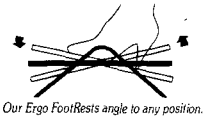

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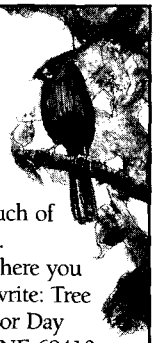

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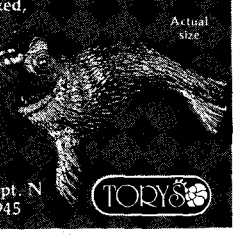

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(Roger E. Mosley) arrive on the scene, he's unduly impressed by their air of competence and force, and their ability to confront, day after day, the kind of violence and chaos that have invaded his comfy home. Before Michael regains his equilibrium, he gets too cozy with Pete, who wants to get cozier with Karen. For about ten minutes, "Unlawful Entry" is an effective exploitation of atavistic male pride, with class warfare mixed in. It swiftly degenerates into another heavy-handed cat-and-mice thriller—and this time both the cat and, fatally, the audience are much smarter than the mice.

The director, Jonathan Kaplan, and the writer, Lewis Colick, try to extend sympathy to cops as working stiffs while capitalizing on civilian fears of police corruption and brutality. They would show more respect for the working class, and every other class, if they had made a better melodrama. Past the grabber opening, nothing they do makes any sense on a simple narrative level. Roy suggests right away that Pete has a history of falling for pretty women while he's on the job, yet the rest of the movie paints Pete's obsession with Karen as proof that he's going over the edge. For someone who's meant to be a smooth entrepreneur, Michael is markedly inept at handling Pete, even when the cop is on Michael's turf (during a promotional party for a night club he's developing). And it's difficult to tell whether Karen is supposed to be obtuse or itchy when Pete starts coming on to her: Stowe gives the cop, and us, mixed signals. Liotta does his unsettling sensitive-psychopath number, while Russell is game, as usual. (When is he going to get another part as good as the ones he had in "The Best of Times" and "Tequila Sunrise"?) But all three leads fall into the chasm between the film's high ambitions and its base instincts. (Ken Lerner, as Michael's lawyer, and Mosley, as Pete's partner, bring a smidgen of self-aware humor and realism into the movie.) Like Lawrence Kasdan in the mushy "Grand Canyon," Kaplan wants to say something about the insularity of middle-class life and the rifts in American cities like Los Angeles. But "Unlawful Entry" is short on observation and long on jeopardy. It's what TV executives call "a Jep movie"—except that in TV Jep movies the victimized woman avenges herself. Here she needs the protection of her husband.

RECENT African-American comedies ("Strictly Business," "Livin' Large!") have portrayed black businessmen as neighborhood turncoats and pseudo white people. Eddie Murphy's enervated new vehicle, "Boomerang," directed by Reginald Hudlin ("House Party") and written by Barry W. Blaustein and David Sheffield (who wrote for Murphy on "Saturday Night Live"), at least projects a more glamorous and more complicated image of black success. This movie takes place in a world where entire upscale companies are run by African-Americans. When they act badly, it's because calculation and workaholism have consumed their lives, not because they've lost their black identity. Aside from a disgraceful anti-Korean throwaway gag, "Boomerang" tries hard to be positive; it's a pity that the movie isn't any good.

It's a slender comedy of romantic turnabout, padded with manic interludes involving Eartha Kitt as a perfume magnate, Geoffrey Holder as a sex-fixated director of commercials, and Grace Jones as an outrageous model named Strangé. Murphy plays Marcus Graham, a Manhattan marketing hot shot and ladies' man who ends up working under the woman of his dreams, Jacqueline (Robin Givens), when their cosmetics firms merge. Jacqueline treats Marcus as cavalierly as he treated all the previous women in his life; the script hands out one earnest lesson after another, so Marcus can learn what it feels like to be used. The talented Givens knows how to employ her flashing eyes and chiselled, haughty features for comic effect, but she doesn't get a single clever line. As Angela, the gal who sets out to save Marcus, Halle Berry is so much warmer and more accessible than Givens, while being equally pretty, that dramatically there's no contest. In his first movie in two years, Murphy attempts to polish the brassy energy that has become his trademark. He nearly rubs himself out. He has a couple of peppy casual scenes with David Alan Grier and Martin Lawrence, who play his best buddies, but a lot of the time he acts unconvincingly modest. The screenplay, with its constant references to his sexual magnetism, does all the bragging for him. —MICHAEL SRAGOW

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LETTER FROM SUDAN

WHEN a coup brought down the government of Sudan, in June of 1989, it was initially unclear what Brigadier General Omar Hassam Ahmad al-Bashir and his fellow-conspirators had in mind. Did they intend to get rid of the corrupt civilian leaders and hold new elections—a plan that would have satisfied many Sudanese? Or did they have something more permanent in mind; namely, did they plan to establish an Islamic state in Sudan, which is the largest country in Africa? General Bashir and his officers denied that they were fundamentalists, and though many Sudanese had doubts, American officials accepted the officers' assurances. Egypt, Sudan's neighbor to the north, did so, too, and swiftly embraced the new government. Perhaps the acceptance was a result of bad intelligence or wishful thinking, or perhaps the coup wasn't fundamentalist at the outset—perhaps the fundamentalists "stole it," as American diplomats now maintain. At this point, the debate is academic. In December of 1990, Bashir declared Sudan an Islamic state, and the government is now effectively controlled by the National Islamic Front, a fundamentalist organization that in various incarnations has been campaigning to establish an Islamic state here for nearly forty years.

The Bush Administration has been watching Sudan closely as an indicator of the strength of Islamic fundamentalism, arguing that if the movement succeeds here it will spread throughout the Horn of Africa and then south to Kenya and Tanzania. The fears in the West and in moderate Middle Eastern countries about the rise of the fundamentalist state in Sudan were heightened in December, when Sudan aligned itself openly with Iran. (Iran had been eager to acquire such a strategically located friend: Sudan borders on eight countries, including Egypt, and is just across the Red Sea from Saudi Arabia.) Sudan's support has given Iran a springboard for extending its Islamic revolution, and already the Sudanese government has become one of the most repressive in Africa: it is enforcing the Sharia, or Islamic holy law—ordering women to cover up, banning alcohol, flogging violators—and is training a large paramilitary force to carry out the revolution.

Though General Bashir has said that Sudan's Islamic revolution is the twin to Iran's, efforts to establish an Islamic state here predated the Iranian revolution by almost a hundred years. In the nineteenth century, Sudan, then a vast tribal wilderness, had been governed as a virtual province of Egypt, itself part of the Ottoman Empire, and a succession of khedives in Cairo had exploited Sudan for slaves. In 1881, Muhammad Ahmad Abdullah, an ascetic Muslim who was the son of a boatbuilder, declared himself to be the Mahdi—the messiah, in Islamic theology—and launched a jihad to overthrow foreign rule and purge Sudan of foreigners, predominantly the Turks, the Egyptians, and the British. At first, the authorities in Khartoum, Sudan's capital, and in Cairo did not pay much attention to the Mahdi, considering him a religious fanatic. But his message appealed to Sudanese Muslims and to other Sudanese who wanted to be rid of foreign influence, and he united many tribes in the cause. His soldiers were armed with swords and spears, but, driven by the spiritual fervor of the jihad, they inflicted a succession of stunning defeats on Egyptian forces, even though the Egyptians were better trained and were equipped with rifles.

Each victory convinced more tribes that Muhammad Ahmad was indeed the Mahdi. The British, who supplanted the Ottomans as the effective rulers in Egypt, were not then prepared to make a major commitment in the desert, and ordered Egypt to abandon Sudan to the Mahdi. London sent General Charles Gordon, who was already a legend for his exploits in Africa and China, to evacuate the Egyptians from Khartoum, which was

then just a collection of mud-walled houses at the confluence of the Blue Nile and the White Nile. The Dervishes—as the Europeans called the Mahdi's soldiers—kept the city's thirty-four thousand inhabitants, including eight thousand soldiers, under siege for nearly a year, and then, early one morning in January of 1885, thousands of the Mahdi's soldiers stormed across the seasonally low waters of the Nile and invaded Khartoum. A spear ended General Gordon's life, and later in the day a bundle was delivered to the Mahdi's camp. It contained Gordon's severed head.

The Mahdi, relying on what he said were visions from God, established a strict Islamic state and enforced the Sharia. Six months after the fall of Khartoum, he died of typhus, but his Islamic state survived for thirteen years. In 1898, it was finally defeated by a combined British and Egyptian force, under General Horatio Herbert Kitchener. It was not a fear of Islam but the geopolitics of colonialism that sent the British to reconquer Sudan: Britain needed to control the country in order to protect its interests in Egypt and to keep the upper Nile out of the hands of other European powers, particularly the French. Whether the British acquired much of value as a result is doubtful. "The Sudan is a desert, and a depopulated desert," wrote G. W. Steevens, a British journalist accompanying Kitchener's forces. "Northward of Khartum it is a wilderness; southward it is a devastation." That description remains close to the mark today. With further prescience, Steevens wrote, "It was always a poor country, and it always must be." Sudan might be made richer through irrigation, he noted, but that was not feasible, "simply because every pint of water you take out of the Nile for the Sudan means a pint less for Egypt." (Much of Egypt's contemporary, often hostile, attitude toward Sudan is based on the fear that Sudan will tinker with the Nile.) After the defeat of 1898, Sudan was jointly ruled for more than half a century by Britain and Egypt, under an arrangement called the Anglo-Egyptian Condominium, but for all practical purposes it was a British colony. Then, in 1956, Sudan became the first sub-Saharan

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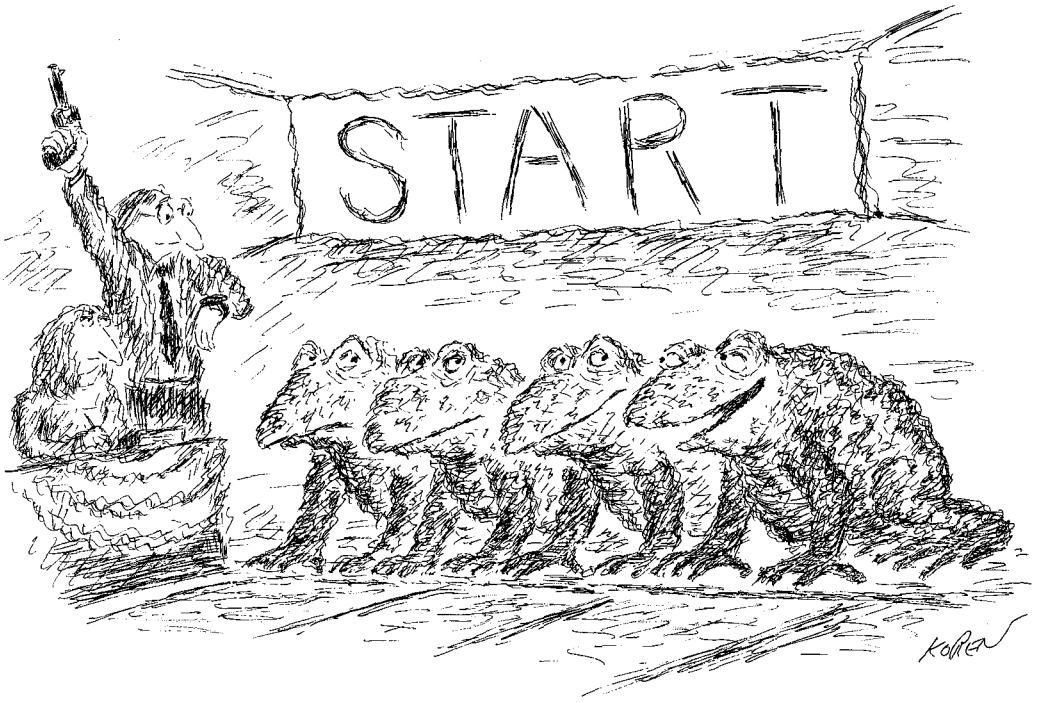

"I'm psyched!"

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state to achieve independence.

Since independence, there have been seven regimes—civilian and military—and all have been plagued by two troublesome issues: what to do about Islam and what to do about the South. Ethnically and culturally, Sudan is two countries: the North is predominantly Arab and Muslim; the South is largely African and either Christian or pagan. (The British originally thought that the Southern provinces might become part of an East African federation, along with the protectorates of Uganda and Kenya, but the idea never got very far.) Almost since independence, the South—a region larger than Texas—has been waging a war against the government in Khartoum, fighting for greater autonomy, a greater share of political and economic power, and religious freedom; the war in the South has waxed and waned according to the degree to which the North has tried to impose Islam there.

Most of the political parties that participated in Sudan's first independent government generally agreed on a policy of Arabization and Islamization of the South, but they had different ideas about whether Sudan should be a secular republic or an Islamic state, and about how closely allied the country should be with the West, so coalitions were continually being formed and then disintegrating. Fed up with the civilians' inability to govern and with their corruption, the military took over in 1958, in a bloodless coup led by General Ibrahim Abboud. Six years later, widespread public demonstrations, spurred by a desire for democracy and for a political settlement of the war in the South, forced Abboud to relinquish power to a civilian coalition. In the months preceding the elections of June, 1965, the Muslim Brotherhood—the force behind the National Islamic Front—entered the coalition government for the first time. (The Brotherhood was founded in Egypt in 1929, with the aim of ridding Egypt of its British-style, secular government; today there are loosely affiliated branches throughout the Middle East.) In Sudan's 1965 parliamentary elections, the Brotherhood (which then operated politically under the banner of the Islamic Charter) won only seven out of a hundred and sixty-eight seats. Sudan's second attempt at democracy lasted less than four years. In 1969, a thirty-year-old army officer, Jaafar Nimeiri, seized power, and then presided erratically for sixteen years. The Communists had helped Nimeiri come to power, and he immediately banned the Muslim Brotherhood, whose fundamentalist view is that the state exists to carry out the word of God. Nimeiri eventually broke with the Communists—a break hastened by a Communist-led coup attempt against him in 1971—and aligned Sudan with moderate Arab states and the West. He supported the Camp David accords between Egypt and Israel, in 1979, and four years later entered into an agreement with Egypt calling for political and economic integration of the two countries. Then, in September of 1983, Nimeiri abruptly announced the imposition of what became known as the September laws—the Sharia. The essence of the Sharia, which is based on the Koran and on Islamic traditions, is that the punishment should fit the crime. Thus, amputation—usually of the right hand but in extreme cases of both hands, and even of a foot as well—is the punishment for theft. Adulterers are stoned to death; murderers are ordinarily hanged, but if a victim's family forgives a murderer, often in exchange for a sum of money, his life will be spared. Lesser offenses are punished by flogging. After the September laws were instituted, the legal code was haphazard in its application, and in fact only nominally based on the Sharia. "Amputation days" were announced on radio and television, and on those days bloody severed hands were displayed to crowds. Soldiers broke into homes and hotels to snatch liquor bottles and dump the contents into the Nile, and drunks were publicly flogged.

Nimeiri's rule, the longest in the history of independent Sudan, came to an end in April of 1985, after the people took to the streets and immobilized the country with a general strike. The demonstrations were a reaction against his capricious imposition of the Sharia and against substantial increases in the price of food, and were also an expression of the Sudanese people's desire for democracy, which has been prevalent throughout the country's modern history. The generals who took over from Nimeiri promised free elections within a year and, in a stunning break with the practices of military regimes, they kept their pledge. The elections were held in April of

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1986, and the National Islamic Front won fifty-one seats—a full twenty per cent of the parliament, its best showing to date. Two non-fundamentalist parties, the Umma (the name means "community") and the Democratic Unionist Party, finished ahead of the National Islamic Front and formed a coalition government. Sadiq al-Mahdi, a great-grandson of the nineteenth-century Mahdi, was named Prime Minister.

Although Sadiq al-Mahdi was a good Muslim, he was apparently not as fervent as his ancestor—or maybe he was more politically astute. The country had no polltakers, but polls were not required for the politicians to know that the majority of Sudanese were opposed to an Islamic state, and during the campaign Mahdi had said that he would not impose the Sharia. Mahdi's hold on power was tenuous, however, and in 1988, after twice dissolving his coalition governments, he turned to the N.I.F., which agreed to join the government on the condition that the Sharia be enforced.

Mahdi was weak and indecisive, his government was one of the most corrupt in Sudanese history, and the country's decay became increasingly visible. Everywhere, people formed long lines early in the morning to get bread or meat or sugar when they were available; hospitals lacked basic drugs; in Khartoum, gaping potholes exposed telephone cables, and fields were filled with rusting Mercedes buses. After the N.I.F. came into the government, Mahdi abandoned negotiations to end the war in the South, though it was draining the country and was the major cause of a famine. (The fighting was forcing people to flee their villages, thereby disrupting their ability to plant and harvest even meagre crops.) If the Mahdi government wasn't intent on simply letting the Southerners starve, as many charged, it was certainly unwilling to take action to avert deaths. "I don't like saying this about a democracy, but we wouldn't mind seeing a coup," a senior State Department official told me in January of 1989. The Egyptians, unhappy about the N.I.F.'s participation in the Sudanese government and also about what it saw as a drift toward a Sudanese alliance with Libya, were even more anxious to get rid of Mahdi. Although just about everyone—Sudanese and foreigners alike—wanted to see the end of the Mahdi government, almost no one seems to have wanted the fundamentalist government that has followed.

General Bashir has by now survived several coup attempts against him, and he is today Sudan's head of state, the chairman of the Revolutionary Command Council, the Prime Minister, the Minister of Defense, and the Minister of Culture and Information. Impressive as those titles are, however, he serves at the pleasure of the N.I.F., and by almost all accounts, from Sudanese and from foreign diplomats here, the most powerful man in the country today is the leader of the Front, Hassan al-Turabi. As one American official put it in January, "he could walk down the street and be the President tomorrow if he wanted."

The son of a Muslim judge, Turabi, who is sixty years old, has been involved in Islamic politics since his student days at Khartoum University, in the nineteen-fifties. Now that the fundamentalists are finally in power, though, he has chosen not to be President or Prime Minister, for two reasons. One is that he does not want to be the target of the public's anger at the imposition of an Islamic state and at the continuing decline in living standards. The other is more important: although Sudan is as large as the United States east of the Mississippi, it is not big enough for him; he wants to play on a much bigger stage—the Islamic world. Turabi does not deny having greater ambitions. "I'll admit that I have many connections with the Muslim world and with Africa," he said in an interview in January. "I speak to the press more than other Sudanese. I'm accessible to visitors, to diplomats, to businessmen. And the Islamic movement in the Sudan is becoming a model for Islamic movements and revival." On another occasion, a reporter for an Arabic newspaper in London asked Turabi about reports that he was responsible for all the Islamic movements in North Africa and that he was the architect of some of their violent actions. Turabi replied, "That is an honor I do not claim and a charge I do not deny."

Urbane, erudite, beguiling—this is how Turabi has been described to me by several diplomats who have dealt

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with him. Many Sudanese have used the same terms, though they have often added the terms liar, evil, and dangerous. One Sudanese intellectual told me, "He's dangerous because he's so smooth and intelligent," and he added, "Hassan Turabi will meet you as an American and convince you that he is no different from George Bush."

Turabi greeted me at his home, in Manshiyah, a neighborhood of flat-roofed one- and two-story houses on the west bank of the Blue Nile. The streets of Manshiyah, like those of most of the rest of Khartoum, are unpaved and dusty, and there are no lawns and few trees; but Manshiyah is where the city's wealthy merchants, many of whom are members of the N.I.F., have chosen to live. Several new white Toyota Cressidas were parked in front of Turabi's house, and security men were lounging in cane chairs on the front veranda, their weapons concealed under Western shirts. Turabi, when he greeted me in a large reception area, was wearing a long, loose-fitting white djellabah, a thick white turban, and, around his neck, a finely embroidered white scarf; he has dark, lively eyes, behind tortoiseshell glasses, and a neatly trimmed beard that is partly gray. He told me that after receiving a law degree at Khartoum University, in 1958, he went to England and earned a master's degree in law from the University of London, and then to Paris, for a doctorate in law from the Sorbonne. Putting those university years in political terms, he said, "When I was a student in France, every North African student was a Marxist or an extreme socialist. And before that, when I was in Britain, every student was an Arab nationalist. Now it's very different—every student is an Islamist."

Turabi, who speaks classical Arabic as well as French and excellent English, argues that in the natural course of political development Islam will replace Western liberalism and Communism. "Islam is on the march," he said proudly. "There is a vacuum created by the sudden collapse of socialism and the bankruptcy of Western liberal and socialist regimes." He is confident that Islam will emerge as the world's major political force. It therefore didn't bother him that in Algeria the Army had stepped in to block the fundamentalists from coming to power and that the West had made no strong objections. "I don't mind, because, whatever the West does, Islam will still ultimately overcome it," he said. "I feel very confident that Islam cannot be stopped."

The failures of Western liberalism and capitalism are obvious to Turabi—in the form of moral decadence, scantily dressed women, crime, and so on. This decadence is epitomized by the United States, but Turabi and other fundamentalists argue that some Arab countries, such as Egypt, have been ruined, too, by a willingness to adopt Western ways. "The fifties—those were the days of nationalism and Western liberalism," he said. "Thereafter, most Africans and Arabs became socialists, often to an extreme. Their revolutions, their national leaders were socialists, with some nationalism also—socialism with nationalism. Now there is nothing left but Islam. There is nothing else to inspire the young or to mobilize them, to give them a sense of vision, a sense of direction, commitment, and allegiance. Socialism was a failure when it came to economic development, or even social justice."

Turabi's political life has been marked by efforts to stay in power and out of prison. In 1965, he was elected to the Sudanese parliament as one of those seven members of the Muslim Brotherhood. After Nimeiri's takeover, in 1969, Turabi was jailed, and he spent the next six years in prison or under house arrest, followed by three years of self-imposed exile, some of the time in Muammar Qaddafi's Libya. When he came home, he joined Nimeiri, and he was serving as Attorney General when the September laws were drafted and put into effect. Turabi has since tried to distance himself from those laws, saying that they were presented to him as a fait accompli. Few Sudanese believe him, and the probable truth is that, while Turabi feels that the Sharia must be enforced by the state, the September laws were so unpopular that he does not want to be associated with them. In the early eighties, the State Department considered Turabi a moderate, and while there were certainly people in the Muslim Brotherhood who were—and still are—more radical than Turabi, the political label says something about American policy at the time. Under William Casey, the Central Intelligence Agency had one of its largest African stations in Khartoum, a primary target being Colonel Qaddafi. Turabi told me that he had once been part of the C.I.A.'s covert actions against Qaddafi.

In 1985, Nimeiri grew fearful that the fundamentalists were a threat to his hold on power, and Turabi was jailed again, but this time he remained in prison less than a month; he was freed by the coup that ousted Nimeiri. He stood for parliament in the 1986 elections, and, as an indication of how much his fundamentalism is feared, the two major parties, the Umma and the Democratic Unionist Party, joined forces and ran only one candidate in his district. Turabi was defeated, but in February of 1989 Sadiq al-Mahdi, who happens to be Turabi's brother-in-law, brought him into his government as a Deputy Prime Minister. When General Bashir took power in the coup, four months later, Turabi was arrested yet again, and he remained in prison until December of that year.

Those who say that the National Islamic Front was not behind the coup cite Turabi's imprisonment as evidence. Others say that Turabi and the N.I.F. were involved, but that Turabi was jailed in order to disguise the true nature of the coup. Even for a man as dedicated as Turabi, voluntary imprisonment seems an extreme measure, and the most likely explanation for his imprisonment is that there was a split within the N.I.F. over whether there should be a coup. Turabi, this analysis has it, opposed a coup, and so the more radical elements had him arrested. Whatever the explanation for Turabi's being jailed, and whatever his views on democracy, once he was released he quickly reasserted himself as the leader of the N.I.F., and as the N.I.F. has consolidated its control over Sudan it has become his base for expanding Islamic fundamentalism. (In May, while on a speaking tour in Canada, Turabi was assaulted by a Sudanese political exile. He was seriously injured, and was hospitalized for three weeks before returning to Sudan.)

Geographically and culturally, Sudan is the ideal bridge for carrying Islamic fundamentalism from the Middle East into Africa. "The Suda-

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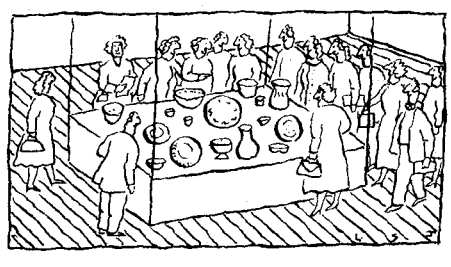
nese are partly Arab, so they can relate to Arabs, and partly African, so they can relate to Africans," Turabi said. "Sudan is a microcosm of Africa: southern Sudan is part of the East African setup; eastern Sudan is part of the Horn of Africa; western Sudan is part of West Africa; and northern Sudan is part of North Africa. So Sudan is well situated to relate to all Africa." Turabi is convinced that the fundamentalists in Libya will replace Colonel Qaddafi before long. Qaddafi recoils from an Islamic state as much as he does from a democratic one, and though in March of 1990 he and General Bashir signed a declaration calling for an alliance of the two countries, Qaddafi has of late pointedly and publicly lectured the Sudanese government on the inadvisability of mixing politics and religion. "I have been to Libya recently," Turabi told me in January. "Qaddafi is so worried. The Islamic phenomenon is all around him. It is in Sudan. It is in Algeria. It is in Tunisia." He added that when the Algerian election results were announced Libyans went into the streets, cheering and shouting "Allah Akbar!"

Turabi also thinks that it will not be long before northern Somalia becomes an Islamic state. After the Somali government of Siad Barre was toppled, in January of 1991, by a loose coalition of tribes and clans, the Isak, the largest of the northern ethnic groups, declared the region an independent nation. Its current president, Abd al-Rahman Ali Tur, is a fundamentalist who went to high school in Sudan with Turabi. Eventually, Turabi foresees, much of the Horn of Africa will be one Islamic community—Sudan, Somalia, Ethiopia, and Eritrea. He predicts that it will be a community in which, for all practical purposes, borders will have disappeared, people will be able to move about freely without passports and customs controls, and the governments will coöperate for economic development. Turabi likens it to the European Community but says that it will come about without all the effort that has gone into bringing the European nations together. It will happen naturally, Turabi is sure, because a devotion to Islam will unite the people.

Turabi's vision has a precedent in Sudanese history, of course, for the Mahdi united the tribes and formed what most Sudanese consider their first nationalist government. But its origins go back even further—to the founding of Islam. In the seventh century, the Prophet Muhammad used his message of submission to one God—a Muslim is, literally, "one who surrenders" to God—to bring order out of the chronic disorder that plagued Arabia, where tribes, clans, and subclans had been waging wars against one another and carrying out vendettas. Divided and separate, the tribes were being exploited by the great powers of the time—Persia and Byzantium. Muhammad and Islam brought the tribes together, and within a hundred years after Muhammad gave the Arabs the Koran the Islamic empire extended from the Himalayas into the Iberian Peninsula, and was a more highly developed civilization than any in Europe. Turabi wants a revival, or resurgence, of Islam—a return to the glory of the Islamic empire. And the way to bring that about, he maintains, is to return to the basic teachings and values of Islam.

There is nothing inherently alarming about Turabi's vision—indeed, there is much to be said for a world without borders—and even his ideology should not automatically inspire fear. While Westerners often associate Islam with hostage-taking and violence, it is in fact a religion as committed to justice and concern for the poor as Christianity or Judaism is. What is troubling about Turabi's vision of an Islamic society is how he is going about making it a reality.

UNDER the influence of Turabi and the National Islamic Front, Sudan has aligned itself with the radical regimes in the region. The first alliance was with Qaddafi's Libya. Then, during the Gulf War, Sudan sided with Saddam Hussein and Iraq (and so lost assistance from what had been one of its largest donors, Saudi Arabia). Most recently, in part because Iraq is not in a position to help anyone, and also because of the disagreements with Qaddafi, Sudan has turned to Iran. Last December, Iran's President Hashemi Rafsanjani was warmly welcomed by the leaders in Khartoum; in fact, they prohibited any public vehicles from leaving the capital for three days before he arrived, so that there would be more people on the streets then. It was a highly visible trip (Turabi was photographed with Rafsanjani on several occasions): the Iranian President brought with him five Ministers, including the Ministers of Defense and Foreign Affairs, and the commander of the élite Revolutionary Guards, Mohsen Rezai. Among other things that resulted from the visit was an agreement by Iran to take care of Sudan's oil needs; at the moment, oil is still coming from Libya, which has been Sudan's major source of oil for several years, but that source seems to be in jeopardy, given Qaddafi's attitude toward Sudan's fundamentalist government. Sudan has paid Libya for oil with sheep and cattle, and Turabi told me that that was also how it would pay Iran. (Some Sudanese ask derisively how many sheep there are in Sudan to allow them to be promised to so many countries. "The sheep and cattle go to Libya and Iran for oil, and we eat only dry bread," one Sudanese told me.) It seems likely that Iran has also guaranteed payment to Sudan's principal arms supplier—China. In recent years, China has provided Sudan with everything from fighter planes to tanks and artillery pieces, and, as of late last year, Western officials told me, there were about a hundred Chinese military technicians teaching the Sudanese how to use the equipment. (Even with this matériel, Sudan is not considered by Western military analysts to be a military threat in the region, for the Army is busy with the war in the South; in fact, human-rights watchers fear that the Chinese planes will result in more civilian deaths there, as the Army bombs villages with greater accuracy.) Turabi claims not to know who is paying the Chinese, but does not deny that Iran might be.



Rafsanjani's visit to Sudan was a rare venture abroad for the Iranian leader, and it changed Middle East geopolitics suddenly and dramatically. Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini had vowed to export his fundamentalist revolution but had been largely unsuccessful, finding no takers in other countries in the region. Now Iran had simply jumped over the Middle East

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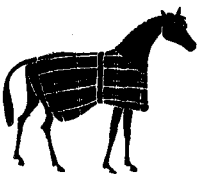
and was establishing a base in the Horn of Africa. The Iranian visit precipitated a flurry of stories in the American press that Sudan was becoming a base for international terrorists. In mid-December of 1991—on the eve of the visit—the *Times*, for example, reported that Iran had sent between a thousand and two thousand members of its Revolutionary Guards to Sudan and that "at least a dozen training camps have been set up in the Sudan over the last few months in which Islamic fundamentalist militants from Algeria, Tunisia, Egypt, and the Persian Gulf region are being trained for subversive activities." A month later, the Associated Press reported from Washington that Iran was "setting up facilities in Sudan for Muslim radicals," including factions of the Islamic Jihad and the Hezbollah, and that Iran had moved some members of its Revolutionary Guards from a base in Lebanon's Bekaa Valley to Sudan. The Washington *Post* weighed in two weeks later, with a story that began, "U.S. officials fear that Sudan, backed by money and expertise from Iran, is emerging as 'a new Lebanon' from which terrorist groups can launch operations and export Islamic revolution across Africa."



Turabi told me, however, that there were no terrorists in Sudan and that no training camps had been set up. More Palestinians were living in Sudan after the Gulf War, he acknowledged, but he said that was because they had been forced out of other countries. He added that many of the Palestinians were members of such "rejectionist" organizations as Hamas, which opposes the peace negotiations with Israel, and said that the Palestine Liberation Organization didn't like the fact that Sudan was providing a place for these groups, but he stressed that they weren't terrorist organizations. It has been easier for potential terrorists to enter Sudan, because the Bashir government has lifted the visa requirement for persons who hold passports from other Arab countries—Turabi views the lifting of the requirement as nothing more than an expression of solidarity and neighborliness—but it would be impossible for any terrorist to operate in Sudan, Turabi said, adding, "This is a very open country, just like America. There are no secrets in this country."

Turabi's denial was predictable, but even Western diplomats say that reports of terrorist activity in Sudan have been exaggerated, and that there is a great deal of disinformation. "Out of Cairo you'll get nothing but disinformation," one American official here told me. During the Gulf War, for example, ABC television reported from Cairo that Iraq had sent Scud missiles and bombers to Sudan. It wasn't true, according to Western diplomats in Khartoum. As for the report about the Revolutionary Guards' having moved from the Bekaa Valley to Sudan, an American official labelled it "absolutely false." Nor do American and other Western diplomats in Khartoum believe that anything like a thousand members of the Iranian Revolutionary Guards are in Sudan or that there are many training camps around the country. Even with sophisticated spy satellites, "we haven't picked up even a teacup," one Western diplomat said. Another called the hyperbolic reports counterproductive. When the diplomats go to Turabi or Sudanese government officials to discuss the possible presence of terrorists in Sudan, the response is usually "This is just another of those false reports."

While Western diplomats may discount some of the stories about Sudan's support for terrorism, they are nevertheless alarmed about Sudan's relations with Iran and with certain terrorist groups and individuals. "Sudan has become the safe haven of choice for terrorists," one Western diplomat said. Western and Middle Eastern governments believe that Sudan has been attracting the terrorist groups as other countries—Libya, Syria, and Lebanon—have made them less welcome. Another Western diplomat, who cautioned me against believing everything that the Western and Egyptian press were writing about Sudan, nevertheless said, "I'm positive that there are some training camps here. I don't know where they are or how many, but they are here." Sudan is a vast country, but, contrary to what Turabi says, it is in many ways a tightly closed one; diplomats and foreign journalists need special permission from the Sudanese government to travel beyond Khartoum, and it isn't readily granted.

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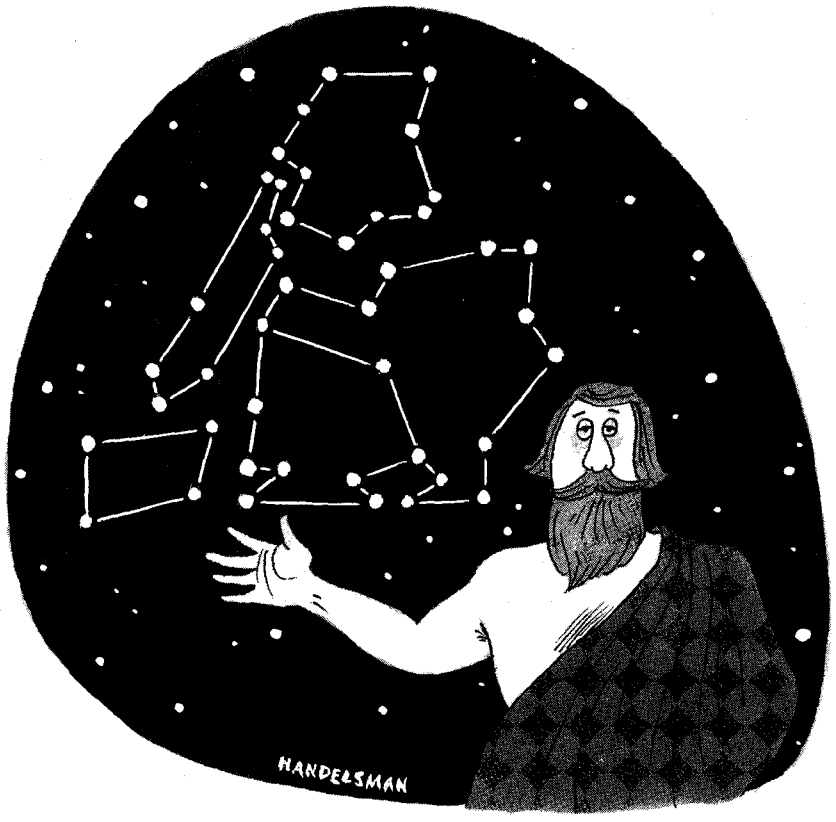

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• •

Eastern diplomats are convinced that Abu Nidal, probably the most notorious of the Middle Eastern terrorists, is now operating in Sudan. Abu Nidal, whose guerrillas attacked the Rome and Vienna airports in December of 1985, had a major training camp in Libya, which Qaddafi claims he has since shut down. Four years ago, in May of 1988, Abu Nidal recruits threw grenades into the restaurant of the Akropole Hotel, in downtown Khartoum—an attack that killed a British couple, their three small children, and a British teacher. Five Palestinians were convicted of premeditated murder and sentenced to death. In January of 1991, a few days before the start of the Gulf War, the Sudanese government abruptly released the five Palestinians—another unmistakable sign of Sudan's hostility to the West.

In January of this year, Reuters quoted an Administration official in Washington as saying, "We put the Sudanese on notice that we have noted the increased presence of terrorists there and warned them that Sudan runs a very serious risk of being branded as a terrorist state." (Each year, the State Department publishes a list of governments that it claims support terrorism; the countries on the current list are Iraq, Iran, Libya, Syria, Cuba, and North Korea. Countries on this list are prohibited from receiving American foreign aid.) The story said that the warning had been delivered by a State Department official who had recently visited Khartoum. The official wasn't named, but it was well known here that it was Robert Houdek, a Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Africa; there had been nothing secret about his visit. I asked Turabi if Houdek, during his visit, had raised the question of terrorist organizations operating out of Sudan or had threatened to put Sudan on the terrorist list.

"He mentioned it, but it was a very mild remark," Turabi said. He added that Houdek had also "submitted some written statement, but it wasn't signed and it wasn't addressed to anybody, and it didn't charge Sudan with harboring terrorists." Turabi said that the essence of the statement was that "there is some indication—something not very firm—that terrorist organizations *may* seek refuge in Sudan, so Sudan should look out so this does not happen."

Later in our talk, Turabi said, "I speak to the Americans a great deal, and nobody ever told me in so many words that they suspect there are terrorists working here. The Egyptians have told us so, yes, but not the Americans." On being asked what the Americans did say, Turabi answered, "Just that because Libya now is trying to get rid of some associations with these groups, they may unload them on Sudan, that's all."

Turabi, of course, has every reason to play down the issue of terrorists in Sudan by denying that the United States has expressed any alarm. Still, the question arises whether the United States and other Western countries have been clear enough in their warnings to Sudanese officials about what Sudan faces if terrorist organizations are allowed to operate here.

Contrary to the Reuters report, Houdek did not tell Turabi or anyone in the Sudanese government that the United States was considering putting Sudan on the list of terrorist states, but American officials think the Sudanese might have been able to infer it from what Houdek did say, according to an American familiar with the discussion. The essence of what Houdek said was that Sudan should understand that by accommodating terrorist groups it is doing itself irreparable harm. Houdek did leave a note that wasn't signed—a "non-paper" in diplomatic parlance. It said that the United States had "disturbing information" that terrorist organizations were using Sudan as a safe haven and a base for their operations.

One American official told me that it was not accurate to say that the United States had "warned" Sudan about terrorism. "Cautioned" would be more accurate, he said. The United States has also been careful not to accuse the Sudanese government of having a policy of assisting terrorist organizations; it has not even said that terrorist organizations are being supported or harbored in Sudan. Rather, the United States has said that there might be certain individuals in the government or in organizations outside the government (read "National Islamic Front") who are "facilitating" the "presence" of terrorist organizations, and that the government should do something about it.

All this—"cautioned" versus "warned," "facilitating" versus "supporting," "pres-

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ence" versus "operations"—may seem like diplomatic legalism. But the differences in wording become significant—and a matter for concern—if Turabi and the Sudanese government are not getting the message that the United States wants to deliver, either because the language is vague or because the Sudanese interpret it as they want to.

"We hear two voices," Turabi told me. One, he explained, is the voice of the American Ambassador, James Cheek, and the other belongs to Cheek's principal deputy, Joseph O'Neill. It is not surprising that Turabi finds the voices different, for the two men make a strange diplomatic team: Cheek is as liberal as O'Neill is conservative. But they are first of all professional diplomats. Both began their State Department careers in 1961, and O'Neill was Cheek's deputy when Cheek was the head of the American Embassy in Ethiopia, from 1985 to 1988; when Cheek became Ambassador to Sudan, arriving four months after the Bashir coup, he asked O'Neill to join him. (Both men are scheduled to leave Khartoum before the end of the year, and when they do the Embassy will lose a deep reservoir of experience in the Horn of Africa.) O'Neill's principal assignment has been to get to know Turabi and the N.I.F. He has done his job well; there is probably not a diplomat in Khartoum who knows Turabi better than O'Neill does. O'Neill has also studied the Koran, and on Fridays he regularly goes to a mosque. "He gets around," Turabi remarked. "He conveys a better impression of American policy."

Very likely, O'Neill is more tolerant of Islam than Cheek is, but the differences between them are of style rather than substance: O'Neill generally agrees with his boss that Turabi is "potentially dangerous," and that Islamic fundamentalism in Sudan poses a threat to the region. O'Neill and Cheek, it seems, have adopted a good-cop, bad-cop routine vis-à-vis Turabi, and Turabi has chosen to listen only to the good cop. Moreover, he detests the bad cop. "I don't talk to him a great deal, because I want to avoid a confrontation," Turabi says about Cheek. "He's not a diplomat. Many people avoid speaking to him because he is so blunt. People here would love to see him go."

The people Turabi means are the N.I.F. and the government.

They have good reason to want Cheek's departure. United States policy toward Sudan hasn't been made in Washington, for Secretary of State James Baker has been preoccupied with the Middle East peace talks, ethnic violence in Yugoslavia, and the breakup of the Soviet Union, and the National Security Council barely notices Africa. That leaves Cheek a lot of room to determine policy, and he takes it. He is an activist ambassador and is outspoken, particularly on matters of human rights. A decade ago, as chargé d'affaires for a brief period in El Salvador, he warned the right wing against staging a military coup, whereupon the right wing's most notorious leader, the late Roberto D'Aubuisson, publicly drew his finger across his throat and said that Cheek would "get what he deserves" for "leading El Salvador to Communism." Cheek is staunchly anti-Communist, but he didn't think that the way to contain Communism in Central America was with death squads. He views Islamic fundamentalism the way he did Communism—as a virus that has to be contained. His immediate objective is keep it from spreading to Ethiopia, with which Sudan shares a long border.

On the face of it, it seems irrational to worry about Sudan's causing anyone any trouble. An impoverished country of twenty-five million people, Sudan has less than five hundred miles of paved roads and only thirty-six phone lines to the United States and Europe; in Khartoum, men in flowing white djellabahs ride donkeys, and horses pull wooden carts; Sudan's Army and its economy are feeble. But then one need only look at how weak and fragile Ethiopia is today to realize the trouble that Sudanese fundamentalists could cause there. That country is riven by strong ethnic rivalries, and the government that came to power after ousting the Marxist dictator Mengistu Haile Mariam, in May of 1991, has not been able to establish control over most of its territory. And half the population is Muslim. "It is a pool of gasoline waiting for a match," a Western diplomat says about Ethiopia.

Officially, the Sudanese government has been careful to establish good relations with the new leaders in Ethio-

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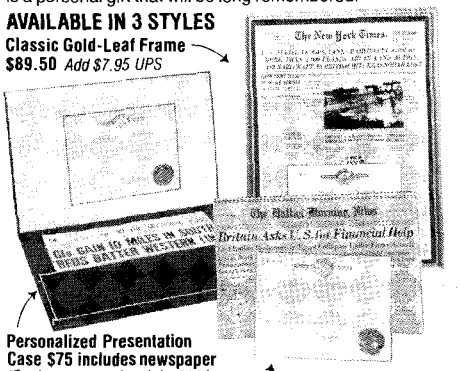

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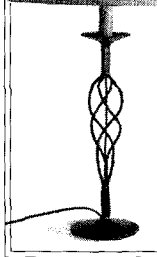

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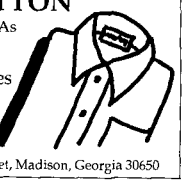

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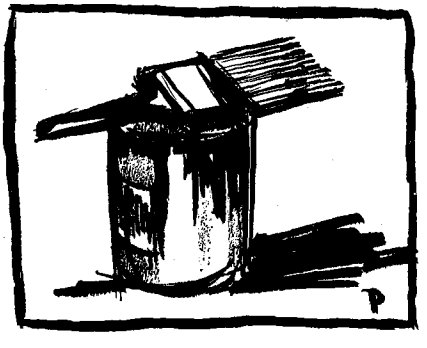
pia and also with those in Eritrea, which was an Ethiopian province but became independent de facto after Mengistu's ouster. Sudan even announced publicly that it was shutting down the offices of various Ethiopian organizations operating in Sudan which had been part of the unsuccessful guerrilla opposition to Mengistu, such as the Eritrean Liberation Front, an Islamic organization. But in January a member of the E.L.F. showed up at a hotel in Khartoum full of Western journalists with a press release, and explained that, while his organization's office had been officially closed, members of the E.L.F. continued to live and operate in Sudan. Even if Ethiopia does come under the sway of Islamic fundamentalism, however, it seems unreasonable to fear that fundamentalism will spread south of Sudan, as has been suggested in Washington. Kenya's population is only about six per cent Muslim, and as for Tanzania, though it is about a third Muslim, no significant fundamentalist movement exists there.

WHATEVER success Turabi and Sudan may eventually have abroad, at home the fundamentalist government has become increasingly repressive. For all the faults of Sadiq al-Mahdi's government, Sudan was in his time one of the most democratic countries in Africa. The newspapers were independent and critical, and didn't hesitate to name corrupt government officials. There was an active human-rights organization and considerable latitude for anti-government expression. When I was in Khartoum in November of 1988, there were protests, brought on by the scarcity of bread and sugar, almost daily, but the police reacted with remarkable restraint, breaking up the demonstrations without resorting to violence, and sometimes there was even a judge on the scene to prevent the police from abusing their power. In addition, the judicial system generally protected people from arbitrary detention and interrogation. Today, there are no independent newspapers, the human-rights organization has been banned, and, in a country that once had a lively political debate, people are afraid.

It is said both by Sudanese and by foreign diplomats that several security forces are operating in Sudan, but no one seems to be quite sure how many there are or who runs them—the government or the N.I.F., or a combination of the two. That is probably the way the government and the N.I.F. want it. The security forces tend to operate at night, picking people up during the curfew, between eleven and four. The victims are blindfolded and driven around for about thirty minutes, even though they may be taken to a house only a few blocks away from the place where they were seized. Thus a new phrase has entered the Sudanese political lexicon—"ghost houses," so named because the people held in them don't know where the houses are. At the ghost houses, the suspected dissidents are interrogated, generally under torture, for a few days, or for weeks, or even for several months. Turabi dismissed stories about ghost houses and torture as "fiction," saying, "There have been a few cases where people in transit to prison have been kept for a few days, and these days, you know, they may be subject to some deprivations, and sometimes the police may shout at them—you know police are not always civil in how they treat people."

A man who was detained for three months in a ghost house told me that for the first few days his wrists were chained to the wall, and through the nights he was left to hang with his feet barely touching the floor; later, his left wrist was shackled to his left ankle. He was kept in a tiny closet, with no light, and was allowed out only for prayers. He said he thought that probably about a hundred other people were being held in that house. There have been reports by Amnesty International and Africa Watch that some detainees' genitals have been crushed with pliers. A more common form of torture, according to Sudanese I spoke with, is the use of a chair that rotates rapidly, causing the prisoner to pass out.

In April of 1991, the government released some three hundred political prisoners, but the security forces continue picking people up. A university professor told me that in November and December at least a dozen of his students had been detained for questioning. He said that the students, including several women, had been held in small rooms, each with a bucket for a toilet, and that they had been "beaten day and night." When I asked if it might be possible to talk with one of the students, he said that they were all too afraid to talk, and that the campus was crawling with N.I.F. spies. American and European diplomats say that the fear of being detained and tortured has become so pervasive that very few Sudanese now come to them to talk about the political situation, and almost no one reports human-rights violations.



The dissent that the detention and torture are seeking to suppress arises from opposition not only to the loss of democracy and political freedom in the Western-liberal sense but also to the attempts to establish an Islamic state. The Sudanese government would like the world to believe that the only objections to turning Sudan into an Islamic state come from Christians in the South, but the fact is that there is also widespread resistance to the creation of an Islamic state among Muslims in the North. Most Sudanese Muslims are Sunni, and do not have the religious fervor of the Iranian Shiites. Nor are the Sudanese generally as conservative as the Saudis. Probably the best indicator of the lack of support among Sudanese for fundamentalist values is the fact that the N.I.F. never attained much more than twenty-five per cent of the vote in any democratic plebiscite. It is not that the Muslims who oppose the N.I.F. are not good Muslims: they say their prayers five times a day, fast during Ramadan, dutifully reckon the value of their property and assets in order to determine the *zakat*, or tax to help the poor, and make the hajj if they can. "They are turning us Muslims against Islam," a professional woman in Khartoum told me. What this woman and many Sudanese like her want is a modern Islam, not one that turns to the past, which is what Turabi wants.

In December of 1990, when Sudan was officially declared an Islamic state, the government ordered that the Sharia be put into effect as part of the criminal

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law. In the time of the Prophet Muhammad, the concept of having the punishment fit the crime—chopping off a thief's hand, for example—was an enlightened one: tribes commonly exacted revenge in the form of death on anyone believed guilty of any slight or crime against a member of the tribe. By today's standards, of course, the Sharia is excessively brutal and uncivilized. It is not known how widely the Sharia is being applied in Sudan. In part, this is because it is not being applied as publicly or flagrantly as it was in Nimeiri's day. It also seems that it is not being enforced as stringently in Khartoum, where the opposition is stronger, as it is in remote parts of the country, where officials operate with less national or international scrutiny. In late January, a court in Darfur, the country's westernmost province, sentenced four men who had been found guilty of killing four villagers during an armed robbery to be hanged and then crucified, and there have also been reports of Darfur courts' ordering amputations.

The government has sought to impose other conservative Islamic precepts on the society as well. It has been announced that no woman should appear in public with a man who is not her husband, father, or close relative, and there have also been public announcements against mixed dancing. So far, enforcement appears to have been lax or inconsistent, and many Sudanese seem to be testing the government. I heard stories of couples' being questioned on the street about their relationship, for example, but I saw plenty of high-school and college boys and girls chatting and flirting. And a European diplomat told me that at one party he had attended Sudanese women enthusiastically dragged him onto the dance floor, but at another a security detail arrived and stopped the dancing. All these strict social rules run counter to the general character of the Sudanese, who, though they are hardly decadent, enjoy a good time, including an occasional drink.

Women have generally made greater progress in Sudan than in other African or Arab countries—Sudan has a number of women judges, and a significant percentage of its doctors are women—and, as might be expected, it is often the professional women who are the most fearful about what is to come. At Khartoum University, I spoke

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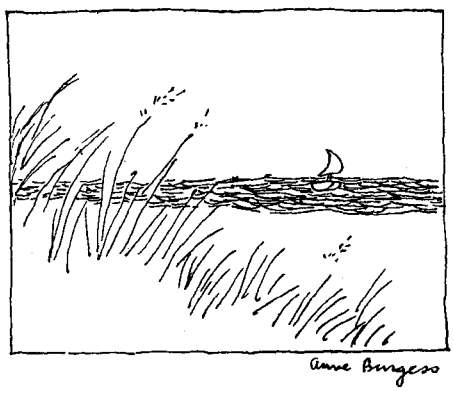
with a student who was studying law: she said she had dreamed of becoming a judge, but she was sure now that that would never be possible. In some government offices, the number of women employees has declined noticeably, and in January the governor of Eastern Province, which extends for some six hundred miles along the border with Ethiopia, Eritrea, and the coast of the Red Sea, as far as Egypt, decreed that all women must be off the streets by five-thirty. Such a decree not only makes work virtually impossible for professional women but also hurts many of the country's poorest women, who make a few cents a day selling tea on the streets in the late afternoon and early evening.

The government also wants women to wear dresses that cover everything but the hands, and the *hijab*, or veil, which fully covers the hair, neck, and ears. The Koran speaks of the veil for the Prophet Muhammad's wives, and in their day covering the face was considered a sign of superior status; today, many pious Muslims wear the veil, and others do so because they consider it fashionable. If women vote with their dresses, one has only to look at the streets of Khartoum to know that the majority of Sudanese women of all ages do not wish to cover up. The Sudanese woman's traditional dress is the *tobe*, a colorful piece of material, about nine yards long, that she wraps loosely about her, from head to foot; it doesn't fully cover the hair, or cover the arms to the wrists, and it is too colorful for the most conservative Muslims, who think that women should wear only gray, black, or white. In a contest between Western-style clothes and the *tobe*, it might be hard to determine which would win, but it is certain that very few women prefer the dress code specified by the government. "I don't want the government telling me how to dress," said a woman in her forties who worked at a hospital, and she went on to tell me that a guard had been stationed at the entrance to bar women who weren't covered, but that most of the women doctors were defiantly refusing to cover up. The rebellion has been widespread, and sometimes creative. When I asked a woman in an airline agency who was wearing tight bluejeans and a fashionable Western blouse how she got away with it, she laughed and pointed to a sports bag in the corner. "When I am coming to work, I wrap myself up—I look like a beggar walking through the streets—and then I throw those clothes in there."

During a symposium on public appearance last November, General Bashir specifically directed that all women in government offices and all female students, from primary school to university, were to cover up. Offices offered women loans to buy the *hijab* and long dresses; some women used the money to buy food for their children instead, and told their male bosses that if they were to buy new clothes they would have to be given—not lent—the money. When the headmistress of one secondary school turned away her female students who were not wearing the *hijab* or long dresses, just about the entire student body protested, including girls who were adhering to Islamic dress. Female students are finding support from male administrators. "How you dress—I consider this a basic human right, as much as what you say and what you think," Yusuf Bedri, the seventy-nine-year-old president of Ahfad University for Women, in Omdurman, the old part of the capital, told me. Outside his office, however, most of the students milling about were wearing the *tobe*—a change from six months ago, when they would have been dressed in bluejeans or skirts. Bedri, whose grandfather founded the school in 1907 as a primary school for women, thinks it is fine that his students have moved away from Western dress. "We were all concerned that our daughters were becoming too Western," he said. "But that does not mean they should cover up, as the government wants them to." An administrator at another university told me that he had no intention of enforcing the government's decrees on dress. "If the entire family lets her go out and go to school dressed the way she is, I'm not going to turn her away," he said. "She didn't come to me to be taught how to dress."



Turabi said during my interview with him that how women dressed was a "private matter," and that the Islamic dress code would be enforced not by law but only by "moral persuasion." A doctor told me, though, that she had recently treated three teen-age girls who had been dragged off the street, at different times and places, because their hair was not covered. They were taken to court, and each was sentenced to be punished with forty to seventy lashes. They were flogged on the buttocks and the back, and one of the girls passed out after thirty lashes. Two of the girls required psychiatric treatment for depression that set in after the flogging. "Every day, it is happening. Every day, a few girls are being taken off the street," the doctor said.

SLOWLY but effectively, the National Islamic Front is gaining control of the country's institutions. Nearly all university chancellors and vice-chancellors have been dismissed and replaced with N.I.F. members. More than six hundred officers have been purged from the armed forces, and the most critical command positions are now held by N.I.F. members or by officers who the N.I.F. is sure will not cause trouble. "The Army has been castrated by the N.I.F.," a Western diplomat said. In April of 1990, twenty-eight officers were lined up before a firing squad and executed, one day after they were arrested and after a "trial" that lasted two hours. The government charged that they had been behind a coup attempt that wanted to reverse the country's fundamentalist course. "There is no return to secular laws in Sudan, and the question of a secular state has been settled once and for all," General Bashir said at the time.

To advance and protect its revolution, the government requires that government employees and university students undergo three months of military training and religious and political indoctrination with the Popular Defense Forces. On the government's organizational charts, the P.D.F. is shown as part of the armed forces. "It's de-facto N.I.F.," a Western diplomat told me. "But then what in this country isn't?" The P.D.F. has been likened to the United States National Guard, but that seems too benign a comparison. P.D.F.

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training is more like a Marine Corps boot camp run by religious zealots.

"They wash our brains," said a young man who went through P.D.F. training in early 1990 at El Geteina, on the east bank of the White Nile, sixty miles south of Khartoum. He told me there had been about two thousand university students in his class, along with five hundred men from Darfur and another five hundred from the Customs Department. I interviewed him—I'll call him Jaffir—in a room of his house in Khartoum; the walls were cracked, the sagging ceiling was water-stained, and an old television perched precariously on a rickety stand. Jaffir, who is mild-mannered, wore an open-collared shirt, corduroys, and thongs. His father, a big man, had his head wrapped in a white turban and was draped in a white djellabah.

The day at P.D.F. camp begins with prayers at dawn, Jaffir told me, and then the students read the Koran until six. Next comes physical and military training—running, calisthenics, close-order drill, and classes in how to use a rifle. The students train with Kalashnikovs, Jaffir said. Breakfast is from nine to nine-thirty, and is followed by another session of exercise and military instruction, lasting until one o'clock. Then comes what was for Jaffir the most gruelling part of the day: for two hours, the students are forced to stand in formation in the hot sun. "If you moved or looked right or left, you were punished," Jaffir said. He said that after a few days his eyes were stinging badly and he had trouble focussing. At three o'clock, the students are served lunch—beans and a piece of bread, he said. After lunch, they pray, and from four to six there is more military training. This is followed by prayers and then lectures in the mosque. Evening prayers and supper follow.

After supper, "the soldiers collected us again," Jaffir said, and again the students were forced to stand in formation—at least until midnight, he said. Often the students must stand until two or three in the morning, and sometimes even until four, so they get only one or two hours' sleep. Jaffir said that he had heard from friends who attended P.D.F. camp more recently that most nights they had stood only until ten o'clock or midnight, and a student who was at P.D.F. camp last December confirmed this. "Still, you are drowsy all the time, even in the dining room," this student said. "You are always very tired."

Jaffir said the students were taught that the enemies of Sudan were John Garang (the leader of the Sudan People's Liberation Army, the largest rebel group in the South), America, Russia, Britain, and France. America and Russia were considered the worst of the foes, he said. The soldiers led the students in daily chants: "America, America, down, down!" and "America, get away from us!" They also shouted, "America, we don't need your flour!"—an apparent reference to the millions of dollars' worth of food that the United States sends Sudan for the victims of the war and the drought, most of whom are in the South and are non-Muslim Africans. The student who had attended P.D.F. camp last December told me that the United States and Russia were still being held up as Sudan's worst foreign enemies. At his camp, the students, referring to a Chinese-made rocket-propelled grenade launcher, shouted, "We have the R.P.G. for George Bush!" Current events had apparently not penetrated to the P.D.F. instructors, for this chant was accompanied by "We have the Kalashnikov for Gorbachev!"

There have been reports of Iranian instructors at the P.D.F. camps, but both Jaffir and the more recent student said that they had not had any foreign instructors. They did, however, see Afghans, Iraqis, and Tunisians observing the training. Western diplomats believe that there will be Iranian instructors in the near future, and their view is lent support by the fact that the commander of Iran's Revolutionary Guards was part of Rafsanjani's delegation to Sudan last December. At the end of the visit, General Bashir, in talking about the P.D.F., said, "We are borrowing from the Iranian experience of Islamization."

Jaffir walked out of the camp five times, always going home. "I was very sad to see my son," Jaffir's father said when I asked what his reaction had been to Jaffir's arrival. "I could not recognize him, because he was so black

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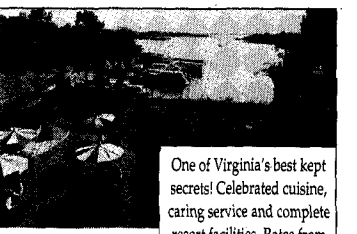

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from the sun and his eyes looked so bad. He was so thin." Jaffir, a wiry man, thinks he lost about a quarter of his weight during the training. His father went on, "We told him, 'Do not go to the university if this is what you must do. We do not want you to die.' " But Jaffir always went back, in part because he knew that those students who lived in the tent with him would be punished if he did not. "The friends you have made in the camp will really be your friends," he said.

Jaffir's father is a teacher, and I asked him if he thought the training was a good idea. "I think it is very bad to treat my son and other students like this," he said, becoming agitated. "Those who can go to university are not in need of this. They should go and fetch the failures and send them to the camp. But do not treat the successful students this badly."

Last December, nearly four hundred students walked out of the camp at El Geteina to protest maltreatment and poor conditions. They left the camp at about four o'clock one afternoon and walked to Khartoum, arriving at six in the evening of the next day. They were planning to march on the P.D.F. headquarters, which is near Khartoum University, but were rounded up by security forces. Several P.D.F. officers, including the commander, spoke to the students, and promised to correct the abuses. Still, few of the students were prepared to return. Then the Minister of Education went on television and radio and placed announcements in newspapers warning the students that if they did not return to the camp they would not be allowed to attend university. Nearly all the students returned.

It is not surprising that the Sudanese authorities want to control the minds of university students. Like students everywhere, they are the rebellious ones here, and this has been particularly true at Khartoum University. Founded in 1916, it is one of the oldest universities in sub-Saharan Africa, and has enjoyed a fine academic reputation; one can find doctors from its medical school throughout the Middle East and in Europe. One afternoon, I walked around the campus, which is on the south bank of the Blue Nile. Among the low brick buildings with vaulted arches, I struck up a conversation with a chemistry student, whom I'll call Salwa. She was wearing a long purple skirt, a blouse printed with bright flowers, and a black scarf trimmed with gold braid and sequins; she said she knew she would have to adopt Islamic dress soon or risk being flogged. Last year, the government announced that incoming students would no longer be allowed to live in dormitories but would have to find housing off campus. The government justified the decree on the ground that it could not afford to maintain the dorms, but Salwa was sure she knew the real reason. "In class, we sit next to each other, but we cannot talk," she said. It is in the dormitories at the end of the day that students discuss politics. Salwa's eyes sparkled and the dimple on her cheek became more noticeable when she talked about the university's part in the history of the country's political changes. In 1964, the uprisings that led to the ouster of General Abboud had begun at the university, and twenty years later student demonstrations had helped topple Nimeiri. "We will have democracy again," Salwa said, with a confident smile. "Even if we didn't do it very well last time," she added, echoing a common sentiment about the Mahdi government. Several times during our conversation, Salwa fell silent or changed the subject to something innocuous. Each time, before resuming the political discussion, she explained that a person who had just walked past was a member of the Muslim Brotherhood.

The Muslim Brotherhood and the National Islamic Front have never been very popular among the students at Khartoum University; they have lost nearly every student-government election. Last September, after the Muslim Brotherhood again lost the student elections, fighting broke out between the fundamentalists and other students. This phenomenon was not new, but the outcome was. In the past, the Brotherhood members had usually won in the streets what they lost at the ballot boxes. This time, however, the students fighting the Brotherhood members held their own—or, in the eyes of some, were actually victorious. "All our group, maybe two or three thousand, had been to P.D.F. training," Jaffir said, explaining the new success.

In December, at the conclusion of President Rafsanjani's visit, General Bashir said that the purpose of the P.D.F. training was to "reshape the Muslim Sudanese citizen." The incident at the university suggests that he

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may be no more successful than Fidel Castro has been in his attempt to make a socialist man, and may be creating the forces of his own destruction. "Most people graduated hating Sudan and hating the government," Jaffir said.

MANY Sudanese are currently asking how long the National Islamic Front government will last. The answer seems to be that it will last a long time. The Sudanese are proud that many years before "people power" entered the political lexicon, after the overthrow of President Ferdinand Marcos, in the Philippines, the Sudanese had twice deposed dictators by means of street demonstrations. Nevertheless, one opposition leader, who is under house arrest, noted with an air of resignation that it had taken six years to get rid of Abboud and sixteen to get rid of Nimeiri. And an intellectual who is strongly opposed to the N.I.F. government told me, "It has many things working in its favor." To begin with, he said, it is enjoying the fruits of the pervasive corruption of the last government. "That government was so bad, and it's still fresh in the memory." He went on to note that the opposition is seriously divided.

How long, then?

He didn't know, but he and others said that only a coup with outside support could bring the government down.

Few outsiders see much likelihood of that. "If there were a way to overthrow this government, the Egyptians would have done it," an American official said—a comment underscoring the fact that the Egyptians quickly lost their initial enthusiasm for the Bashir coup. "There are a lot of countries around that would back anybody who would overthrow these guys," the American added. If this were the nineteen-sixties, when covert operations and assassination plots were standard weapons in American foreign policy, "we might have done it," he said. "Or if this were the seventies and this was a Communist government, we might have done it." He stopped there, but the conclusion was clear: Islamic fundamentalism is fast replacing Communism as the ideology that most frightens the United States, yet the fear has not reached the stage at which Washington might engage in covert actions against an Islamic government.

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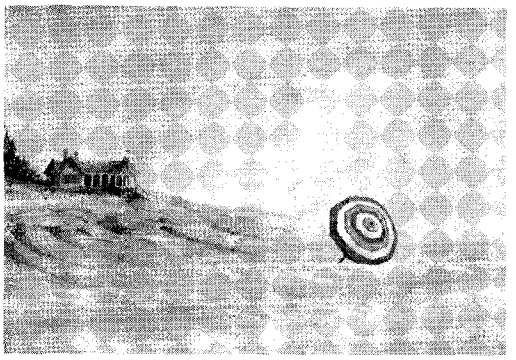

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BOOKS

Mandarins

THE notion of a few exquisitely informed, aristocratically self-pleasing mandarins presiding above literary culture savors of fin-de-siècle decadence—the end of the *last* century, when Henry James and Oscar Wilde and Walter Pater projected from on high a lavender aura that blended into the ultraviolet modernism of Pound and Eliot, Rilke and Valéry. These men issued bulletins from beyond—beyond academic conventions, beyond commercial hopes, beyond the general earthbound sensibility. Since the deaths of Jorge Luis Borges and Vladimir Nabokov, few such remain. Yet here and there in the contemporary flood of books occasional volumes appear for no reason save to offer us the highest kind of satisfaction written communication can give. With no rousing tale to tell or sweeping thesis to illustrate and prove, they seek out those readers who, in Annie Dillard's phrase, "like, or require, what books alone have." Our pleasure resides in the writer's rare sensibility and curious fund of information; we are flattered to be in his or her company.

When, in 1987, Joseph Brodsky received the Nobel Prize, the Swedish Academy cited his work's "great breadth in time and space." Both his poems and his prose essays—collected in "Less Than One" (1986)—suggest a wish to range widely, to range *free*, over a globe that until 1972, when he was expelled from the Soviet Union, had to be mostly imagined. Since then, he has done his share of roaming—in England, Istanbul, Mexico, and many of the United States. Though he is the present Poet Laureate of this country, Brodsky still seems somewhat to hover (unlike, say, Auden snug on St. Mark's Place), as if wary of getting his feet stuck fast to any point of the map. Every winter, we learn in his book-length essay "Watermark" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $15), he spends his Christmas vacation in Venice, the least rooted city in the world, floating, as it does, on water. "It's only proper," he tells us, "for the likes of me to regard America as a kind of Purgatorio." Purgatory, we know, is a better place to be than a certain other, but it's basically a way station; Brodsky's winter trips to Venice are "forays into [his] version of Paradise."

As the punning title warns us, the essay is in part a meditation upon water, as it takes the protean forms of oceans, canals, ripples, reflections, fog, and tears:

> I always thought that if the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the water, the water was bound to reflect it. Hence my sentiment for water, for its folds, wrinkles, and ripples, and—as I am a Northerner—for its grayness. I simply think that water is the image of time, and every New Year's Eve, in somewhat pagan fashion, I try to find myself near water, preferably near a sea or an ocean, to watch the emergence of a new helping, a new cupful of time from it.

In the musical fashion of a poem, the water theme recurs, so insistently that even the "fluently flapping" hands of Venetians giving directions remind the writer of fish. The theme mounts to a rather compressed and schematic coda: "Water equals time and provides beauty with its double. Part water, we serve beauty in the same fashion. By rubbing water, this city improves time's looks, beautifies the future. That's what the role of this city in the universe is. Because the city is static while we are moving. The tear is proof of that. Because we go and beauty stays." That Venice itself is perishable and fragile is factually noted, but all the poignance attaches to our own flow deathward, while the beauty of these lacy, mirrored façades remains.

Brodsky has written "Watermark" in his adopted English, which is adequate to all but the most intricate word-carving, the working of an image to the utmost. It is just this kind of carving, however, that interests him. For example:

> Assuming that beauty is the distribution of light in the fashion most congenial to one's retina, a tear is an acknowledgement of the retina's, as well as the tear's, failure to retain beauty. On the whole, love comes with the speed of light; separation, with that of sound. It is the deterioration of the greater speed to the lesser that moistens one's eye.

It is not always easy to follow the ornate curves of his thought. Of Pasiphaë, who mated with a bull, we read, "And perhaps she yielded to those dark urges and did it with the bull precisely to prove that nature neglects the majority principle, since the bull's horns suggest the moon." Of Ezra Pound we

"What say we take you out of dogs and put you into cats?"

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are told, "I also liked his 'make it new' dictum—liked it, that is, until I grasped that the true reason for making it new was that 'it' was fairly old; that we were, after all, in a body shop." A body shop? Like an impatient race-car driver, Brodsky presses the pedal of his linguistic vehicle to the floor. Some of his idioms seem trans-idiomatic ("My Italian, wildly oscillating around its firm zero, also remained a deterrent") and more than a bit British ("Lobbing spanners into each other's machinery is something democracy is awfully good at"). Written English is a relatively informal language, but it does observe some decorums; we are shocked to be suddenly told, of the husband of a coveted Venetian woman, that he was "a scumbag of an architect." A ready irritability lurks beneath the elaborately polished sentences: in tourist season, "the shorts-clad herds, especially those neighing in German, also get on my nerves," and, on the next page, the reader is jarred by the aggressive cleverness of "Bipeds go ape about shopping and dressing up in Venice." Brodsky is not conspicuously grateful for the hospitality he receives, whether from the scumbag architect or from Ezra Pound's mistress, Olga Rudge, and he leans a little out of his way to register distaste for homosexuals, whether they are the "gay English charges" of his New York editor or, in Venice, "a bunch of giggling, agile, homosexual youths inevitable these days whenever something mildly spectacular takes place." Just a passing glance at modern art taps deep reserves of pent-up indignation:

> If this place is reality (or, as some claim, the past), then the future with all its aliases is excluded from it. At best, it amounts to the present. And perhaps nothing proves this better than modern art, whose poverty alone makes it prophetic. A poor man always speaks for the present, and perhaps the sole function of collections like Peggy Guggenheim's and the similar accretions of this century's stuff habitually mounted here is to show what a cheap, self-assertive, ungenerous, one-dimensional lot we have become, to instill humility in us.

The poet's frequent note of strangulated eloquence eases into clarity when he tells personal anecdotes. His evocation of touring an antique, privately owned palazzo is delightfully surreal: "It was a long succession of empty rooms. . . . I had the sense of walking not so much in standard perspective as in a horizontal spiral where the laws of optics were suspended. Each room meant your further disappearance, the next degree of your nonexistence." Concerning the cold of the Venetian winter, he is so heartfelt as to be funny:

> Only alcohol can absorb the polar lightning shooting through your body as you set your foot on the marble floor, slippers or no slippers, shoes or no shoes. . . . Everything emanates cold, the walls especially. Windows you don't mind because you know what to expect from them. In fact, they only pass the cold through, whereas walls store it.

His Italian bedmate and he draw lots to decide "who would have to sleep by the wall," and when she loses she wins a loving portrait: "She would bundle up for the night—pink woolen jersey, scarf, stockings, long socks—and, having counted *uno*, *due*, *tre!* jump into the bed as though it were a dark river." Brodsky goes on to relate that the thermal miseries of that winter affected his chest, which had suffered cardiac surgery, and his obliging inamorata put him on the train to Paris, and he "lived to tell the story, and the story itself to repeat." Miserable as the city had made him, he longed to return. His intellectual and aesthetic fervor for Venice is intense enough to defy death, and there is a mandarin heroism to that. We read "Watermark" enraptured by its gallant attempt to distill a precious meaning from life's experience—to make a spot on a globe a window into universal circumstance, and to fashion of one's personal chronic tourism a crystal whose facets reflect an entire life, with exile and ill health glinting at the edges of planes whose direct glare is sheer beauty.

THE mandarin tone came naturally to the late Marguerite Yourcenar, a Belgian-born writer doomed to be forever known as the first woman elected to the Académie Française—an honor she had not courted but, in fact, sought to avoid. She belonged also to the Académie's American equivalent, the Institute of Arts and Letters; she was a naturalized American citizen, who had resided here since 1940, and since 1950 on Mt. Desert Island, in Maine, with her companion and translator, Grace Frick. Her independent remoteness kept her aloof from literary fashion in both French and English, though one novel, "Memoirs of Hadrian," achieved best-sellerdom in the early fifties. Aloofness was her métier; it was said of her that she employed the formal *vous* even when addressing her dog. A learned student

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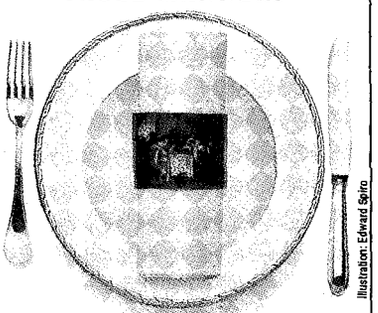

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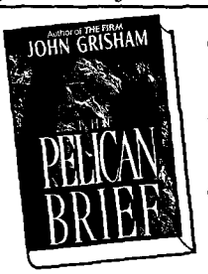

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of not only the classical world but the religions and cultures of India and Japan, she took a philosophical overview compounded of Stoicism, Oriental mysticism, and remnants of her Catholic upbringing. This height of vantage lends her fiction a certain monologic, epigrammatic coolness but bestows an engaging variety and openness on her posthumous collection of essays, "That Mighty Sculptor, Time" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; translated from the French by Walter Kaiser; $22). The translator, in an afterword that suavely matches her own elegant, marmoreal tone, assures us that "although the publisher has chosen to defer its appearance until now," his translation was completed before the author's death and was carried forward with her customary collaboration. "To discuss the dilemmas of translation with Marguerite Yourcenar," Mr. Kaiser fondly tells us, "was to be shown unnoticed subtleties in both languages; to wander off with her into the worlds of Greece and Rome, India and Spain, Japan and the Low Countries, medieval England and Renaissance Italy, all of which are encompassed in these essays, was to receive an incomparable education."

As that sentence indicates, her topics are miscellaneous. The earliest essay, a tribute to an obscure writer and cherished friend, Jeanne de Vietinghoff, dates from 1929; the most recent, a few pages on the Day of the Dead, which is observed in America as Halloween, was composed in 1982. All the essays, even the briefest, have the virtues of dignified diction and careful thought; many have the considerable charm of a hard-won historical sense worn lightly, with a quickening of fine discriminations into lively images. In writing of a Renaissance translation, by Florent Chrestien, of an obscure Greek didactic poet, or poets, known as Oppian, Yourcenar says:

> Every translator who is more than a mere laborer transposes, even without meaning to: for the noble Greek hexameters, like beautiful stallions with flowing manes, Florent Chrestien substitutes his alexandrines with their rather panting rhythm, racing one after the other, yoked together by rhyme, like hounds let loose two by two in the grass.

Warmed by these animal similes, she goes on to animate the zoological innocence that had descended upon Europe after the days of the Roman Empire and its circuses of exotic fauna: "Florent has a thousand years of uninterrupted medieval hunting behind him—that world, at once enticing and forbidding, of the haunted forest of werewolves and fairy hinds. . . . He had never seen the great wild beasts of Africa and Asia which were so familiar to the contemporaries of Oppian; at most he might have looked at the scrawny, caged lions in the moats of the Louvre. Thus, he cannot avoid giving to those creatures, which for him were half fabulous, the fantastic splendor of a coat of arms or a bestiary."

The passage holds two of her stately passions: a sympathy for animals and a pleasure in history's glacial movement, with its incremental shifts of sensibility. Where other historical novelists seek the trappings of antiquity, she was after, in a realm beyond "melodrama or pastiche," the mental state, the voice. In her conversations with Matthieu Galey, collected as "With Open Eyes" (1984), she speaks of revising her book about Hadrian a number of times, until she had his voice, "the melody of his being." Her ear was tuned to nuances within the remote classical world: "People in Rome made fun of young Hadrian for speaking with what they identified as a 'Spanish' accent. . . . If you compare him with Augustus or Julius Caesar, the difference is striking. They don't resemble him at all, those two clever Italians." In an essay titled "Tone and Language in the Historical Novel," she remarks how few sources, prior to the nineteenth century, record "*conversation* in all its spontaneity, its disjointed logic, its complex byways, its lacunae, and its unarticulated implications without passing through tragic or comic stylization or lyric outburst." The search for "tonal authenticity" led her to "sub-literary documents . . . which haven't undergone the filtering or rearranging literature entails"; by way of illustration she includes some reports, by an informer and a scribe, of the fragmentary, agonized, obscene utterances of the philosopher Fra Tommaso Campanella as he was being interrogated and tortured in Naples, in 1600.

This same textual immediacy, where the muffled past allows itself to be overheard, she finds in the Venerable Bede's famous account of a seventh-century Saxon debate over conversion to Christianity, and in Albrecht Dürer's account, in his journal, of a dream he had in June of 1525. She attempts to fabricate the immediacy of voice in a series of monologues by Michelangelo and some of the models he used in painting the Sistine chapel, and in a retelling of the Easter story's high points as if "we found them in Dostoevsky or Tolstoy." Phenomena remote in time and space—the sexuality that pervades Hindu epics and temple reliefs; the samurai ethic that yields to the attractions of defeat and suicide—become, through Yourcenar's sensitive survey, internal sensations, so that we feel, in the Indian instance, "the pulsation of a joy which courses through plant, animal, god, and man." This repeated movement of her discourse, from the historically remote to the palpably intimate, is the inverse of a tendency in Brodsky, who amid a throng of closely observed particulars seems, in prickly fashion, to shy from human contact, preferring the geometric, ricocheting acquisitions of the eye, which Venice above all other places lavishes upon him.

One takes away from Marguerite Yourcenar's elevated essays an incongruous coziness—a glisten of fur, a feeling of live pelts drawing closer. The passion she allows herself most often is an indignation at man's cruelty to animals. In the idyll of Krishna among the milkmaids, the presence of cows signifies that "divine ecstasy and human happiness cannot do without the calm contentment of the humble creatures who are exploited by man and who share with him in the adventure of living." When asked to contribute to a collection entitled "Angry Women," she directs her anger against fur-laden fashion models:

> These young people, whom any eye endowed with double vision sees dripping with blood, wear the spoils of creatures who once breathed, ate, slept, sought partners for their amorous sport, loved their young, sometimes so much as to get themselves killed in order to protect them, and died, as Villon would have said, "to pain"—that is, in pain, as we all shall, but these creatures died a death savagely inflicted by us.

She deplores the slaughterhouses that do their bloody business out of sight: "We do not see those creatures contorted with pain; we do not hear their bellows, which even the most ardent lover of steak would find intolerable." She argues that "there would be fewer

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martyred children if there were fewer tortured animals, fewer sealed trains carrying the victims of whatever dictatorship to their deaths if we had not become accustomed to cattle cars in which animals die without food or water en route to the slaughterhouse, fewer human game felled with guns if the taste for and habit of killing were not the prerogative of hunters." Man's much-deplored cruelty to man is rarely related to his cruelty to other species; Yourcenar makes a connection that, once made, seems obvious. That a sense of history detached and broad enough to include our speechless cohorts in vitality can devolve into righteous anger so simple, so close to a child's first moral perceptions, shows how refreshing mandarinism still can be.

—JOHN UPDIKE

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INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT

[*From "Silent Witness," by Collin Wilcox*]

Janice let a beat pass, to change the mood. —*Page 22.*

Deliberately, Bernhardt let a calculated beat pass. —*Page 58.*

He let a beat pass. —*Page 65.*

Bernhardt let a beat pass, then decided to ask, "Do you see much of John?" —*Page 66.*

Carefully watching the other man's face for a reaction, Bernhardt let a beat pass. —*Page 68.*

He let a beat pass before he said softly, "Is that what you think *really* happened?" —*Page 69.*

She let a beat pass while she looked at him, a quizzical look, perhaps a worried look. —*Page 91.*

Bernhardt let a beat pass as he looked away from the woman seated across the small marble coffee table. —*Page 104.*

She let a beat pass. —*Page 113.*

A long, defeated beat passed. —*Page 157.*

She let a beat pass. —*Page 159.*

Thinking about it, Bernhardt let a beat pass. —*Page 162.*

Maintaining steady, measured eye contact, Benson allowed a single beat to pass. —*Page 167-8.*

For emphasis, she let a beat pass. —*Page 177.*

With his eyes on Janice Hale, he let a beat pass. —*Page 179.*

Considering the possibilities, the combinations, he let a beat pass. —*Page 187.*

For emphasis, Bernhardt let a long, sharp-focused beat pass, making hard eye contact. —*Page 192-3.*

For emphasis, Benson let a long, significant beat pass. —*Page 209.*

She let a beat pass before she said, "That makes this a partnership."... She let another beat pass, once more waiting for him to meet her eyes. —*Page 246.*

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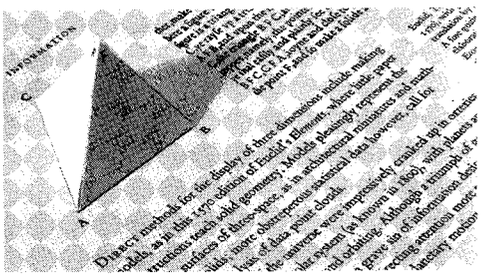

A three dimensional fold-up from the first English translation of Euclid's *Geometry*, published in 1570

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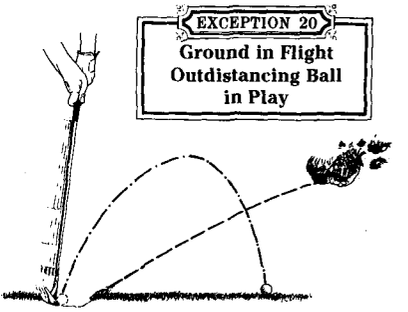

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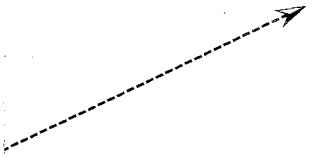
It can also
save employees.



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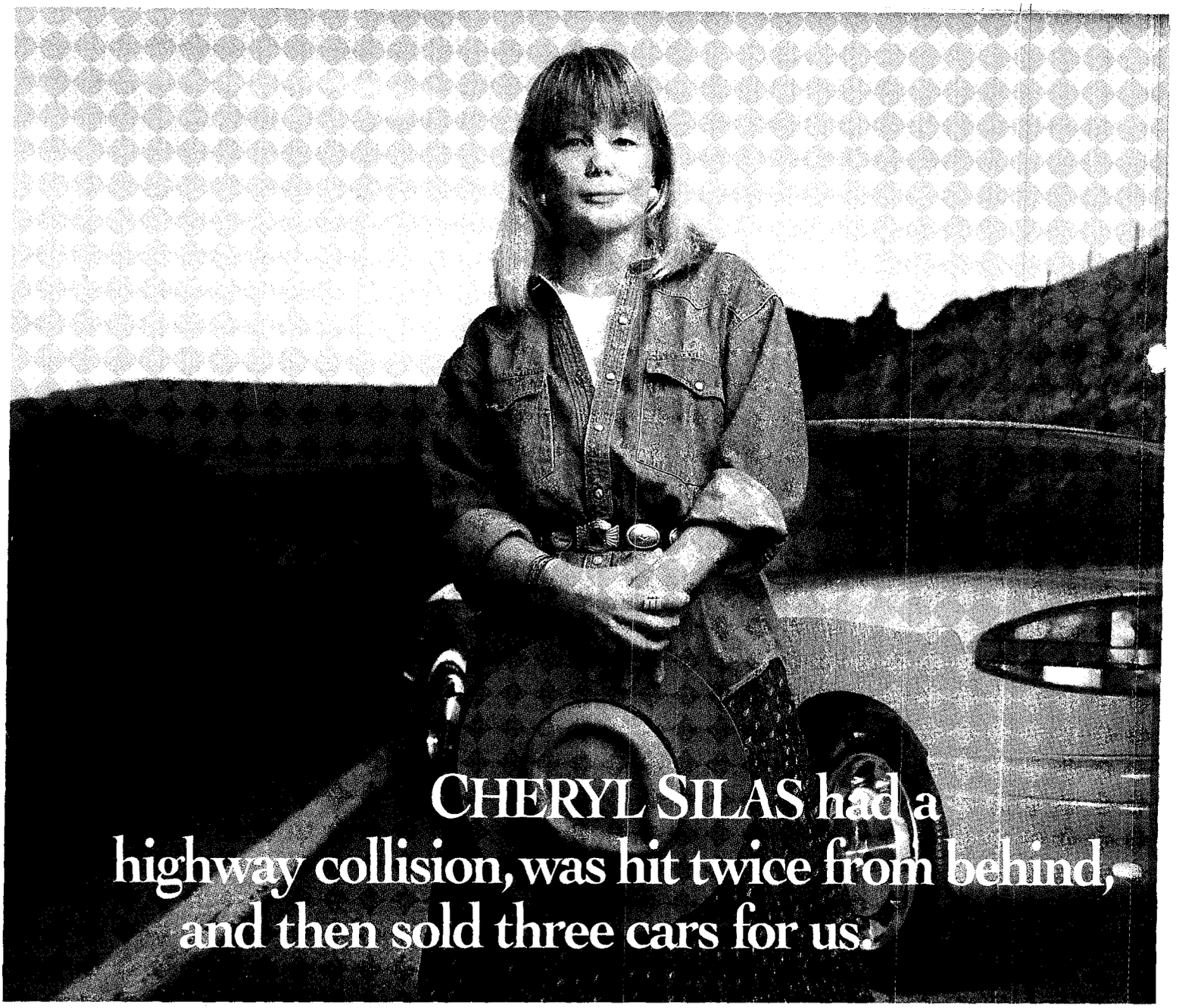

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